

MAY 1921



# CURRENT OPINION

Formerly **CURRENT LITERATURE**

*Edited by Edward J. Wheeler & Dr. Frank Crane*



**The World's Economic Scepter Passing  
to America**

**Are American Morals Disintegrating?  
If Germany Will Not Pay, What Then?**

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CURRENT OPINION, MAY, 1921

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# CONTENTS

MAY, 1921



## Page

Cover Design. By Warren Wheelock.....	
How to Form an Opinion. By Dr. Frank Crane.....	xv
Pen Sketch of René Viviani. By Warren Wheelock. Frontispiece.....	xvi
Review of the World: If Germany Does Not Pay; Why Viviani Came; The Taming of Sinn Fein; England's Impending Revolution; What the Harding Peace Program Means; The World's Economic Scepter Passes to America; Is Venizelos Vindicated?...	577-594
Significant Sayings.....	594
Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials: Who Killed Wilson?; The Jew; Make the School District the Political Unit; Tao; Lansing's Book; Dante's Influence; Crime and Circumstance.....	595-601
The Looting of the American Supplies Sold to France. By Emmanuel Bourcier.....	602
Are American Morals Disintegrating? By John S. Sumner.....	608
Collapse of the British Royal Air Force a Warning to Us. By Commander E. G. Allen, U. S. N.....	612
Austen Chamberlain: New Party Leader in the House of Commons.....	615
Yale to Have an Untired Business Man for President.....	618
"Mahatma" Gandhi: The Most Wonderful of Agitators.....	621
The Lizard God. A Story. By Charles J. Finger.....	623
Drinkwater Presents "Mary Stuart" as the Superwoman.....	631
Play Writing for the Puppet Theater.....	641
Occult Forces at Play in Musical Composition.....	642
The Evolution of John Burroughs. With Pen Sketch by Warren Wheelock.....	644
Cardinal Dougherty and a New Era for Roman Catholicism.....	647
Job as a Rebel Made Over to Suit the Orthodox.....	649
Should Moving Pictures Be Censored?.....	652
Madame Curie's Own Account of the Radioactive Elements.....	656
Quackery in Popular Science.....	658
Seeing Without Eyes.....	660
The New Attitude of Science to Miracles.....	661
A Physician's Protest Against Operations for Cancer.....	663
Creation of a Blizzard-Proof Quadruped.....	664
An Alleged Movement of the Sun Around the Earth.....	665

*Continued on page IV*

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# CONTENTS

## MAY, 1921



*Continued from page II*

	Page
John Burroughs and the Balance of Nature.....	667
To Conquer the Highest Mountain in the World.....	668
Why an Aging Aristocrat Should Marry a Chorus Girl.....	669
Knut Hamsun's Greatest Novel Glorifies the Life of the Soil.....	670
A Girl Artist Who Is Famous in Two Continents.....	671
Baudelaire as a Poet in Search of Unattainable Beauty.....	676
The South Sea Islands as a Literary Inspiration.....	679
Naturalism in New American Literature.....	682
Compressed Air More Important Than Artillery.....	683
Photography Plays a Big Part in Industry.....	685
Vast Ruins Recovered from Junk Heaps.....	686
Glass to Supplant Wooden and Metal Caskets.....	687
The Next Steps in Commercial Aviation.....	688
Spending \$250,000,000 on Highway Construction.....	689
Shipping Fuel by Wire on a Gigantic Scale.....	690
Paper Clothes in America.....	692
Black Cotton Being Grown by a Southern Burbank.....	694
The Trend of Prices if Civil War Precedent Is Followed.....	695
Voices of Living Poets.....	696
Books in Brief.....	701
Apropos of Max Beerbohm. Correspondence.....	702
Shear Nonsense.....	703-706
Fish Stories in Heaven. By Don Marquis.....	705
An Industry that Needs More Elephants.....	707
Chicago Excels in Making Band Instruments.....	708

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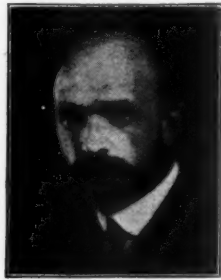
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# How to Form an Opinion

**A** VERY practical question, and one that means much to every reader, is, How can I form an intelligent opinion?

Very often the news in the papers and the comments in the magazines are confusing.

A few fundamental hints may be of value.

1. *Look Things Up.* First of all, look up definitions in the dictionary. Find out exactly what every word means. Have an atlas and look up places on the map. If your geography is confused, your thought is likely to be confused. And look subjects up in the encyclopedia. If you want to know about the Armenian Question, read the history of Armenia in the encyclopedia first of all. Get a proper background for your thought.

2. *Write Things Down.* If you are confused on any question, try to state your idea clearly with a pencil and paper. Then go over what you have written and cut out all superfluous words and repetitions. Bacon says, writing maketh an exact man.

3. *Talk Things Over.* Talk, don't argue. The difference is, that when you talk you are exchanging and comparing opinions with another, and trying to improve your own thought by his; when you argue you are simply trying to overcome him. This does little good except to coddle your own egotism. Often in talking things over you discover your own real thought of a matter. Intelligent and friendly conversation reveals you to yourself.

4. *Read With a Purpose.* Sometimes you want to read a book through, but more often you need to search through a book to get information upon a given subject. Very often two or three paragraphs is as much of a book as can be useful to you.

5. *Be Teachable.* Be hospitably minded. Do not cling to your prejudices. Be willing to examine everything. Remember, your mind is to be the judge, not an attorney. Don't aim to be consistent, for what you said yesterday may be wrong.

6. *Search for the Truth.* Do not believe a thing because you think you ought to believe it. Let the conclusions of your judgment be absolutely automatic and passionless. You should feel with your heart, not with your mind.

7. *Be Radical.* Go to the bottom of things. Do not take things for granted. Beware of catch phrases. Do not follow the opinions of the mob, or of any class or authority. Form opinions of your own.

8. *Believe.* Believe in the eternal goodness, and in human nature, and in God. This will keep you from slumping into pessimism and cynicism, which always twist and destroy one's vision. Keep the fountains of the heart clean and fresh.

9. *Beware of Party.* Parties may have their uses, but they are absolutely ruinous to the intellect.

10. *Beware of Class.* Put away all class feeling, class hostilities, and class passions as intellectual dirt. You cannot think in war cries. Be human. Remember that Democracy is as essential in thought as it is in life.

Frank Crane



**"A LISTENER AND OBSERVER"**

René Viviani, former Premier of France, came on a visit to this country last month with his exact mission a mystery. He was clothed with "enormous powers," and was to discuss questions of "great importance," but what these questions are is as yet a subject of inference, not knowledge. He is President of the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations and a member of the Amendments Commission, each of which is beating time, hoping for our cooperation.

# CURRENT OPINION



*Editor:*  
**Edward J. Wheeler**  
*Editorials:*  
**by Dr. Frank Crane**

*Associate Editors*  
**Alexander Harvey**  
**William Griffith**

VOL. LXX

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No. 5

## If Germany Will Not Pay

THE date, May 1, 1921, may prove to be one of the most important in European history. It is the end of the period given to Germany to make up her mind to pay for the destruction she has wrought. There are no signs at this writing that she intends to pay.

Then what?

♦ One thing is evident—if she will not pay she can not be forced to pay. Even if the Allies take her by the throat, over-run her lands, seize her custom houses and appropriate her removable goods, they can obtain but a fraction of the amount due in reparation. To pay, Germany must produce. She must continue as a “going concern.” She must work out her debt during a long term of years. If she refuses to do that, if she defies her creditors and repudiates her debt, there is no way to make her pay. She knows that and is counting on it.

♦ But if she can not be made to pay she can be punished. She can be broken as a nation, dismembered, and ruined as an industrial power. And the instrument by which this can be and probably

will be done is close at hand. It is the French army, backed by the French people, stung by the taunts of their enemy, goaded by a sense of injustice, restrained even up to this point with difficulty by their Allies.

“The moment has arrived in the German crisis when it is possible to recognize the fact that Germany is doomed.” Such is the statement made by so clear-headed an observer as Frank H. Simonds. What he means by “doomed” is not that the nation will cease to exist, but that her economic conditions will be so altered that millions of men and women will have to migrate or starve. For Germany is not and can not be a self-supporting nation. Her population can be supported only by foreign trade. France can feed herself, but Germany can not feed herself. If her industries are ruined, her population must be reduced by emigration or under-nourishment. “If the French,” says Simonds, “extend their occupation of Germany, if they seize mines and manufacturing establishments, if they cut off from Germany



IT'S JUST AS WELL TO REMEMBER WHO WE'RE  
GETTING DINNER FOR

—Ding in N. Y. Tribune.

the great Rhine and Silesian centers, then Germany has lost those workshops, those sources of materials, by which she lives. If French armies move over the country, then there is an end of foreign credits, for the risk will far exceed the promise of profit." Of all possible developments in Europe, this of "the progressive ruin of Germany" seems to Simonds to be the most likely.

Why would France wish to ruin Germany to this extent? For an obvious reason—to save herself. For if Germany will not pay, France is confronted by the certainty that in a few years Germany will be in an economic condition to crush her, and there is no certainty that her recent Allies—certainly Russia is out of it—will avert the catastrophe. If Germany will not pay, then Germany must

be rendered harmless for years to come and now is the time to do it. England might object. America might object. All the world, including France herself, would suffer from such an event; but neither England nor America nor any other nation would go to war with France to save Germany from the fate she is so blindly inviting. "France has the power to destroy," says Simonds, "and every right to exercise the power." Germany is playing the peace game as she played the war game, fatuously and recklessly. "She is not counting on making any sacrifice herself, she is rousing her people to new passion and new fury with each day. She is openly challenging the responsibility for the war, and therefore the responsibility for the reparations. . . . German destruction is made in Germany, not

in France, but the instrument will be French, and it is difficult to see how France can be restrained much longer from that march to Berlin. This will mean a new war, but a war which will almost certainly have for Germany the same unmeasured evil as the Thirty Years War, which put Germany out of the reckoning for a full century and a half."

Germany's plea of inability to pay is no longer even a clever bluff. Facts multiply in proof of this. Take the item of milch cows. German propagandists have talked with streaming eyes about her starving babies and her need of more cows. Her sympathizers in North Dakota have shipped 600 cows as a gift to German needs. Now comes a report from Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, chief of the Division of Research of the American Relief Adminis-



tration to the effect that Germany already has about two million more cows than she can feed, and last year 900,000 cows were slaughtered in her abattoirs. But the number of cows which she promised to pay back to France and Belgium is still, we are told by the French, 100,000 short of the quota.

Consider champagne and other luxuries. According to Herr Rathenau, writing in the German press a few months ago, the German bill for champagne for this year will be fifteen million dollars, and the entire sum for "imported luxuries, all of them useless and many of them injurious," will amount to from one third to two-thirds of the reparation bill demanded for this year.

Take the item of dwelling-houses. Germany has a smaller population than she had before the war. None of her dwellings was destroyed by invasion. Yet in the German budget for 1920-21 is a provision of one billion marks to construct dwelling-houses! It seems to Stephane Lauzanne, editor of the *Paris Matin*, that one might with propriety say to Germany: "Pardon, but since you are so anxious to construct houses, then reconstruct those which you have destroyed in France! Since you possess a billion marks to spend per annum in buildings, spend them in those departments of France where so many human beings, through your fault, are sleeping under cardboard roofs, and behind paper window-panes."



BUSINESS PICKS UP FOR THE NEW NURSEMAID!

—Thiele in Sioux City Tribune.

Take the item of amusements. According to official German statistics issued several months ago, the amount received (including bets) at the race-tracks in Berlin, during the 113 days of the racing season of 1920, totalled over 440 million marks, as compared with 200 million the previous season!

According to M. Lauzanne, writing in the *North American Review*, the number of employees in the Imperial administrative departments of Germany in 1914, before the war, was 5,500. Today there are 80,000, all receiving salaries, and these do not include those in the postal department and the railways. The postal service had 168,000 employees in 1914; it has on its salary roll to-day 420,000. The budget for the Ministry of Labor alone (including the billion marks for dwelling-houses) amounts to nearly four billion marks, and the budget for the Army and Navy amounts to nearly four and a half billion marks.

Germany's national debt to her own people has risen until in 1920 the interest on this amounted to 12½ billion marks, and, according to M. Lauzanne, this has been paid regularly and fully—in paper marks, we presume, but paper marks mean food and clothing, etc., in Germany.

Can Germany pay? M. Lauzanne answers that question as follows:

"Yes. Germany can pay, on condition that she be not allowed to make any *camouflage* in her budget; on condition that she be not permitted to spend 4 billions of marks for her Army and Navy; on condition that she be not allowed to increase tenfold the number of her officials and to double the number of her postmen and of her railroadmen; on condition that she be not allowed to spend 1 billion marks on new constructions, on condition that she be not allowed to let her debts towards her own people pass before her debt to the unfortunate foreigners whom she has robbed, ruined, pillaged and murdered; on condition that the Krupp firm pays a part of its

scandalous profits to the victims of the war; on condition that the Germans drink less champagne, bet less at the races and work a little more. Yes, Germany can pay on condition that she be made to pay."

Other figures as eloquent as those cited by M. Lauzanne and telling the same story are furnished by the Commission on Reparations. It finds that, reckoned on a gold basis, the Frenchman is paying in taxes, on an average, *five times as much* as the German. The figures are: in France, 548 francs (paper); in Germany, 478 marks (paper). In 1920, bank deposits in Germany increased 50 per cent over 1919; German industrial companies increased their capital in 1920 by 400 million marks, and dividends are common of from 20 to 100 per cent. The Commission estimates that the wealth of Germany prior to the war—350 billion marks—has not been materially decreased, and her external debt is a negligible one—40 marks (paper) per capita, while that of France is 2,102 francs (paper).

That is the situation, and it is small wonder that the patience of France is worn down to the vanishing point. It is not at all improbable that we may soon be witnessing the enactment of a new tragedy, on German soil, by French armies, the result of which may be the end of Germany as a great power. It will not be a pleasant thing to see and it will not help in the economic rehabilitation of the world. But if it comes, we should remember that France considers that her national existence is at stake, and remember also that Germany has brought it upon herself, not only by plunging the world into war but by the wanton destruction wrought during the war, not for military purposes but for the professed purpose of disabling France industrially for years to come, and by her defiant and disingenuous course since

the peace treaty was signed. As the *N. Y. Tribune* says:

"Germany is tempting fate. Her arrogance in defeat will solidify the world against her and make it look without compassion on a military occupation and possible partition of her territory such as the makers of the Versailles Treaty never had in mind. Penitence and good faith might have soon won Germany a place again in the family of nations. But her heart and mind are still hardened. She accepts the foolish maxim of 1914-'18: 'The more enemies the more honor.' She seems to prefer destruction to an acknowledgment of her crimes and of her duty to repair them."

Being tired of taxes is coming to mean about the same thing as being tired of war.—*Chattanooga News*.

## Why Viviani Came

VIVIANI'S mission could not be made clear to the American public because the situation responsible for it can receive no official recognition. That situation is the divergence between the world politics of Downing Street and the world politics of the Quai d'Orsay. Viviani came over here to see that American policy does not become too pro-British. He had to come because Ambassador Jusserand is so thoroly identified with the League of Nations idea that his influence with the Harding administration is impaired.

If these things can not be set forth in the official *Temps*, or stated in any inspired quarter, they are not blinked in the Italian dailies. They are considered with candor, also, in studies of the diplomatic crisis for which the *Revue des Deux Mondes* finds space. They are elucidated in the *Rome Tribuna*. Great Britain has what the French call a "policy of ports." To her the seaports of the world are the nerve-centers of her national life. France must insist upon her "conti-

mental European policy." The two policies can be reconciled in most cases, but here and there Paris and London do not see eye to eye. That is the situation of which the Wilhelmstrasse strives constantly to take advantage, but Washington, Paris and London, however they differ on points of detail, are agreed that the Wilhelmstrasse must profit nothing from its attempt to fish in troubled waters. Such is the international situation revealed by close study of the European press. Official denials of it have that purely technical accuracy which misleads nobody.

Continental Europe is persuaded that the Harding policies are for the moment more in line with the continental French policy than with the British policy. Downing street, influenced by Lord Curzon, has pursued since the armistice a policy in harmony with the needs of England economically: England strives in every sea and in all lands to consolidate the economic advantages she won through the German crash. The efforts of every French ministry since the armistice have been directed towards a revision of the British point of view. The Polish question, the trade negotiations with Russia and, finally, the disposition to lighten the load of the German indemnity have convinced the French that England is still "a bad European"—the old charge. Lloyd George readily gives general pledges to the Quai d'Orsay, but when it comes to actually forcing the Germans to make good any damages, to pay up, Downing street lags behind the French.

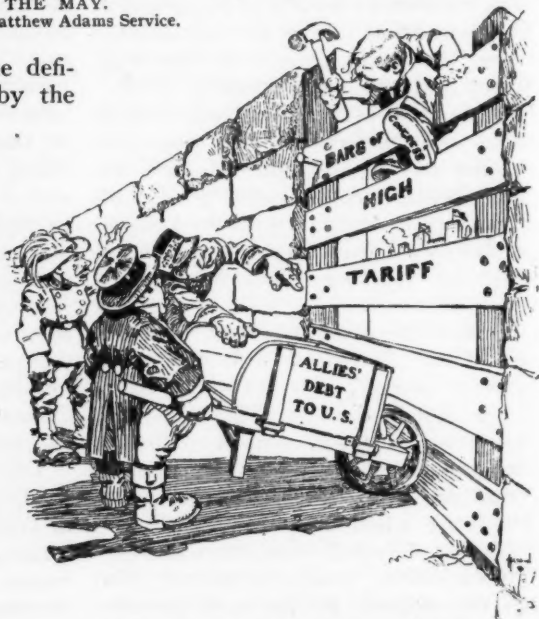
There has long been a suspicion at the Quai d'Orsay that British influence in Washington was at work upon the Senate. The importance of the United States Senate has only quite recently occurred to the French. Altho no official version of what Viviani said to Mr. Harding or to Mr. Hughes is at all



CALL ME EARLY, MOTHER DEAR,  
FOR I'M TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY.  
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

likely to enter into details, the deficiency seems amply supplied by the predictions of the French press. Downing street rests under the belief that there is not now and can not be for a long time any such thing as a German peril to the peace of the world. Whenever this peril is stressed by the Quai d'Orsay, Downing street makes reference to the League of Nations. The Quai d'Orsay replies that in its present form the League has no means of enforcing any of its decisions so far as Germany is concerned and that it can never function fully while Harding remains President. Viviani must have tried to impress upon the Senators at Washington the idea that

France knows better than England what ought to be done to revive Europe and that the policy of France must be followed in rebuilding Europe. England has the seas and the colonies. Her interests are global. France does not ask that she be constituted mistress on the European continent but she does not want to remain dependent upon the aid for which she would have to bargain with the British in the event of a fresh crisis like that of 1914. France could not drive back the Germans in 1914, but it was not the British—unready for two years—who rescued her from final destruction. Such is the purport of conversations proceeding for some time between the Quai d'Orsay and Downing street and



MAKING IT HARD TO RETURN THAT  
BORROWED WHEELBARROW

—Jones in N. Y. Evening Post.



the unofficial press of Paris is misleading us if Viviani did not put these ideas tactfully but definitely before the Washingtonian mind.

That mind was receptive, so the London *Herald*, organ of the Labor party, remarks, because our Department of State thinks it has some bones to pick with Downing street. That policy of far flung fleets and ports in every ocean to which the British imperialists are attached wears here and there an aspect difficult to reconcile with entire Anglo-American harmony. For the moment, at least, France, through Viviani, is supposed to score, tho not as heavily as she would like. In one respect only, according to the Rome *Tribuna*, may the French foreign office be misled. It assumes an economic reorganization of the world in which the leading part will be played by England. President Harding, it says, assigns the leading part to another country altogether.

Now that Dr. Einstein has devised a way to measure infinity, maybe he can figure out how long it will take for Germany to get reconciled to the indemnity.—  
Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

## The Taming of Sinn Fein

WHEN he has definitely succeeded Viscount French as Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Edmund Talbot will issue writs for the Irish elections required by the law enacted last year. In theory two parliaments are to come into existence, one for the north and another for the south. The question is whether Sinn Fein will have



SPRING FEVER

—Page in Louisville *Courier Journal*.

anything to do with these contests. The weight of opinion in England inclines to the view that Sinn Fein will win as many seats as possible and thus be in a position to make the new scheme of Irish government unworkable. Perhaps there will be a change of attitude by Sinn Fein at the last moment.

The northern parliament is to be opened in June. Mr. Lloyd George hopes the same procedure will take place in the south. The terror of the Sinn Fein gunmen, he thinks, will be the only bar to the election of a really representative parliament for southern Ireland. Lord Edmund Talbot will do his best to see that the Sinn Fein gunmen are curbed. He is a pillar of the Roman Catholic church in England, but he takes the view of the Lloyd

George government that the Sinn Feiners and their soviet colleags are conspiring to break up the British Empire. He agrees with Sir Hamar Greenwood that the Sinn Fein policy is the policy of the assassin and as such is watched with "sinister eyes" in Egypt, in India and throughout the world.

Irish propagandists in America and on the continent of Europe find it difficult to meet a new form of diplomatic attack on the contemplated independent republic, an attack devised by Sir Edward Carson and said to be receiving unofficial countenance in the foreign office at London. American and French opinion are thought to have been profoundly impressed by this new line of attack, which runs about as follows: Assuming for the sake of argument that an independent Irish republic were set up with a capital in Dublin, it would be driven into some kind of alliance for no Irish republic could stand outside of a protectorate, any more than Cuba could or Madagascar. So well aware are the Sinn Feiners themselves of this fact, so runs the argument, that their foreign office—it has a complete diplomatic establishment, with wandering envoys reporting to "headquarters"—has sounded different chancelleries by underground routes. Sometimes, according to reports in British Tory organs, the Sinn Fein envoys offer an alliance to the Germans. Occasionally they try their luck with the soviet government. They have attempted to approach the Quai d'Orsay and the Department of State at Washington. The Irish alliance, some reports insist, has been peddled as far off as India and Japan.

The British meet this kind of propaganda in the United States by pointing out that an alliance between Washington and Dublin would be contrary to the Monroe Doctrine and the spirit of

Washington's Farewell Address. Another point is that Ireland, to be of any value in an alliance, would have to develop a powerful fleet. Americans at least know where they are in a world patrolled by British squadrons. What would be the American position with an Irish naval power closely allied with, say, Germany or Russia? There might conceivably occur a fresh challenge to the Monroe Doctrine in South America. In any event such a situation would indefinitely postpone the disarmament of the world. The mere suggestion of all this is admitted in Germany to have cooled the enthusiasm of a certain French political clique for the Irish cause.

Sinn Fein is in a bad position tactically, altho the fact is not fully understood over here. As agitators, the Irish show themselves far more skilled than the English and the Paris *Action* thinks the sympathies of Americans generally are with the Sinn Feiners rather than with the English; but unfortunately for themselves, the Sinn Feiners must try conclusions with the British in the sphere of military operations and here the results are slowly but surely working out into a triumph for the London government. From their detached point of view, the French dailies see this clearly. They report that the inevitable sufferings of small merchants, of farmers and of the minor gentry incline them to question the irreconcilable attitude of the faction republic. The presence of a British army of about 70,000 men makes the "terror" of Sinn Fein less dreaded than it was.

The British forces in Ireland are more under control than they seem to have been in the beginning. A serious charge against a British soldier involving any kind of outrage is investigated from London and not by the local commanders. Outrages upon women, alleged to have taken place, do not

seem, in the light of all the evidence, to be proved. The influence of Sinn Fein with the Roman Catholic hierarchy seems likewise to have declined. A careful and comprehensive investigation of the whole situation in Ireland has been made recently upon behalf of French newspapers, with results suggesting that American impressions are perhaps too much influenced by a civil war theory of the crisis. That phase has definitely passed. Sinn Fein, in the military phase of the struggle, is defeated. In the field of domestic political agitation, the triumphs are all on the side of Sinn Fein. That much may be read in so Tory an organ as the *London Post*. This political triumph is one reason why the Lloyd George ministry is anxious to settle the Irish question by some other method than force. Suppression of the Sinn Feiners at the point of the bayonet not only leaves hatreds for the next two generations but seriously compromises the position of Great Britain in the world's esteem. No convincing denial has yet been made of the sufferings of women and children, many of whom have now to live upon a glass of milk and a piece of bread a day. On the hills in the south are encamped fugitives from burned villages and demolished towns. Shootings, fires, night raids and "reprisals" lend themselves to sensational reporting by correspondents who, however, as they get little assistance from the British, are in no position to present a net result of the "war." The report of the Villard committee in this country reflects a phase of the Irish crisis that has passed, even in the opinion of various liberal organs in England. The British newspapers



WORKING AT THE WRONG TRADE

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

which make most of the Irish reprisals just now are doing their best to discredit Lloyd George personally and politically. They find space for impressionistic American despatches representing this country as an Irish province aflame with indignation against England. British papers of another type assert that the Irish do not count at all with serious Americans, who have something else than Sinn Fein to think about. When an English newspaper refers to "the Sinn Fein murder gang" we may know that it is with Lloyd George; when it refers to "the Irish Republican army" we can detect its hostility to him at once. Here is an extract from the *New Statesman* (London) which sets forth a fact, however bitterly:

"Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood are hoping and expecting to crush Sinn Fein by terrorism. . . . The suffering and death inflicted on the innocent is not an accidental but an essential factor in the process. It quadruples the pressure.

Terrorism has thus two results. It drives every man of spirit, however moderate his real opinions may be, into the ranks of the extremists, and it breaks the resistance of all the rest. Employed against people with as much native obstinacy as the English possess, it would almost certainly fail; employed against the Irish it may possibly—in a certain sense—succeed. And it is upon that possibility that the Government is gambling."

A possible division of Ireland is the ire for the Irish and the land for the English.—*Washington Post*.

## England's Impending Revolution

ENGLAND is a country in which revolution is often impending but always, at the last moment, averted. It was impending again last month. The division in the eleventh hour in the Triple Alliance—between coal miners and railway and transport workers—has apparently averted it again.

The issue involved in the coal-miners' claims is similar to that

involved in this country in the conflict between the railway unions and the railway corporations. The British miners want their wages determined on a national basis. Their claim is that coal-mining is a basic industry and that the government should see that the miners receive a living wage alike in all collieries. If in some collieries, or all, the owners can not pay that wage the government should step in with a subsidy. In other words, they want wages standardized, and back of them are the railway workers and the transport workers, who want the same thing for themselves. It is a fight, virtually, for the nationalization of basic industries, and the Plumb plan which the railway unions in this country put forward a year or more ago and the fight they are now making for the standardization not only of wages but of rules is based on the same principle.

Two things have happened in England to bring about the present crisis. On March 31 the Government control of

coal-mining, which was embodied in the Coal Miners' Emergency Act of 1920, came to an end. When that Act was enacted the emergency arose over a division of profits. The export prices for coal were very high and the miners demanded wages to correspond. The Government effected a settlement by limiting (and guaranteeing) the profits to the companies, guaranteeing wages, and taking the surplus profit itself. Now there has been a sudden slump in the export trade and the price of coal has dropped from 79 shillings 9 pence per ton at the pit-head to 33 shillings 6 pence. There is a loss to be taken care of, not a profit. The mine-owners



TAKING CHANCES!  
—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*



have made a new schedule of wages which the men will not accept. The men admit that the former wages can not be paid out of present prices, but they insist that if the Government could share in the profits a year ago it can share in the losses now. They assert their willingness to starve rather than give in, and they have indicated their willingness to let many of the collieries be destroyed by water. They are willing to accept some reduction in wages provided the National Wages Board and the "national pool" be granted, and provided the owners forego all profits and the Government pay a subsidy to maintain the wages "until the industry has righted itself." It is probable that no solution for the crisis will be reached except by a general election, in which the long expected contest with the labor power would be seen. It is in anticipation of such a contest that Lloyd George, apparently, assented to trade arrangements with Soviet Russia.

This struggle with labor seemed on the eve of solution just before the World War began. Every newspaper in Great Britain has concerned itself with the issue for many months. The fight is invariably stated in terms of nationalization by the organs of the trade unions. They insist that the land belongs to the people, that coal belongs to the people and not to the alleged aristocrats who have title to the surface of the mines. The case of the miners was strengthened when the now famous Sankey report was handed in. Justice Sankey recommended that Parliament pass laws acquiring the coal for the state, giving just compensation. The Hodges and the Smillies do not



A SIMPLE MATTER

—Page in Louisville Courier Journal.

think any compensation should be given.

The labor leaders will not listen to any return to the old ante-bellum system of bargains with the owners of coal estates. The situation, whatever the immediate settlement, will work out in some form of nationalization. If the coalition ministry now in power does not perceive the inevitability of this solution, it must give way before long to a cabinet that will. That seems to be the judgment of those English newspapers which are in closest touch with public opinion. In any event, the crisis indicates that the general election which was not to have taken place until next year may come in a few months unless the Lloyd George combination yields much. If that combination does yield much without actually granting nationalization of the



*Nelson Harding*

"THE DAM IS BREAKING!"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

coal supply, England will still remain under the shadow of a coal strike upheld by all the great labor unions. A coal strike must bring on a general election and that election could be fought only to decide a single point, Must the next ministry be "labor"? An answer in the affirmative, London newspapers tell us, and Lloyd George asserts, would mean a social revolution.

About the only thing the nations have in common now is a deficit.—Tacoma Ledger.

## The World's Economic Scepter Passes to America

THE Congress to which President Harding addressed his message last month is called upon to legislate for a nation which has become

in 130 years—less than twice the Psalmist's limit for the life of a man—the leading economic and financial nation of the world. The Uncle Sam pictured on our cover wields to-day the economic scepter of the world. How long he shall continue to wield it depends in large measure upon the wisdom of this Congress in grappling with its economic problems.

"No one can question the fact," says the author of "Le Declin de L' Europe" (published in this country last month under the title of "America and the Race for World Dominion"), "that Europe, which ruled until the end of the Nineteenth Century, has relinquished her supremacy to other lands. We are beholding the shifting of the world's center of gravity, the passing of the

money power to the peoples of America and Asia." The peoples he refers to are, specifically, those of the United States and Japan, whom he designates "the heirs of Europe." He proceeds at great length to marshal facts and figures to prove this. But tho Japan's recent development plainly entitles her to a place in the picture, she is a long distance behind the United States. "At every turn," we are told, "one fact stands out: that is the undoubted world hegemony of the United States."

It is a stupendous historical fact, and it is worth while to review the figures that form the basis of this conclusion. The author, A. Demargeon, is a Frenchman, the Professor of Geography at the Sorbonne. He takes up first the subject of financial power. Europe, as he points out, "has lost her exclusive rôle of world banker." Already the United States is mobilizing her capital

for the restoration of Europe. At the beginning of the year 1919 we had one third of the gold supply of the world—over three billion dollars—and the end of the war has not stopped the flow of gold. During the six months ending April 1 last the addition to our supply was about 300 million dollars, a sum exceeded only twice before in the same period, once in 1916 and once in 1917. "The rôle of world-banker, that formerly belonged to London, is passing to New York." We are the great money lenders of the world, the providers of world capital, drawing a yearly interest of 665 millions of dollars. This cannot be paid in money; it will "remain in other lands, invested in industrial enterprizes—the old ones that are to be restored and the new ones that are to be created." The National City Bank of New York City at the end of 1919 had 70 foreign branch offices. Other banks are following suit.

Prof. Demargeon takes up the matter of sea power. The shipbuilding in the United States, he observes, had become by the end of 1919 the first in the world, "having more dockyards, more stocks, and employing more workmen than all other countries, the United Kingdom included." In less than two years we created a merchant fleet second only to Great Britain's. American cables are rapidly linking us directly with all the nations of South America. America has since the war been receiving directly the merchandize that formerly went through European markets, and reexporting much of it, assuming the rôle of a storehouse and a distributing market. "The Union is preparing to take over the rôle of

broker and middleman that made London's fortune." The great sea highways are shifting. Most of the shipping from the Far East to western Europe formerly passed through the Suez Canal. Now, due to the Panama Canal and to the economic development in the United States, "trade between the Far East and the Pacific ports of America is going ahead of the trade between the Far East and the ports of Europe." The Pacific has become one of the world's busiest sea routes.

But the story is not all told yet. Not only financially and commercially has this country taken the lead, but industrially. The American silk industry "seriously imperils" the French silk industry. One can foresee the day when the United States "will be the source of most of the dyes of the



LIVES OF THE HUNTED

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.



WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

world," for "Germany will never win back her old markets." The Scotch flour mills are threatened by the huge cargoes of flour landed at Glasgow. The place of British coal is threatened in the world mart. From 1886 to 1918 the annual capacity of one miner in England fell from 312 to 226 tons; in the United States it rose from 400 to 770 tons. Since Prof. Demargeon wrote, American coal has invaded Europe to such an extent as to cause the present crisis in England—between the Government and the miners—a crisis involving a distinct peril of revolution.

"By an astonishing turn of affairs," says Prof. Demargeon, "Europe, mother of so many colonies, is becoming a field for American colonization. No European country, from the most backward to the most advanced, is escaping this powerful movement. American business men, with their capital and their products, are establishing themselves among the Slavic

populations of Eastern Europe and among the people of British, Germanic and Latin west Europe. . . . The future belongs to mechanical production; in factories, in the American fashion."

All of which gives an American cause for something more than rejoicing. It gives cause for serious reflection. Are we fitted by knowledge, experience and character to wield the scepter that has fallen into our hands? We hold it now, but whether we shall continue to hold it depends upon the wisdom with which we wield it. "'Tis well to have a giant's strength; 'tis tyrannous to use it as a giant." We can establish ourselves in the next few years as the wel-

come leaders of the world or we may become the most hated of all nations.

It all depends. Congress is contemplating a general revision of the tariff. That is doubtless necessary; but a revision dictated by short-sighted greed, with no adequate consideration of the place in the world's trade achieved by us, may succeed in weakening our grasp upon the scepter we hold until it falls from our hands. The present Congress has our whole system of revenue to overhaul. It can pile on the burdens of taxation by reason of governmental extravagance and class legislation until industry loses its initiative and retires from the foreign fields we have so successfully entered. If the dominant disposition in Washington is to be in favor of retreat and isolation from the world's affairs as far as that is possible, in the spirit of the Senator who a few years ago sought to abolish all our ambassadors or of the Congressman a few years before who asked, "What have we to do with

abroad?"—if there is to be no sense of responsibility to the rest of the world, we shall not only lose our supremacy but we shall lose the respect of the world and our own self-respect as well. Or if, from partizan motives, Congress plays battledore and shuttlecock too long with the tremendous interests involved in the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, we may lose our scepter and earn for ourselves and for our political institutions the disesteem of the millions who have looked to us as a Messiah.

In the meantime we have our own economic house to set to rights. In the next thirty months or less, at the way things are now going, the Federal Government will require 17 billion dollars! We are spending 5 billions a year and there are 7 billions of Liberty bonds falling due. It is a stupendous problem that the Administration faces in the domestic situation as well as a stupendous opportunity in the foreign situation. They are inevitably bound together. If our foreign trade is suffered to collapse, domestic industry feels the shock and the national revenues are immediately affected. Even the farmers of the West are finding this out as well as the bankers and the manufacturers.

Former Emperor Charles should know that in a republic the only endurable monarch is the party boss.  
—Newark News.

## What the Harding Peace Program Means

**N**EARLY four-fifths of the President's message is on domestic matters, one-fifth on our foreign relations. In the discussion that has ensued, the ratio is nearly reversed.



"BUT LOOK AT MY HALO"

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

What the President has to say about our home problems is widely commended, and what criticism there is is not sharp or bitter. It is a distinctly irenic document with little or nothing in it to stir up partizan feeling.

Even when it comes to his peace program, while there is a good deal of scepticism and sarcasm, there is on the whole a spirit of hopefulness and tolerance and a disposition to give him credit for doing the best he can in a difficult situation.

There is in this program only one definite and positive step indicated. It is the declaration for a peace resolution by Congress "to establish the state of technical peace without further delay." And this step, while it will clear up the situation here at home, terminating war legislation and putting domestic affairs on a peace footing, will affect our foreign relations very slightly. For the President deprecates embodying in such a resolution any "statement of future policy with re-





RUNNING THROUGH THE REPERTOIRE?  
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

spect to European affairs," as that would be to assume the functions of the Executive. Such a resolution will doubtless be adopted at once with little opposition, but apparently it will not determine our relations to Germany and we will still be acting under the terms of the armistice declared two years ago.

What further steps are to be taken are very uncertainly outlined by the President. In the first place, "in the existing League of Nations, world government with its super-powers, this Republic will have no part." But that is merely a negative declaration. With the League definitely rejected, then what? This: "we may proceed to negotiate the covenanted relationships so essential" to our rights and duties. On what lines shall we negotiate? The President indicates, very cautiously, two lines. "It would be idle," he

says, "to declare for separate treaties of peace with the Central Powers," for the situation is so involved that we can not ignore the relationships that exist in the Old World. The wiser way, he goes on to say, in a rather muddled sentence, is "to engage under the existing treaty," but doing so with "such explicit reservations and modifications as will secure our absolute freedom from inadvisable commitments and safeguard all our essential interests." This, we would say, is very cautious going. It doesn't seem to get us very far, after two years of armistice. Evidently it is "up to" Secretary Hughes to work out the necessary modifications of the Versailles Treaty to suit the President, to suit the Senate, to receive the assent of the Central

Powers and not to displease our associates in the war. It is a large contract, but, if any one can execute it, probably Secretary Hughes can. At any rate the President has not thrown the whole Versailles Treaty overboard and he does not blink the fact that we have world-obligations as well as rights. "Our obligations," he says, "in effecting European tranquility, because of war's involvements, are not less impelling than our part in the war itself."

This is a shining sentence that ought to be taken to heart by every American.

The other line on which negotiations should proceed are indicated by the President, also in very cautious language. It pertains to an association of nations. The League Covenant, he reiterates, can have no sanction by us; but "the aim to associate nations to prevent war, preserve peace and pro-

mote civilization," is one we can all applaud. It must, however, be conceived "solely as an instrumentality of justice," but not as an "enforcing agency of the victors of the war;" it must be an association "for world helpfulness without world-government," and "binding us in conference and co-operation for the prevention of war and pointing the way to a higher civilization and international fraternity which all the world might share."

This is as effulgent as Betelgeuse and just about as nebulous. To form an Association of Nations that will prevent war but will exercise no powers of government and use no force, either military or economic; that will be an instrument of justice but will not be used as an enforcing agency for the Peace Treaty and will be "unassociated with the passions of yesterday;" then to prevail upon the 47 nations who have joined the present League to scrap it and to extract it from the 70 places in which it is interwoven into the Versailles Treaty, for the purpose of joining us in a new Association of Nations,—this also, apparently, is a job that is put "up to" Secretary Hughes. Maybe it can be done, but we are glad that it is his task and not ours. At any rate it is going to be tried, so it seems. If it succeeds, well and good. If it fails, perhaps by that time Mr. Wilson will be far enough in the background and the animosities that he foolishly kindled and fanned into a roaring conflagration may have sufficiently subsided so that we shall find our belated way into the League of Nations at last and still save the faces of our elder statesmen.

Our grandchildren will have reason to wish that wars had been run on a cash basis.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The first real promise of a clean-up in Russia is seen in the announcement that 17,000 pounds of Chicago soap are en route to Reval.—*Chicago Post*.

If there is to be any striking done this year, the country would prefer to let Babe Ruth do it.—*Chattanooga News*.

## Is Venizelos Vindicated?

GREECE got herself another Prime Minister in some haste last month as a consequence of the check to her arms from the Turks at Eski-Shekr. The Greeks take seriously the humiliation inflicted upon them tho maintaining that the affair is less important than it seemed at first.

Another "check" of the kind might mean the restoration of Venizelos.



FIRST SAW A LITTLE WOOD

—Ding in N. Y. Tribune.

Italian dailies report royal circles in Athens in a panic at the prospect.

The Greek explanation of the "check" is that the French are not really neutral in the fight and there is more than a hint that Italian aid, if not actually given the Turk, was available for him.

The war of the Greek on the Turk, so the *Himera* contends, is a struggle of civilization against barbarism. Instead of looking at the contest from this point of view, France does what she can to embarrass the Greek forces. England is so afraid of offending France that she will not come to the rescue of Greece. The British explanation is that when Venizelos fell and Constantine was reinstated Europe was deprived of indispensable guarantees. The government at Athens is enduring a kind of boycott which began when the promised loans to her fell through.

The Greeks are stoutly predicting a

victory over the Turk in a forward movement to begin within the next few weeks. If it should fail, the French will insist that their judgment is vindicated, that the expulsion of the Turk from Europe was premature and that the whole Greek case must be decided afresh. Such a development would make it difficult for the new Greek ministry, which will not listen to the faction in Athens that hopes much from a settlement with the Turk at the expense of Italy, France and England. Constantine himself has been accused of a readiness to placate the Turk at the expense of Europe, even if that involves an understanding with the soviet government of Russia. Another check to the Greeks at the hands of the Kemalists must, therefore, create a critical situation at Constantinople. If the Greeks meet their Waterloo, there must be a return of Venizelos, unless Constantine and the Sultan strike upon an alliance with the blessing of Lenin.

## SIGNIFICANT SAYINGS

"The American cement has had about all the sand put in it it will stand."—*General Leonard Wood, talking about immigration.*

"The most valuable part of the vegetable is poured down the drain-pipe. If the drain-pipe were a digestive organ, it would have the best digestion in the world because it would be best fed."—*Dr. H. B. Cox.*

"Men are degenerating."—*Madame Thit Jenson, Danish Suffragist.*

"You can not patch up a locomotive with Karl Marx doctrines."—*Lloyd George.*

"The Silent Tear which once glittered upon the pages of American fiction is going dry with the rest of the country under some sort of a literary Volstead Act. It is all impersonal—this grief and pain and passion of the fiction-writers of our era."—*William Allen White.*

"All manner of talk about equal rights is nonsense."—*Lenin.*

"Study means unlearning as well as learning."—*Viscount Bryce.*

"I regret that the German Government ever made overtures to America."—*Baron von Lerner (commenting on Hughes note).*

"The American public, after all, wants

virtue, idealism, justice, morality, and it wants particularly to feel the presence of God."—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

"I would rather be in jail in America than to live 'free' in Russia."—*Emma Goldman.*

"Main Street is the climax of civilization. That this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters."—*Sinclair Lewis.*

"The (British) Government will not expect nor receive any quarter from me."—*Frank Hodges, Secretary of the British Miners' Federation.*

"I think the feeling against 'high water pants' as indicating a countryman must have been peculiarly virulent in Ohio thirty or forty years ago, for all her present generation of public men like their trousers to hang in folds about their ankles."—*A writer in the New Republic.*

"Any person who attempts to teach other than the prevailing system of one wife for one man is sanctioning the practice of adultery."—*President Grant, Church of Latter-Day Saints, in address in Salt Lake City.*

# Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

## Who Killed Wilson?

**O**UR Christian Science friends are right in one point. The phenomenon of evil is always due to error.

Wherever you find suffering, at the root of it is always a wrong.

In every angry swelling the splinter is some sort of lie.

There is no doubt that the defeat of Mr. Wilson was a calamity, entailing most disastrous consequences upon America and the world. Most people see this. Partizans on one side say that while it is true it is all Wilson's fault, partizans on the other side say the Republicans of the Senate are to blame.

It is interesting to see just what the splinter is that brought on the blood poisoning.

It is none other than our old familiar Error known as Partizanship.

Up to a certain point in Mr. Wilson's career this country was united as it had never been before. We had forgotten about being Republicans and Democrats, and only remembered we were Americans.

In this brief interval of sanity America moved to the front in world affairs, her proper place, and America's president was easily the foremost world figure.

It was at this moment, says McCready Sykes, that he made the catastrophic error of his career. "At a moment when the country was still in the fine enthusiasm of its great adventure, when the forces of right were irresistibly sweeping to victory, he shocked his people by a partizan

appeal for the election of a partizan Congress. It was a mistake ghastly in its consequences to the prestige of the man who stood at the head of the world. History will ultimately record that it was a mistake done in honest singleness of purpose, far removed indeed from any thought of personal gain, but it was appalling in its result. It marked him in the world conference as the leader of a faction rather than as the embodied hope of humanity, and inevitably forced him into a position on which we think history will record its severest judgment, that of preventing the ratification of the League of Nations. It made the fight over amendments and reservations take the center of the stage."

Mr. Wilson is a man of very firm convictions, which means a man who is very dangerous when his conviction happens to be wrong. His wrong conviction was that Political Parties are necessary, and that the President should be a Party leader.

He had a chance to be President; he preferred to be Party chief.

Destiny had raised him above the quarreling pack; he got down to fight them; and they killed him.

The country has been set back for twenty-five years into the ruck of partizanship. We have a strictly Party administration now, and will have for some time, with all the triumph of sordid provincialism which that implies. It will be a long time before we have such another chance as we had during the war to escape from the bog of Party. Mr. Wilson's error is an example of a quite common trait—the smallness of great minds. There are spots on the sun.

## The Jew

OF all the dirty spawn germinated in the refuse left by the Great War, one of the most curious specimens is the scare that certain sensation mongers have endeavored to work up, that the Jews are and for centuries have been implicated in a plot to overturn all governments, conquer the world and put a descendant of David on the throne.

Probably no respectable intelligence has been deceived by it; but then a vast number of intelligences are not respectable.

The public has always been fond of deep laid plots and melodramatic schemes of universal conquest. And the public has always been readier to follow its prejudices and passions than its reason. Fiction is a deal more interesting than fact.

Anti-Semitism, or Jew hating, is a constant quantity in Europe. It flourishes best in those regions where there is the most ignorance.

A German anti-Semitic writer manufactured a clumsy lie, to the effect that ever since King Solomon's day the Jews have been scheming to rule the earth.

This was supposed to be proved by the discovery of a document called "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion." This document was fiction, and poor fiction at that, but it served its purpose.

These Jew-baiters ask us to believe that the Jews "are endeavoring to introduce everywhere irreligion and moral decadence. They work for the economic disorganization and ruin of Christian civilization, and hence are at the bottom of all bolshevism, violence, wars, strikes and revolutions."

It was the Jews, they would have us believe, that brought on the late war. It was the Jews who were responsible for the French Revolution. It is the

Jews who now ought to be expelled from every decent country, for they plan the ruin of the race.

All of which, of course, is sheer nonsense and atribiliar ignorance.

The Jews are human beings, no worse, no better, than the rest of us. As a rule they are mentally alert, thrifty, shrewd, generous and amiable.

They have their share of crooks and perverts, as do Catholics and Protestants.

Whoever allows himself to be swayed by race-prejudice has a mind that is not grown up.

To the Jewish race humanity owes the Ten Commandments, which are the foundation of all law throughout Christendom. To the Jews we owe all the principles of morality we possess.

To the Jewish race mankind is indebted for Jesus Christ, its greatest spiritual and cultural leader.

Those who agitate against the Jews are fit companions to those crooked sticks who are doing their utmost to work up an anti-British sentiment in the United States, and of those who warn us against the Negro and the Japanese.

Nothing but evil can come out of such mental filth. The sound common sense of America will surely purge itself of such vicious prejudices.

As an amusing illustration of the gross absurdity to which men's hates may lead them, I subjoin the following quotation from Lutostansky's "The Talmud and the Jews" (quoted from Herman Bernstein's "The History of a Lie"), in which it is charged that the English, Irish and Americans are really Jews. This stuff, of course, was prepared for German consumption.

"The English are typical, pure-blooded Israelites. In ancient times they were all red-headed, as we see from the descriptions in the Bible and New Testament. The characteristic of the Israelites is known to the whole world under the sun. The char-



acteristic of the English, if we follow it closely, does not differ from the Jewish in the slightest degree. Who are the English? This question has long occupied the minds of many people in Europe, as well as in England itself. The universal trading traits of the sons of Albion, their looting politics, based on unfair business, and many other characteristic traits of the nation which are not peculiar to any of the other European nations that are even less cultured and civilized than the English—all these have long seemed very suspicious and have drawn attention to a certain kinship between the Anglo-Saxons and the Jews. During the past two decades, in England and America, also on the European continent, particularly in France, a whole literature has been created, proving on the basis of many facts, suppositions and historical references that the origin of the Anglo-Saxon race is not Germanic but Semitic, that the English are the direct descendants of the Israelites, thrown by historic fate to the shores of the distant Albion.

"Indeed, the lion of Judah has become the British lion and adorns the coat of arms of the King of England. The harp of King David to this day represents the coat of arms of Ireland. . . .

"But not only are the kings of England the direct descendants of Jewish Kings, they are even seated on the throne of David, on which the ancient Jewish kings were married. This throne is the one on which Jacob fell asleep on that night when he dreamt of the ladder and when the Lord promised the kingdom to his posterity. This stone, called 'the Stone of Fate,' which served for the weddings of Jewish Kings, was brought to Ireland by the prophet Jeremiah. Tergus (?) transferred it to Scotland, whence it was taken to London.

"It is curious to note that many prophecies about the fate of Israel fit England absolutely, as, for instance, the prophesy that Israel will become a great nation, a kingdom on islands, ruling over large colonies.

"North America is inhabited by the tribe of Manasseh, of whom it was said in ancient prophesy that he will become a 'separate great nation.' The very word *saxon* is derived from *Isaacson*, that is the son of Israel.

"As one of the signs of kinship between the population of England and ancient Israel, we cannot help pointing out the close similarity between the English and Jewish tribes, the similarity in their manner of speech, and, above all, trading as the fundamental characteristic of both nations. . . .

"The particular reverence in which the English hold the Bible smacks of the Old Testament of the Jews. Even the preference on the part of the English for long clothes indicates something Asiatic. . . .

"Arousing the unanimous indignation of the whole civilized world, the English at the same time call forth amazement at their traits, instincts and aspirations which positively make them a monster in the family of cultured and civilized European nations. As the proverb says, there is no family without a black sheep. Every monstrosity, however, is to be explained—Jews come from Jews."



## Make the School District the Political Unit

I HAVE pointed out, over and over, that it is the Political Party which is the curse of government. Most people agree readily enough with this statement.

For the Party regularly gets second class men into office. It transfers loyalty from the common welfare to an artificial group. And it does not hesitate to sacrifice the good of the country for the advantage of the party. It is expensive. And it is stultifying to intelligence.

But the question, usually regarded as a facer, is asked: How can we run the government without parties?

The answer is: Make the School District the Political Unit.

That means, tie up government and elections with education.

Schools exist to make citizens. Let the same machinery attend to the business of the functioning of citizenship.

As I stated in a recent newspaper

editorial, some things which we accept as a matter of course, simply because we are used to them, or because they are done by officials of a government too remote and complicated for us to hope to change, are, when we stop to think of them and hold them up in the sunlight of common sense, utterly absurd.

Such, for instance, as reading a bill three times aloud in a legislature, or listening to a long report from the treasurer in a meeting, when we each have a printed copy in our hands.

But particularly the recent election suggests its joke. Have you noticed the little voting shanties set out in the street?

And have you thought of all that complicated machinery of electoral districts, and judges, and the big blanket ballots that nobody can possibly analyze and understand in the few moments given him in the voting stall?

How simple and easy it would be to get rid of all this rubbish and get the vote of the whole people of the United States at any time, is shown by a suggestion made by Dr. B. F. Wooding, of Montclair, N. J.

Briefly, his ideas may be summed up as follows:

(1) Permanently make the voting district identical with the school district.

(2) Make the school officials judges of elections.

(3) Issue a voting license to every one recognized by law as eligible.

(4) All voters names to appear on a bulletin board conspicuously displayed permanently on the school house, and constantly amended as voters remove from one district to another.

(5) This will do away with the necessity of days of registration.

(6) It will save a vast amount of time and expense and useless red tape.

(7) It will furnish a means by

which the will of the people can be ascertained at any time, on short notice, on any question, local or national.

(8) It will keep representatives in constant touch with the electorate.

(9) Great issues can be decided, unmixed with personalities or irrelevant matters; as, for instance, Prohibition or the League of Nations. People can know exactly what they are voting for.

(10) The people can enforce their will when the representatives fail.

(11) It would go far toward doing away with the ridiculous party system, by which the people are regularly confused and cheated.

(12) It would tie up the business of government with the public school, and thus promote the training of children in the art of democracy, concerning which now they are in ignorance before they graduate and in contempt after.

(13) Honest representatives could thus quickly find out what their constituents want, and dishonest ones be exposed.

Elections are now complicated and difficult, which plays into the hands of the corrupter element, and of party machines.

Whatever makes elections simple, easily understood and easy to consummate, and whatever brings the government into close touch with the whole people, makes for the health, progress and permanence of a democracy.



## Lansing's Book

MR. LANSING'S book ("The Peace Negotiations, A Personal Narrative") is disappointing.

He plays no favorites, but disappoints everybody.

Wilson's enemies because, as the New York *Evening Post* says, "Mr. Lansing has added little to what we already knew about Mr. Wilson's de-

fects of temper or mistakes of policy. But he has succeeded in making more vivid Mr. Wilson's passionate faith in a great cause."

Wilson's friends because they were all braced to fight a hornet and find they have to fight a fly.

And the general public because, instead of giving us a lively contention—and the public loves a row—he has treated us only to a lot of fiddle-faddle about his own personal feelings and views.

The title is misleading. It is not a narrative of the Peace Conference. Raymond B. Fosdick writes: "It should have been called, 'My Difficulties with Woodrow Wilson.' With the world face to face with the question whether civilization itself has not been brought to its doom through the war, Mr. Lansing, as one of the chief actors in the tragedy, sets himself down to answer the question"—whether he or Wilson it was who messed things up. "One is tempted," says Mr. Fosdick, "to shriek, 'In the name of God, what does it matter, and who cares?'"

The book gives a list of seven points upon which he and Mr. Wilson differed. All of which is as interesting as the question: Who Struck Billy Patterson?

Reading the book, one wonders why the President kept Lansing on the job as long as he did. They never got along together. With Colonel House and a few others the President would sit down and talk things over. Mr. Lansing would get in a huff and go away and write long, tedious letters to his chief, the kind of letters Grover Cleveland hated.

We have always had an idea that a President's cabinet ought to be composed of people he likes and with whom there is enough good fellowship to enable them to talk freely—in other words, his official family.

How would you like to live in the same house with a relative with whom

you do not hitch, and who persists in getting his feelings hurt and going off into his bedroom and writing letters to you?

We do not get a picture of a fearless and conscientious Secretary of State boldly standing out against his chief on matters of principle, but of an intensely official personage, sensitive and devious, who when he was offended and angry—went and wrote in his diary. Which is like kicking the bed-post.

John Drinkwater recently gave a view of Wilson which is as large as Lansing's is small. "Most men," he said, "bow at the first assault of expediency, and rule out their high conceptions as visionary things. Mr. Wilson stands splendidly with the few who have enriched the glory of the mind, against the multitudes who spell out its daily tragedy. He made mistakes, but they were the mistakes of a great and resolute purpose."



## Dante's Influence

THE six hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante occurs this year.

Commemoratory celebrations will be held throughout the world and wherever there is a love of pure letters, note will be taken of this royal figure in literature.

Altho the reading of Dante does not appeal to the naive mind and one has to be somewhat sophisticated in the realm of books properly to appreciate him, and, indeed, it is doubtful if any can get a real thrill from his verse unless somewhat familiar with the Italian tongue, nevertheless his influence upon the world and its whole mass of thought and taste has been and is distinct and immense.

His Divine Comedy is now archaic, since the kind of hell, purgatory and heaven he described are interesting

only for their picturesqueness and not because anybody is frightened or lured thereby.

But his weight upon us is felt not so much in his fancies of a future life as in his attitude toward woman.

He is perhaps the first great exponent of romantic affection. His extravagant deification of his early love for Beatrice, as depicted in his major poem, but more especially in his *Vita Nuova*, gave vogue in letters to the power of romance to idealize life.

The world to-day is full of love stories, and we do not realize how comparatively modern the theme is.

The first awakening of the sex instinct is the period of life's keenest susceptibility to ideals. Our "first love" is usually the highest peak of chivalry and nobility.

Dante glorified this, and had much to do with setting the fashion followed by the poets and tale tellers of the era of knighthood, and on down even to the latest popular novel or movie which interests us by the adventures of the boy and girl blooming into mutual affection.

The only saneness in sex is to idealize it, to touch and lift the passions so that out of the mud of materialism shall spring the lily of spiritual inspiration and loyalty.

Dante is the greatest of prophets in this realm. He has done more than any other to make in Christendom this powerful emotion beautiful and helpful, which in other lands and other days has tended to become sensualizing and a source of weakness.



## Tao

TO those who love Thought, and to whom an Idea is more fragrant than Flowers, and a Vision of truth more entrancing than Jewelry or Dress, I would commend the book,

"The Wisdom of the Chinese," edited by Brian Brown.

Let me submit a few specimens of the sayings of Lao Tzu, who speaks much of Tao. Ly Hoi Sang, who writes the preface to Brown's book, says that Tao can be translated as "The Way," meaning the spiritual path trodden by those having close contact with nature.

Here are some sayings hard to understand, but most provocative of reflection. They are more than Thoughts; they are the seeds of Thoughts.

"The spiritual and the material are one and the same. This sameness is a mystery. It is the gate of all spirituality."

"The highest goodness is like water, for water is excellent in benefiting all things, and it does not strive. It occupies the lowest place, which men abhor."

"All things do their work, and then we see them subside. This means rest or fulfillment of destiny. This reversion is an eternal law. Not to know it is misery and calamity."

"It is the way of Heaven to take from those who have too much and give to those who have too little. But the way of man is not so. He takes away from those who have too little, and gives to those who have too much."

"He who is self-approving does not shine."

"Perfect virtue acquires nothing, therefore it obtains everything."

"Knowledge is oftentimes the beginning of imbecility."

"Were Wisdom not ridiculed it would not be worthy to be called Wisdom."

"Temper your sharpness, disentangle your ideas, moderate your brilliance, live in harmony with your age. Such a man is impervious alike to favor and disgrace."

"Moderation is the same as a great storage of Virtue."

"The utility of a wheel depends upon the hollow center upon which the axle turns. The utility of a vessel depends upon its hollow interior. Doors and windows are cut out in order to make a house; the utility of a house depends upon the empty spaces."

"Cast off holiness, rid yourself of sagacity, and the people will benefit a hundred fold."

"Extreme straightness is as bad as crookedness. Extreme cleverness is as bad as folly."

"Those who know do not speak: those who speak do not know."

This is very robust and adult thinking. Yet some despise the Chinese!

A nation that can produce this sort of thinking has a good prospect of outliving a race that can produce only sewing machines and fountain pens.

## Crime and Circum- stance

A YOUNG man the other day in Chicago stole a lot of securities and ran away. He was caught.

He was a plain thief, caught with the goods and laid by the heels.

He gave as his apology the fact that he was paid a very small salary and was put under too much stress of temptation by having to handle large sums of money.

It is a credit to the inextinguishable love of justice in human nature that the criminal seeks to justify himself.

Few people say: "It was wrong, and I did it because I love evil."

This youth, therefore, after the manner of all of us in estimating our own weakness, sought to find in an attitude of self-pity some excuse that might mitigate the pain of the wounds he had inflicted on his self-respect.

It is a poor crook that cannot imagine himself an injured party. The penitentiaries are full of such.

Not one rascal in a thousand will own up, saying, "I suffer because I deserve it. I have no will power and my moral principles are flabby, which is because I have never disciplined myself."

This would not be so bad, and the self-justification of criminals is of small social consequence, but unfortunately there is a large number of mistaken sentimentalists who elevate this whine to the level of a philosophy.

They have an idea that it is circumstance that makes the criminal.

This notion appeared in a recent statement by Judge Landis that a young man who worked in a bank and stole was not so guilty as his employers who paid him too small a wage.

Plenty of money never cured a thief; decent surroundings never made a natural born liar honest; a good wife, or several good wives, as in Turkey, never healed an adulterous scoundrel of his licentiousness; and fame and place never took the envy out of a mean nature.

Character nor crime can be estimated in dollars and cents, nor virtue be put on a cash basis.

You may think you would be good and generous if you had a million dollars. But you would then be precisely as you are now. Or worse:

Not even happiness, or that cheerfulness which Stevenson says "comes before morality and is the first virtue," depends on how rich or prosperous or healthy you are.

It is all from within.

This but few believe, but it is as true as the law of gravitation, none the less.

We go on, believing in externals, striving for externals, trying to explain the simple facts of the spirit by externals.

Yet an undisciplined, self-pitying soul would be wretched in Heaven, and the upright soul would not slump even in Hell.



# THE LOOTING OF THE AMERICAN SUPPLIES SOLD TO FRANCE

By Emmanuel Bourcier

THE supplies of every description brought to France by the United States army to equip, feed and maintain three million soldiers of the World War for a period of three years has given rise to a monumental scandal. The whole French press has taken the matter up and a great debate in the French Chamber on February 15, 1921, summarized the facts which have already been brought to light, and, altho they are but a portion of the truth, they show that the wastage was measureless and unspeakable.

There were 158 American camps in France on the day of the Armistice. Their contents were sold in July, 1919, to the French Government for 400 million dollars. They at once became the prey of profiteers, and the last French Assistant Secretary of State responsible for their sale—M. Emmanuel Brousse—stated in the Chamber of Deputies that in less than twelve months he had prosecuted 510 cases of pillage, that 463 verdicts of guilty had been returned by the courts, which had inflicted 91,868 francs in fines, 91,782 francs in taxes, and had awarded 683,203 francs damages to the State. Of persons employed by the Government, 4,207 had been dismissed, and 3,488 of them had not been replaced.

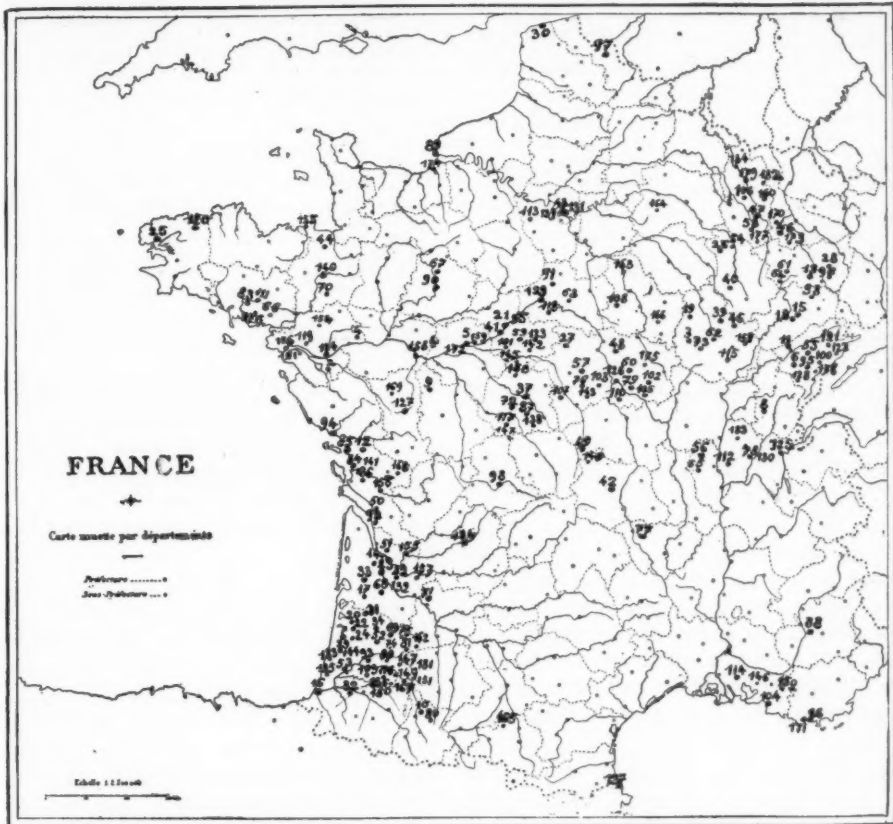
Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of goods have been stolen or

allowed to rust and the debate in the Chamber showed that those responsible for the pillage were not always dishonest employees of greedy profiteers but that many belonged to nearly every French Government Department, including the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Liberated Regions and others, even the League of Nations. No one has been made responsible for the disorder

*FOUR hundred million dollars worth of American goods of every description sent over to France by the Service of Supplies of the American Expeditionary Forces during the Great War have been looted and pillaged in a manner that almost passes belief. The scandal of the "Stocks Américains," as these supplies are called in France, ranks almost with the Panama Scandal of thirty years ago. There have already been more than a thousand arrests following on the disclosures begun in l'Oeuvre by M. Emmanuel Bourcier, the writer of this article.*

which reigned. Entire camps were utterly wasted by the action of the elements—rain, mud and snow. In some cases automobiles have been left in the open air for two years and cannot now be sold, as they have resolved into masses of old iron covered with rust. Other goods, tons of food supplies of all sorts, of tobacco, of army blankets, have suffered the same fate.

And France, which received all these things absolutely new and in perfect condition, is now asking if she will have to pay for them at the agreed price and what the agreed price really is, for when the Convention was signed in Paris in July, 1919, between the American Commission and the French Government by which all goods in the American camps were made over to us for 400 million dollars, payable in ten annuities, the dollar was worth seven francs. To-day it is worth thirteen or fourteen. Nobody thought of that



AMERICAN CAMPS AS NUMBERED ON THE MAP

- |                       |                     |                   |                        |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1—Ablainville         | 30—Calais           | 59—Genicourt      | 88—Le Caire            |
| 2—Aigrefeuille        | 31—Caudalo          | 60—Gievres        | 89—Le Havre            |
| 3—Allery              | 32—Souge            | 61—Giez           | 90—Le Mans             |
| 4—Ancenis             | 33—Captieux         | 62—Giracourt      | 91—Les Choux           |
| 5—Angers              | 34—Caudale          | 63—Gissey         | 92—Les Poteaux         |
| 6—Arc-sous-Montenot   | 35—Chambord         | 64—Grande Bosse   | 93—Les Pleyres         |
| 7—Arenosse            | 36—Chantiers        | 65—Granges        | 94—Les Sables d'Olonne |
| 8—Audelot             | 37—Chateauroux      | 66—Grigny         | 95—Levier              |
| 9—Audun le Soman      | 38—Chatenois        | 67—Guer           | 96—Liffol              |
| 10—Aureilhan          | 39—Chatillon        | 68—Gurgelard      | 97—Lille               |
| 11—Avoudray           | 40—Chaumont         | 69—Gulian         | 98—Limoges             |
| 12—Abyre              | 41—Chenonceaux      | 70—Herm           | 99—Lugant              |
| 13—Bains les Bains    | 42—Clermont-Ferrand | 71—Hermitage      | 100—Maison du Bois     |
| 14—Bassens            | 43—Cligny           | 72—Houcilles      | 101—Marchenoir         |
| 15—Beaune les Dames   | 44—Coetquidam       | 73—Issoudun       | 102—Marcy              |
| 16—Bayonne            | 45—Collonges        | 74—Is sur Telle   | 103—Marmagne           |
| 17—Beau-Desert        | 46—Colombey         | 75—Labenne        | 104—Marseille          |
| 18—Besancon           | 47—Commercy         | 76—Labrit         | 105—Mars               |
| 19—Beze               | 48—Cosnes           | 77—La Belle       | 106—Maisey             |
| 20—Bias               | 49—Coulevre         | 78—La Chaise-Dieu | 107—Melun              |
| 21—Blois              | 50—Courant          | 79—La Cluze       | 108—Merry              |
| 22—Biscarosse         | 51—Coutras          | 80—Laheycourt     | 109—Mesanges           |
| 23—Bordeaux           | 52—Castets          | 81—La Hitte       | 110—Mesvres            |
| 24—Bourricos          | 53—Dax              | 82—Lamanches      | 111—Meucon             |
| 25—Brest              | 54—Eclaron          | 83—Lambel         | 112—Meyriat            |
| 26—Bricou             | 55—Elatang          | 84—Lambelle       | 113—Milley             |
| 27—Brinon sur Sauldre | 56—Eleury           | 85—La Palice      | 114—Mirabeau           |
| 28—Brouvelieuses      | 57—Fleury           | 86—La Seyne       | 115—Mirebeau           |
| 29—Burricourt         | 58—Foecy            | 87—Le Courneau    | 116—Mollets            |

117—Montierchaume	135—Pleyres	152—Saint-Julien	168—Talmont
118—Montumier	136—Pontoux	153—Saint-Jullen	169—Thouars
119—Montoir	137—Port-Vendres	154—Saint-Luce	170—Toul
120—Morlaix	138—Pruniers	155—Saint-Malo	171—Toulon
121—Morteau	139—Puteaux	156—Saint-Nazaire	172—Tours
122—Mouthe	140—Rennes	157—Saint-Sulpice	173—Trondres
123—Mur	141—Rochefort	158—Saintes	174—Trouville
124—Nantes	142—Romorantin	158bis—Saumur	175—Urzy
125—Nantua	143—Rozieres	159—Saint-PierredesCorps	176—Vannes
126—Nevers	144—Sabres	160—Sauvigny	177—Vaucouleurs
127—Niort	145—Saint-Aignan	161—Savenay	178—Vaux
128—Nods	146—Saint-Agneau	162—Segnosse	179—Verdun
129—Orleans	147—Saint-Avit	163—Sens	180—Vert
130—Oyonnax	148—Saint-Alyre	164—Songy	181—Vieux Bouceau
131—Paris	149—Saint-Avit	165—Sobe	182—Vigneulles
132—Pauliac	150—Saint-Florentin	166—Subligny	183—Villebois
133—Pendelle	151—Saint-Geours	167—Taller	184—Villers

when the contract was signed, and yet it was of some importance to the French Minister of Finance.

Just before the contract was signed I myself went to the American authorities and asked them whether they would furnish the French press with an inventory of the goods that were being sold to the French Government. I said to them, "If you do this we shall know the contents of the American camps, and it will be possible to prevent profiteers getting hold of them for little or nothing and selling at high prices to the public." The two American officers with whom I spoke quite understood what I wanted, but after consultation with their chiefs told me it was impossible to grant my request. Negotiations of sale were being conducted between the American authorities and the French Government and it was impossible to give information to a third party—particularly to a newspaper man—concerning the subject matter of the negotiations without the approval of the French Government. So I had to retire without having obtained what I wanted, and it was only long afterwards that I learned that the reason I could not get an inventory was simply that no inventory had ever been made.

Shortly after my visit the French papers announced that the sale had been concluded for four hundred million

dollars and the French public—which at that time feared it might suffer from lack of the necessities of life—greatly rejoiced in the knowledge that such enormous stocks scattered all over their country were now at their disposal.

At the time of the transfer the Americans, being no longer owners of the camps, withdrew the 100,000 men that were guarding them, and the French Government detailed 1,500 men to perform the same service. Immediately profiteers flocked to these ill guarded camps and began to loot them without more ado.

It is doubtful whether the French Government itself realized the enormous quantity of supplies of all kinds which it had purchased. Certainly no preparations had been made for the sale of such huge quantities of goods. As a matter of fact, no one knew exactly who was responsible for their sale. First of all, it appears to have been M. Paul Morel, Assistant Secretary of State in Charge of Stocks in the Clemenceau ministry (he was in office at the time of the American sale to France). Then it was M. Letrocquer, now Minister of Public Works; then M. Isaac; then M. de Boysson, Quartermaster General of the Army, who remained in the post only two weeks; then M. Gouthier, who was succeeded by M. Emmanuel Brousse,

assisted by M. Emile Constant, a former Deputy and Assistant Secretary of State and the Ministry of the Interior, and by M. Lepine, former Prefect of Police.

During all these changes of management the thieves had been filling their pockets. Everyone knew about it more or less, but nothing was said. Early in 1920 the head of one of the main branches of the French Service of Supplies asked me to go and see him. I did so. He told me of things which he knew had happened at the Montoir Camp and I undertook a personal investigation which confirmed all he had said, and more. Immediately, under the heading, "How We Are Being Robbed—The Scandal of the American Camps," I started a press campaign in *L'Oeuvre*. The facts were placed before M. Isaacs, who was then Minister. He ordered an official inquiry. Public prosecutors sent him reports indicating the thefts and the guilty parties. He brought the matter before the Cabinet and as the whole thing had been made public the police were sent to the Montoir Camp and made several hundred arrests.

But the matter did not end there. The police made inquiries in other American camps, especially in the largest ones, which were those of Gievres, St. Sulpice, Montoir and Verneuill. Arrests and prosecutions multiplied and sensational discoveries were made. The arrests and prosecutions were not confined to Frenchmen alone. In his speech on February 15, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Emmanuel Brousse named several Americans who have been convicted of looting. He said:

"When the stocks came into our hands in the month of July, 1919, the disorder was complete. The Americans were about to go home. They knew they were to leave the stocks behind them, that they had been sold to the French Government, therefore

they had no incentive to put their camps in order. You know that when they landed their goods they had only one aim, one thought in mind—it was to start the boats back as quickly as possible to bring more goods and more troops from the States. So when the boats arrived the goods were discharged en masse and thrown hurriedly and without method into the camps established more or less everywhere in France, and consequently in the greatest disorder.

"And in July, 1919, after our Service of Liquidation had taken possession of the stocks, there occurred a regular pillage of the goods sold to France. Some of the Americans who remained, in complicity with profiteers who always hang around such organizations, were guilty of such looting that it was necessary to arrest not only a number of American soldiers but also certain officers, who were sentenced to severe punishment. One of them for his part had stolen from the camp at Montoir 1,500 Cadillac automobiles and thousands upon thousands of tons of other merchandise—two full shiploads, which left St. Nazaire for the United States filled with goods belonging to us. This Captain was sentenced to one year's imprisonment by the court at Poitiers. At St. Sulpice a Captain Pepin was prosecuted for the embezzlement of automobiles and at Brest on August 11, 1919, a large and fraudulent sale of canned goods was made to local dealers by a Captain Lohmann. I could cite many other instances.

"I ordered a careful accounting to be made of the monies and goods which appeared to have been carried away. Inquiries were made by the police, the military authorities and the managements of the various camps, and the Minister of Finance will have no difficulty of making up an account of the large sums which have been stolen from France and which it would be unjust for her to have to pay."

After having delivered this denunciation, the former Assistant Secretary of State read a letter which he had sent on January 5, 1921, to the Director of the Franco-American Services, 8, Avenue d'Iena in Paris, in which he wrote:

"Important quantities of merchandize were sold by the American authorities and left the camps for unknown destinations. Numerous instances of unlawful acts have come to light and prosecutions had to be commenced among numerous representatives of the American Army. As a result there have been losses which it is not possible to calculate exactly but which are known to be very important. Our finances are not in a position to bear these losses and it is necessary that the attention of the United States Government be called to such regrettable happenings in order to obtain a considerable abatement of the terms laid down in our contract of August 1, 1919."

Doubtless what this letter states is true and the French Minister attached to his commendation a memorandum in which he gave details of the facts advanced; but the reprehensible acts of a few Americans in no way excuses or explains the looting of the camps.

The press campaign which I conducted brought to light many additional facts. From all sides I received detailed information which I published from day to day and which aroused public opinion. All the French papers followed suit and each was able to bring new facts to light. So little by little the wholesale looting of the American camp was made known, as was the manner in which they had been abandoned and the inefficiency which had marked the efforts of the Government to dispose of their contents.

In his speech M. Brousse recognized the truth of the statements which had been made in the press. He confessed that at the outset it had been hoped to lower the cost of living by throwing on the market, for little or nothing, large stocks of goods taken from the French as well as from the American war supplies. The cost of living was not lessened by a cent, on the contrary; but several thousand profiteers were enriched, for they bought the stocks wholesale at ridiculous prices and

resold them to the public sometimes at a profit of 500 per cent. The law of 1916 on the margin of profit had little effect in averting these abuses. It particularly deterred honest merchants from buying the stocks, as they did not wish to incur the risk of prosecution if they resold their purchase at a profit of more than 25½; therefore they refrained altogether from buying.

At the outset the goods were sold wholesale to any one who came to buy, no matter what his position or business and without seeking any financial guarantee or obtaining business references, and without the purchaser's even incurring any liability. The result was that many contracts of sale were passed with people who hawked their "concessions" in Paris and the provinces, reselling them to various intermediaries and middlemen, each of whom raised the price. If the last buyer found that the purchase price of the goods would enable him to make a good profit he would take them, at the price of the original contract of course, or else he would leave them without purchasing them. The French Government had no way of binding the final purchaser to the contract and generally did not know where the original purchaser was. The goods which had remained for months in the warehouses had become deteriorated or spoilt; they had to be resold at a reduced figure and the Government bore all the losses.

It is a fact that any one could go and buy even without money. Men who had been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for theft had the audacity to present themselves as purchasers of the entire contents of a camp for fifty million francs. They were supposed to pay ten per cent of the purchase price as a guarantee and calmly deposited a check for five million francs as security with the Government, which remained gloriously ignorant of



the fact that there was not a penny in the bank to meet the check had they decided to present it.

Also many of the Government employees who obtained positions in the various departments were far from presenting the necessary credentials. Some of them had been condemned for embezzlement and other similar offences, some were undischarged bankrupts. All this has been admitted by the Assistant Secretary of State.

In the inquiry which I conducted to obtain material for my press campaign I gained personal knowledge of some of the devices used to rob the State. I visited a number of the camps. In the camp of Aubervilliers, near Paris, the public protested against the unbusinesslike manner in which the sales were conducted. It took two or three days to buy the smallest thing. But I had noticed that some of the profiteers who were only entitled to purchase a maximum of one thousand francs worth of any particular merchandize had sent numbers of their friends or employees each with one thousand francs and thus, while adhering to the letter of the regulations, were able to carry away as much as ten thousand francs worth of goods, while other people waited all day without getting a nickel's worth.

In order to make it as difficult as possible for the profiteers, I suggested in my press campaign that all the goods sold from the American Stocks should be stamped in such a manner as to show the public at once the source of purchase. That would have been easy. Woollen and cotton goods, khaki, sheeting, socks, boots, etc., could have been given a distinctive stamp and a special mark placed upon hardware. If that had been done one would never have witnessed what I myself saw—army socks bought for one cent and resold to the public for a dollar, oil-stoves bought for fifteen francs and

resold for seventy-five, and other goods retailed at similar rates of profit. But I could not get the suggestion adopted and the looting continued.

So far M. Brousse seems to have been the only one who introduced a little order into this fearful chaos. He stated the other day in the Chamber that he had sold 2,477,587,940 francs worth of goods, of which only 1,179,958,376 had been paid.

M. Paul Dumas, Minister of Finances in the present Cabinet, gave somewhat different figures. He said: "As far as the American Stocks are concerned, the contracts of sale to private individuals amount to 905 million francs, of which 807 million francs have been paid; the sales to Government Departments total 1,582,500,000 francs, of which amount, on December 31, 1920, only 372,500,000 had been balanced.

According to the calculations of M. Brousse, there still remains about 1,000 million francs worth of American goods to be sold. At the time when the camps were sold to France the dollar was worth seven francs. The 400 million dollars then amounted to 2,800,000,000 francs, which France was to pay. The investment, despite the many errors and unlimited looting, would not be so terribly bad were the amount still payable at that rate of exchange, tho even then France would derive no benefit from the transaction if one takes into account the expense to which the country has been put by even the inadequate guarding and disposing of the stocks. But it would be a disastrous operation if the dollar remains at thirteen francs or more as it is at the present time. Public opinion in France favors the liquidation of the debt to the U. S. A. on the basis of ten francs to the dollar and it is more than probable that some suggestion to this effect will be made in due course to the American Government.

## ARE AMERICAN MORALS DIS-INTEGRATING?

By John S. Sumner

Secretary New York Society for the Suppression of Vice

**T**HROUGHOUT the nation there is a growing concern as to whether or not our moral fiber is permanently threatened. This is an hour of moral laxity, but the concern is largely for what the example of our present day morals will mean to the young people who will be the men and women of tomorrow. Such concern is, of course, natural. The young person may be said to have moral balance when he or she has developed a controlling sense of what is right and what is wrong. However, this distinguishing sense cannot come except with training, and this training must be largely through precept and example.

What, then, should be the moral example to be set before the growing young man and girl? A certain group of agitators would swing the pendulum of our conventions back to the days of excessive governmental interference with personal conduct. The pessimistic Jeremiahs cry for more regulatory laws, and say that it is a sin for a girl to powder her nose, shorten her skirts and indulge in a little healthy exercise on Sunday afternoon. Such criticisms are too reactionary, and they do not get beyond the surface of our national life.

Tomorrow's morals are more concerned with such subjects as national honesty, the rehabilitation of the melting-pot, a cleanness of thought that cannot come when our minds are putrefied by demoralizing motion picture plays, and the novel and drama that make familiar the life of the underworld. The trouble lies in the fact that there is too much license, too much

in our daily life that is not strictly immoral, but which would, through constant contact, tend to narcotize the powers to distinguish between right and wrong, and thus gradually breed a race of men and women, not *immoral*, but *unmoral*.

Undoubtedly, one of the most important national events that will have its effect on the moral standard of the country is the enfranchising of our women. What is the woman going to do with her vote? Two paths seem to lie before her. She can use it constructively, joining with the men to make better laws for herself and her children, or she can use it as a separate power to assert herself along lines of sex antagonism that must eventually break down the moral fiber of the nation. There is a growing group of radical feminists, women who are openly antagonistic to men and "man-made" laws and conventions. As yet these women are very much in the minority, but they are shrewd, and one finds them writing insidious and widely read books on the freedom of the modern woman, and advocating still greater sex freedom. If these radical women were to head a separate party and become a real power in women's councils, they would, without a doubt, openly advocate and endeavor to propagate a "single standard;" meaning the standard of moral laxity commonly attributed to men. In the Scandinavian countries there are laws legitimatizing the child born out of wedlock. Such laws practically advance the theory that a woman need not marry, or that once married, she is free to love as she

may wish, and legitimately bring promiscuous children into the world. What such laws would mean to the morals of tomorrow, can be readily understood. They would not only undermine our entire religious belief, but they would break up that unit about which nations are built—the home.

From time immemorial woman has been a ruling power, even long before she was allowed a voice in the Government, and our moral standard of tomorrow really lies within her grasp. There is, however, no evidence that woman in general is to descend from the high plane which she has heretofore occupied in the United States, and which was distinctly "made in America."

Conventions, moral standards, are of course changing as we become mentally broader. We are no longer victims of that prudery which shackled our grandparents, but it would be a dangerous thing if we were to lose the finer, more modest, attributes of life. One of our great advancing steps showed us that sex education was a necessity, but because every boy and girl should be educated in sex, is no reason why sex information should be flaunted from the street corners, commercialized to make a nasty picture, drama or novel.

As a whole, the country is on the road to a better moral basis than ever before. The open dive has gone, the vendors of obscene pictures have disappeared from the street corners, and the organized systems of directed play and many other agencies are molding us, bodily and mentally, into better human beings.

One duty should be to watch and correct the three great menaces that flaunt immorality, indelicacy and indecency, in the face of our young people, the novel, the motion picture, the spoken drama.

A great many books and motion pictures containing so-called sex education

are not educational at all, but frankly sensational. If the sensational volume is to be generally circulated among young people of high school and college age, it is natural that such a book will be discussed and the resultant breakdown in modesty and reserve will gradually remove all the barriers of sex, and destroy that moral tone which, based upon the wisdom of world-old experience, has been built up among the young people. There can be no more serious and impressive sex education in a story of the triangle than there was in the venereal disease motion pictures that were indiscriminately exhibited as public entertainment and flourished a few years ago.

There is no doubt that the greatest offender against tomorrow's morals is the motion picture because of its easy presentation and universal appeal. Our country's morals, of course, are not limited to sex relationship. There is the question of petty crime, and the familiarity that it brings with the greater crime. The judges of the children's courts who go deep into why the boys steals from parent or employer will, in a great many cases, trace, by the boy's confession, the motive and method of this crime back to the motion pictures. It is only within the last day or two that the suicide of a boy in his middle teens was laid to an accident, but the suggestion that led him to play with the noose and the method of application indicated that he wanted to practise a hanging he had seen in the motion pictures. The city of Chicago and the State of Pennsylvania lead the country in the prohibiting of motion pictures that depict crime and particularly the finesse of its commission. Gradually, a general censorship will have to be created to make it impossible for pictures to be shown that feature gun play, stranglings and the other popular methods of film murder. The showing

of crime in itself is not necessarily demoralizing, but what is seriously wrong is the condoning of crime—these stories of bad men and women who reform at the last minute, escape the punishment of the law, and live happily ever after.

Another decidedly dangerous angle of the motion picture is the triangle. A stranger to American life spending a week at our motion picture houses would come to the conclusion that American husbands and wives are always untrue to each other. Judging from our best pictures, there is no such thing as a real home life, either the husband or the wife is unfaithful, and the children copy the sins of the parents.

What the country needs is censorship of a type that will really elevate the standards of our film dramas. At present there is considerable conferring among the motion picture producers regarding clean pictures. They have adopted higher standards, sending out pages of "don'ts for pictures." But will this wave of almost righteousness last? Five or six years ago there was a similar crusade—much was promised, but little really happened. In fact, conditions have become much worse. At that time, and since then, many laws came into effect regarding the motion picture industry, but they never have been consistently enforced. We have plenty of laws in general, but a lack of law enforcement. It is fair to say that the vastness of the film industry has rendered enforcement of some impracticability.

We, or rather the producers, have a National Board of Review, but it is not a real board of censorship, and if what they cut out of the picture is so much worse than what is often left in, then the original of our films must be particularly filthy. As well as for our children, our motion pictures must be censored for the lessons they tell our

aliens who cannot read English, but who necessarily judge American life by the pictures they see of American men, women and manners. To them the wealthy class is always shown as composed of boozing, licentious individuals, making easy sailing for the demagog who tries to stir up class prejudice and class hatred among the ignorant.

Among influences calculated to affect youth harmfully in forming a true sense of the value of service is the ridiculously extravagant reward in publicity and material wealth given to professional pugilists and entertainers on the screen and on the stage. This is a passing evil, but one which has many disastrous experiences, especially of young women, to its account.

One of the ailments of the country is racial indigestion. There has been a great influx of immigration in the past ten years, but we have never made the proper effort to use the melting-pot and instill in these immigrants true American ideals. People in great numbers have come from countries where moral laxness is notorious, and if they are not curbed and informed, their habits and practices must undoubtedly gradually lower the average of our standards of decency. Within the past year The Society for the Suppression of Vice has prosecuted one hundred and sixty cases throughout the United States for the breaking of Federal and State laws bearing on morality. One of the defendants was a New York corporation, fifty-seven were individuals who were born in the United States, and ten of these were of the second generation whose parents were born and educated in Europe, and who naturally came under European influences. The balance were wholly foreign. In other words, less than one third of the offenders were of real American stock. It is our duty to see that this injection of foreign ideas aided by writers who worship "continental smartness" does

not become prevalent. Just as the Government is fending off the attacks directed by foreigners against our political life, so we must fend off the moral attacks directed toward our young men and women.

The Americanization program which has really only started will, of course, do a considerable good toward assimilating the foreign element, and their introduction to American ideals. Then, too, there must be a concerted action on the part of the Government to relieve the city congestion of immigrants, which is one of the foes of moral living. There are hundreds of small towns located along the railroads of this country that would be ideal for factory sites, and about which model towns could spring up. The practise of allowing immigrants to land in New York and Boston and stay there, is bad. It retards assimilation more than any other one factor.

Of equal importance with immigration is the issue of our recent dishonesty in business. One of the reasons that we have built so well and so swiftly in our national business life is that, underlying all of our actions, has been a sense of fair play towards the other fellow. Yet, if one is to believe the findings of the many Commissions and Grand Juries that have been investigating our recent business administrations, including the War contracts and labor parasites, there has been serious "grafting," and that among those who should stand as examples of our national business life. From the findings of these Commissions it would seem that grafting has been imposed upon the laborer. The contractor with the "cost plus" job has wanted to make the work as costly as possible, for the more money spent, the more money in his pocket. He ruthlessly encouraged and overlooked waste of time, money and material. Within the recent past profit-

eering has fast become a national recognized vice, and its moral effect on the average man can be readily understood. Take the case of the railroads. When the railroad corporation charges the exorbitant sum of close to four cents a mile for passage to a suburban town, and at the same time cuts the wages of the employees, it is only natural that the man who has to pay that rate, as well as the employee, reasons to himself that he has been made a victim by the railroad corporation and gradually, sub-consciously he begins to look around for his opportunity to conduct a little "graft" for himself.

Such are the more important menaces to tomorrow's morals, serious, but not vital. The majority of these laxities have been a direct slump from the emotionalism and spiritual elevation of the World War, a moral indigestion that is being rapidly cured. Civilization, humanity, is progressing, and it is the extraordinary young man or woman who is not clean at heart. In many ways our young people have grown up in a better atmosphere than their fathers and mothers. They certainly have had the advantage of the national organizations that train the body and mind. Then, too, we are, as a nation, getting down to work, and work is one of the best moral tonics for keeping the mind occupied, healthy, clean.

Public morals move in cycles. The parents of to-day groped their ways out from the strict conventionalities of their youth, and found a sense of moral freedom that is necessarily more lax with the second generation. No doubt the pendulum swung too far, but our sense of decency has not been banished, and will find a normal, healthy balance without the aid of too astringent reforms. The extreme ideas of morality are no more necessary than are the stocks and the ducking-stool.



We must have the proper modern morality just as we must have our modern spirituality. Every good citizen, no matter what his race or creed, has a spiritual ideal, and he needs the period of worship and spiritual uplift, Sunday, a day for religion and recreation, for strengthening the spirit and the mind and the body. Just as there is a difference between a Sunday afternoon spent playing baseball, and a commercialized Sunday spent at the theater, frequently witnessing a degrading exhibition, so is there a difference between the old-fashioned morality and the modern.

The morals of tomorrow lie within

the grasp of each of us. We need to build sound bodies and clean minds, a program of national honesty, of getting to work, of keeping the faith of our fathers.

As for the short skirts, the paint, powder, and kindred subjects—they are only on the surface of our morality.

A young woman about summed up the question of tomorrow's morals when she remarked: "Oh, yes, I do these things, but you can be sure that I'll make it my business to see that my daughter doesn't." The next generation is going to be well safe-guarded. Tomorrow's morals will be safe and sane.

## COLLAPSE OF THE BRITISH ROYAL AIR FORCE A WARNING TO US

By Commander E. G. Allen, U. S. N.

On duty in the Navy Department under the Chief of Naval Operations,  
Aviation Section

**D**ISCUSSIONS of the British air ministry budget, 1921-1922, in the House of Commons brought to light dissatisfaction not only with the organization but also with the results achieved, particularly with regard to the progress of civil aviation. Disclosed by the discussion of the estimates were the stoppage of the airship program, the impending failure of British airplane manufacturing companies to continue existence, and the stoppage, in the main, of the British passenger Channel services due to French and Dutch competition. The recrimination and criticisms passed back and forth by the honorable gentlemen seems to have missed, largely, the underlying causes for these failures.

At the conclusion of the War, with huge stocks of raw material, numbers of skilled pilots and mechanics, a much tooted United Air Force organization,

a number of thriving aircraft industries, with considerable publicity at home and abroad, a forced-draft development of aviation was started. After being hailed as a Pooh-Bah by the world, and the figure-on-a-pedestal at which other forces and ourselves have pointed for a year with admiration, this creation of sawdust has fallen to pieces. There must be other reasons than those which appeared in the discussion in the House of Commons and an attempt will be made to illustrate them.

Great Britain has become the leading commercial force in the world in sea commerce by wise fostering of individual enterprise, direct subsidies, and utilization of her military and diplomatic forces and resources to assist her trade and colonial expansion. In the creation of a United Air Service a huge departmental organization was

launched which made a direct levy on the financial resources of the country in addition to those already being incurred by the necessities of the Army and Navy. Roughly, £23,000,000 was the budget and additions in 1920-21, and about £19,000,000 for 1921-22. Of this some £1,000,000 was listed directly in the budget both years for civil aviation. The 1921-22 allotment carries £60,000 of this as civil subsidies.

The drain of the organization on finance and the diversion of most of the money to military aviation shore services has resulted in some neglect of the naval branch, and of the civil companies which were in the aerial transportation business. The manufacturing companies which have been favored by military orders have survived, the others are perishing for lack of orders.

Such a condition is, to a certain extent, a remedial one. The French solution of the problem has been to make direct subsidies to transportation firms or individuals, provided they and their planes are subject to instant military service. This avoids the diversion of funds into governmental overhead and brings about individual enterprise in the competing companies. The encouragement of civil flying is met by the creation of an under Secretary-for-Air in the Department of Public Works. The research, training, and experimentation are combined, but operations are under the departments concerned, Army, Navy and Colonies. The maximum result and economy for the money provided has been assured for military and commercial purposes, individual enterprise encouraged, money for such assistance being spent directly as subsidy without overhead, and the safety of the two main military services thus assured by not removing from their charge the operations of the air arm necessary for their use. Whether France can stand this expense is problematical.

Basically, behind all this is a plain truth. A certain surplus revenue exists or a certain sum is made available in every country yearly. A large part of this surplus is absorbed by military expenditures. Other amounts spent directly or indirectly should offer an economic return to the country commensurate to the outlay. Air transportation now has no such returns, nor will it offer such in the immediate future. A steamship line, a railroad system, even a postal service, has a direct return to the economic life of the people. Great Britain creating a huge United Air Service has overextended herself and added another big government departmental drain on revenue. By not directly expending this money on subsidy, her air transportation companies have been undercut. By doing away with healthy buying competition from among the Army, Navy and Post Office Services, and civilians, a stagnation exists in the manufacturing companies except those in official favor. No economic return is resulting except prestige. The military air service has benefited temporarily, but the whole air situation is unhealthy and parts of it are crumbling to pieces.

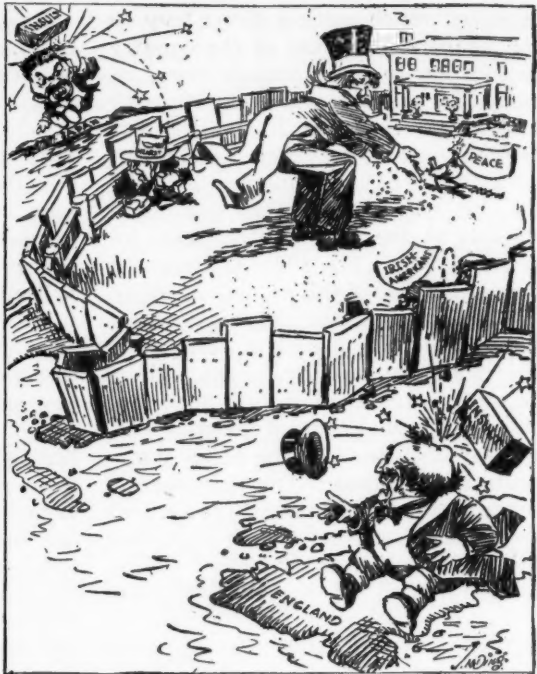
Propaganda in this country, fostered by a few ambitious military flyers is urging that the same system be applied in this country. It is possible that we are rich enough to carry this overhead but inevitably the organization contemplated will end in a worse fiasco that it has in Great Britain. It will create a drain on finance, it will retard the development of the aircraft industry, it will imperil the national defense, especially at sea.

A parallel to what is proposed has been the recent government operation of railroads, which ended in disaster even in an industry that directly makes commensurate return economically. A direct subsidy has always been repugnant to the American idea of business.

What then can a United Air Service do for aviation in this country? At present the aircraft industry, while small, is healthy, it is subsidized indirectly by the military expenditures of the Army and Navy, and by the needs of the Air Mail Service. Competition exists through the maintenance of these several buying agencies which, however, are coordinated in the joint Army and Navy Aeronautical Board to avoid duplication of effort. Overhead is being absorbed by the existing supply and administrative activities of the Army and Navy. It will thus be seen that the predicted "economy" that is to be assured by an amalgamated Air Service is merely a catch word.

How far can commercial aviation be pushed at present and a house of cards not be built up? Except for wealthy tourists or men of means, the commercial passenger game, because of price and risk, is not a practicability, except to a limited extent. In other words, it will not pay. Business men will not invest capital in chimeras. Therefore a subsidy, direct or indirect, is the only solution. If the government will not subsidize the steamship business, which affects the entire commercial life of the nation, will it change its policy for aeronautics? The Shipping Board was the solution of this country for this problem in the steamship business. Its failure parallels that of government ownership of railroads, and points a parallel for a United Air Service so far as commercial operation goes.

An amalgamated air service, then, would probably go through the cycle which has taken place in Great Britain.



IF WE CAN'T HAVE A "NAVAL HOLIDAY" WE MIGHT  
AT LEAST LAY OFF ON THE BRICK BATS

—Ding in New York Tribune.

What is now a healthy, slowly-expanding, sound aircraft business would get an initial forced-draft expansion, subsidized to a large extent. The military influence would guide development into military types. Overhead costs of maintenance and huge operating costs, and the favoring of special firms would soon result in withdrawal of funds by Congress and cause stagnation in the aircraft industry. In addition to this, the naval end would surely be unsatisfactory.

It would indeed be unfortunate if the propaganda emanating from a few individuals should result in sufficient hysteria to cause Congress to legislate into existence another governmental department, creating additional drain on finance with no healthy returns to civil aviation, and, what is more, impairing the national defense at sea.

## AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: NEW PARTY LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

**D**ULY reelected to Parliament the other day by the city of Birmingham, which has remained so faithful to his father's memory, Austen Chamberlain now assumes the leadership of the Unionist party in the House of Commons. It was all managed with that quietness which is the characteristic expression of this man's temperament. Exactly as Talleyrand urged "No zeal!" upon his supporters, the motto of Austen Chamberlain is referred to by his critics in the *London News* as "No brilliance!"

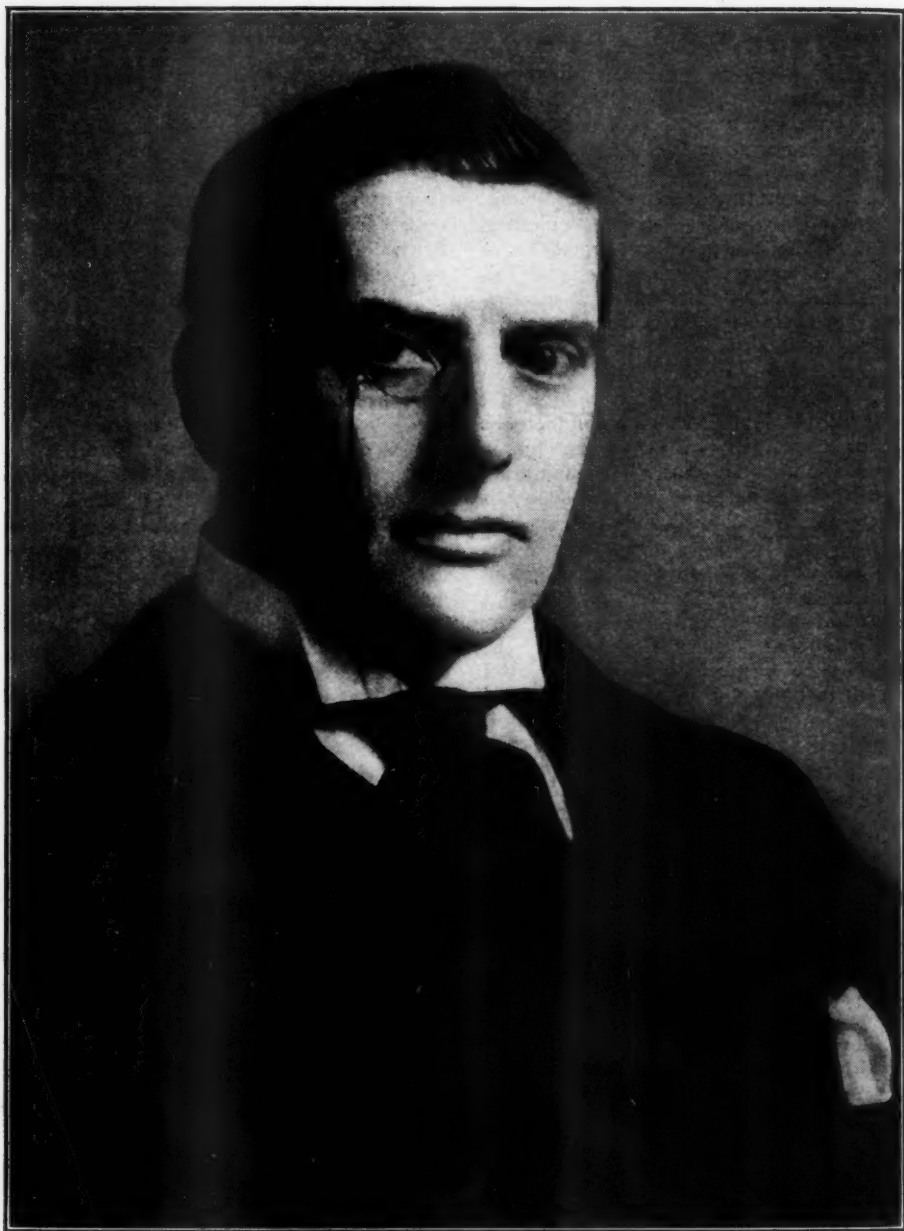
It is no less characteristic of him that altho his mastery of French is complete, he prefers the shield of an interpreter in diplomatic negotiation. His acquaintance with ancient and modern philosophy is worthy of a Bergson, but he never exploits it in Arthur Balfour's style. Few living politicians are more inveterate readers of the poets in various tongues, yet he scorns a quotation in the Asquithian manner. At Rugby and at Trinity College when he went up to Cambridge he distinguished himself in Latin and Greek and, like Lord Cromer, he has kept up his classical studies; but he refrains from Mr. Balfour's enthusiasm for the Greek tragedians. It is generally agreed that Austen Chamberlain is perhaps the best educated man in the Commons, but he dreads nothing so much as the tag of "intellectual." He talks well because as a youth he took pains with his elocution, but under no circumstances can he be seduced into phrase-making or emotion. In his cool, scornful way, Austen Chamberlain prefers to abandon eloquence, wit, fine gesture and all that sort of thing to the Lloyd Georges and the laborites. He would be shocked, it transpires from interpretations of his soul in English dailies, if he caught himself excelling anybody in anything.

This frigidity of his is the man's armor and with it he drives Lloyd George, his official chief, to distraction and rouses all Celts to fury. Even those Americans who, according to the *London Herald*, are more English than the English, could not be as English as Austen Chamberlain is. The

Celtic romanticism of British politics, the Celtic passion it has assumed, its floods of Celtic eloquence and its subjection to the spell of Celtic personality are responsible, Austen Chamberlain feels, for inefficiency everywhere, for extravagance, for confusion. There is too much Celtic brilliance in British public life and it is time for a return to Anglo-Saxon dullness. British politics is in need of a cold douche and a dry light after an orgy of language and color.

Nobody paid much attention to this theory of the impending crisis when Mr. Chamberlain, in the capacity of "papa's boy"—his father having been the great Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham—first emerged conspicuously as postmaster-general or even when he was first made Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was overshadowed in those days by the fame of his father, who was never seen in the Commons without his orchid and his monocle. The son adopted the monocle and it was assumed that he had taken over the father's radicalism with it. It was assumed that he would be rhetorical, like his father, and display eloquence and impatience and genius. In succeeding to his father's beautiful estate in Warwickshire, to his house in London and his position in society, Austen Chamberlain, despite that monocle, turned his back deliberately on the paternal traits of temperament altho he reproduces in an amazing manner the parental physiognomy. The *Manchester Guardian* fears he has repudiated everything that was his father's except the fortune and the good looks.

That smooth white face of Austen Chamberlain wears the curious resemblance to portraits of Pitt which was often remarked of Joseph himself, but the son has an eye that glitters coldly instead of flashing with the father's fire. The father had a readiness in retort which, to the *London Mail*, seems lacking in the son. The father grew heavy with the years, but the son is light on his feet even in these late fifties, which he has attained without showing many lines in the face or losing much hair. Father and son are alike in



"IS HE GREATER THAN HE LOOKS OR ARE HIS LOOKS GREATER THAN HE IS?"

That is the question regarding Austen Chamberlain whom some persist in regarding merely as "Papa's Boy," whereas others recognize in him a subtle master of the whole art of politics and a coming Prime Minister.



placidity of facial expression and unruffled ease of bearing amid storms of invective, but Austen is obviously a much better bred man in the conventional sense than was ever his more distinguished father. Joseph Chamberlain was a "provincial." He was thrice Mayor of Birmingham, which he reformed and cleaned and lit until it was modern and he never escaped the parochialism of such a career. Austen Chamberlain is imperial, an international figure, European in a cosmopolitan sense, cultivated, sophisticated, and altogether above the heads of those masses of whom his father made so much. Joseph Chamberlain sprang from the great middle class which bloomed in the Victorian period, but Austen Chamberlain married into an aristocracy after receiving the education of an aristocrat, and his intimacies are among the members of the most select circle in the world. His father was never happier than when among his people in Birmingham, but the son delights in smart luncheon parties at Chesterfield Gardens with the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Cunard and Lord Blackwood and Lady Curzon—all enthusiastic admirers of this very English gentleman, who is destined, they firmly believe, to be Prime Minister after the grand English tradition.

As a political leader he is aloof. He avoids intimacies with individuals. He shuns personal forms of allegiance. In manner genial, there is a failure on his part to advance towards familiarity. Nobody ever gets well acquainted with him. He listens with patience but never with expansion. His courtesy is exquisitely impeccable, but it stops short of confidential cordiality. There is no warmth, no self surrender. Hence he can be neither liked nor disliked, because the personality is too neutral, too inaccessible. The correctness of his conversation in accent and rhetoric has been likened to that of an unusually fine phonograph record.

It might be inferred from all this that Austen Chamberlain lacks popularity, that he must be distant and remote from his party in the style of the great Parnell. Such an inference would be wholly misleading. Austen Chamberlain renders himself adorable to his growing party in a style as new as it is characteristic. He is the one

political leader who wants his followers to do all the shining, to enjoy all the applause, to make the great speeches, to revel in the loud applause and even to fill the public eye. He makes it his business to "spot" the clever man languishing unrecognized and to bring him forward—as a Tory Unionist, of course. He has so fine an insight into incapacity as well as into capacity that it was he who first suspected the inadequacy of Kitchener in the great war. Kitchener was a popular hero long after he was seen among the elect to be a failure, and Austen Chamberlain alone had the courage to throw a stone at the idol when it was still firm upon its feet of clay. He carried this hostility to the point of threatening to resign if Kitchener got his way on a point of grave importance.

The Chamberlain temperament discloses itself most coldly to the London journals when this monocled and immaculate figure rises to speak in the Commons. His speeches have been compared with the classically correct writing of a Landor just as the orations of Lloyd George are said to suggest the tumultuous outbursts of an Ossian. Unlike Lloyd George, Austen Chamberlain talks impersonally in a carrying voice that has no soaring Celtic notes, that never shows signs of weariness and that conveys even arithmetical totals and such words as Mesopotamia with a distinctness of utterance as piercing as it is pleasing. His ideas are composedly set forth in words that clarify his meaning instead of obscuring it and his speech unfolds itself in a strong and severe manner with the precision of a roll of paper in a mechanical piano, but never fatiguing the audience and never confusing a listener. Obviously he has got his facts well into his head. It is no less apparent that he is holding himself back, giving an impression of restrained power. He will neither let himself go nor rant, for he is too well bred, too correct, too English. Were he French, says the London *Truth*, he would need a little gesture, and were he Celtic he would need a little eloquence.

If it be true of Lloyd George that he improvises second-rate conceptions and hackneyed themes into tremendous emotional effects—a usual charge—Austen Chamberlain exemplifies the opposite capacity to

reduce romantic political situations to prosaic reality. Nothing approaches the art with which he regularly dismisses a massacre in India with a quiet reference to adequate hospital facilities fortunately available through British efficiency for the relief of bleeding Hindus. "Fires in Ireland?" he will repeat coldly at question time. "Fires in Ireland?" A pause. "Yes—a few." How cool the tone! What detachment! This method in parliamentary debate has been summed up as an inevitable and necessary effort to prove that nothing of any importance has really happened at all—and, in effect, as the Manchester daily admits, nothing does seem to matter if Austen Chamberlain begins to talk about it. His monocle, his pointed collar and his unimpeachable tie and coat are part of the effect and when he has talked three hours amid uproar, it may be, or with much interruption, he is quite cool and not in the least concerned at the Celts he has infuriated and the Liberals he has angered. This is the supreme touch of all—the preservation of that detachment in an angry House of Commons, a detachment which never sinks to the level of indifference and which is at its finest when Mr. Chamberlain puts a delicate hand to his delicate lips and permits himself the relief of a delicate yawn. His hair will be perfectly smooth too and his collar unwilted when the dishevelled Lloyd George mops his brow and Arthur Balfour fans himself aristocratically with an official document.

The principal recreation of Austen Chamberlain, we learn from the London dailies, is social life and even in the best society he will not stoop to competition by trying to outshine anybody, to out-talk anybody or outdo anybody. "Is he greater than he looks or are his looks greater than he is?" Asking that question, a British military expert with a brilliant social position indicated the new leader of the Unionist Party. There stood the magnificent Austen Chamberlain in what the French call frock and decorations as the great ones of the earth circled around him at a royal garden party. He was in aspect the most distinguished figure in all that gathering—clothes impeccable, hat and gloves in hand, monocle glistening in the sun. That question about him was put at a psychological moment and it made a tremendous hit because nobody knew the answer. It has become a conundrum popular in London society and there are guesses in disgruntled Liberal organs that Austen Chamberlain is but a smile on a mask, that his impressive head is hollow, that his self-effacement is born of dread of his own limitations, a realization that he lacks his father's force, his father's genius, his one claim to the consideration of mankind being the accident that he is papa's boy. All this will be found out at last, predicts the *London News*, from which we extract these impressions, but by the time it is all found out, Austen Chamberlain will be Prime Minister.

## YALE TO HAVE AN UNTIRED BUSINESS MAN FOR PRESIDENT

TRADITIONS toppled when Yale University named James Rowland Angell to succeed Arthur Twining Hadley as its president to assume office next month. After canvassing the country for almost a year, and considering a field of four score candidates, the Yale Corporation has allured from the Carnegie Corporation an executive who in many ways is destined to inaugurate a new era at New Haven. The first custom that went by the board in the selection of the new "prexie" is the time-honored tradition that Yale men

shall hold the Yale presidency. Dr. Angell is a graduate of the University of Michigan and holds numerous degrees from other universities, American and foreign. He has never been a member of the Yale faculty, altho he has delivered the Thomas lectures to freshmen there during the past year. The second pillar to fall from the arch of tradition is the unwritten law that the head of Yale shall be a Congregational clergyman. President Hadley was the first exception to this rule. In still other respects Dr. Angell represents a new and

significantly different type of Yale president. He comes from the west, via New York, tho born in New England. His training, as M. Lincoln Schuster records in the *Boston Transcript*, has not been classical but along the lines of psychology, research and engineering organization. His reputation as an administrator and pioneering executive is unique in educational circles and one that foreshadows a divided feeling in the near future toward the new Yale president. It is recounted, as an instance, that Dr. Angell not long ago declared his belief that college athletics needed to be curbed. "I believe," he is quoted as saying, "that a good deal of the professional training of athletic teams, particularly in football, has been grossly objectionable in overworking boys whose primary obligation is to the academic aims of the college. I do not believe there is any obligation on the part of the college to furnish the general public with substitutes for the circus, the prize fight and the gladiatorial combat." Asked the other day, by a writer for the *New York World*, whether his view of college athletics had altered since his elevation to the Yale presidency, Dr. Angell stated that he simply opposed the hippodroming of college athletics, but that he strongly favored the general participation in sports by the student body. Dr. Angell should be qualified to speak on athletics. He played both baseball and tennis in his undergraduate days at Ann Arbor, and is said to have played them well.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

#### HE HAS IDEAS THAT YALE MAY NEED

Dr. James Rowland Angell has a reputation as an administrator that will be put to the test in New Haven.

It is as a business man, however, that James Rowland Angell will stand or fall at the head of Yale. As a director of the engineering activities of the National Research Council, of which Dr. Angell is chairman, Professor Comfort Adams, formerly of Harvard, is intimately acquainted with the business policies and personality of the president-elect of Yale. Discussing with the *Transcript* writer the significance of the election, Professor Adams emphasized Angell's administrative ability. To Angell he gives chief credit for conceiving and directing the post-war activities of the National Research Council, a fundamental

task of importance not only educationally but industrially, scientifically and socially. It was Angell who obtained the support of the Carnegie Foundation and an appropriation of \$5,000,000 from its funds for national research work.

Dr. Angell is reticent, has a sense of humor and talks out of the side of his mouth. He is said in the *World*, to base his reticence as regards what may be expected of him at Yale on the "dictates of good taste and good manners." Not yet in office, he told the *World* representative a story which evidently reflected his outlook. "They have an advanced idea of faculty autonomy at the University of Virginia. After Dr. E. A. Alderman, who went there as president from Tulane, had been in office for a time, somebody asked him how far he was able to go in carrying into effect his own policies. 'Oh, they let me attend faculty meetings,' Alderman replied, 'and sometimes they let me vote.'"

A man of medium height, of strongly knit, well proportioned body, smooth-shaved, his thinning hair bordering on the caroty, the president-elect of Yale is not unlike former Governor Al Smith, of New York, in appearance. The similarity impresses the New York newspaper writer as being most pronounced in the shape of the face and in the part the nose plays in both the Angell and Smith physiognomies. In the case of the former, it is a generous, prominent, outstanding nose, in marked contrast to the shrewd, reticent grey eyes above it, and the face that Yale undergraduates will look up to is generously wrinkled.

A vigorous young man at fifty-two, Dr. Angell goes to New Haven in his prime. He was born at Burlington, Vermont, in 1869, received his degree at the University of Michigan twenty-one years later, while his father, James Burrill Angell, was president of that institution. He was an honor student and a class leader in social as well as scholastic activities. After a year's post-graduate work at Ann Arbor, he turned to New England and in 1892 received his M. A. at Harvard, sailing thence to Europe for study at Vienna, Leipsic, Paris and Berlin. He received degrees from the Universities of Berlin and Halle in 1893 and 1894.

Returning to America, Dr. Angell entered the faculty of the University of Minnesota as an instructor of philosophy. From there he went to the University of Chicago, becoming in turn assistant professor, associate professor, head of the department of psychology, dean of the faculty and acting president. Since then his scientific interests have led to organizing research work and broader programs of educational policy for the entire country. During the war he was one of the principal directors on the War Department Committee for the Classification of Personnel, as well as the Committee on Education and Special Training. To-day he is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which is closely affiliated with the Carnegie Foundation and the Carnegie Board for Teachers' Pensions and Insurance.

Recently Dr. Angell called attention to the imminent peril of "educational bankruptcy" for America because of the crippling of college faculties caused by meager salaries and the alluring offers made to trained teachers and research men to enlist in business. The universities, he maintains, must by one means or another be enabled to pay such salaries to their scientific men and give them such conditions of work as will constitute an adequate offset to the temptations offered by business and industrial life, otherwise a deplorable situation is threatened.

As head of the Carnegie Corporation Dr. Angell has been one of the two greatest disbursers of philanthropic money in the United States, the other being the chief of the Rockefeller Foundation. A concluding observation about the coming "business president" of Yale is that he is an American of ancient New England stock. There is a long, elm-shaded thorofare in Providence called Angell Street. Once on a time it ran through the "home plot" of an ancestor of James Rowland Angell who was one of the original settlers of Rhode Island with Roger Williams in 1635. There is a telephone exchange in Providence embracing a considerable part of the more exclusive residential section known as Angell, and it gives a stranger a singular sense of intimacy with the operators at central to call up a number of the Angell exchange.

## "MAHATMA" GANDHI: THE MOST WONDERFUL OF AGITATORS

**S**UDDEN as must seem the international renown which his sensational challenge has won for Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, he has spent years in building up his immense following in India, in South Africa, in all Oriental lands which would rid themselves of the rule of the whites. For years Mr. Gandhi has preached contempt for telephones, opposition to factories, indifference to money and a general boycott of everything that goes by the name of western progress. For years he has lived the life of an ascetic and he seems actually to thrive on his diet of goat's milk and salt, varied now and then with wheat and a little fruit. "He never sues a debtor," explains the *London Mail*, which, like all British dailies, devotes much space to his personality, "he never gives evidence against an enemy, he always travels third class, the acme of discomfort in India, and he always goes barefoot." He tries to get along with as little sleep as possible and sometimes dispenses with it for three consecutive days.

These are but a few of the eccentricities of the agitator who has invited the British government to arrest him, who refers to the Parliament in London as "the strumpet of the men in power," and who collects crowds of vast proportions whenever he chooses to speak in public. Vehement as his oratory may become, we read in the *London Outlook*, his deportment is graciousness itself, his manners are benign, he puts on no airs. His voice, monotonous at times, has a pleasing effect. He wears the meanest garb. He does not look his fifty-two years for there is an abundance of gray hair which becomes the round skull that tapers into a pointed chin beneath rather thick lips. The swimming eyes are appropriate in the head of one who says of himself: "Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise. I, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man."

There seems some misunderstanding in the idea that Gandhi is a Brahmin of the priestly caste. He is what the British call a "Gujerati Hindu" and he belongs, ap-

parently, to a trading caste, his family still having its roots in Kathiawar. His father was a political agitator years ago, altho he accumulated his substance as a merchant. He was sufficiently well off to afford his eldest son, our Mr. Gandhi, the advantages of a legal education in England. The present "Mahatma," to give him a courtesy title bestowed popularly because of his spirituality, practiced law in India for some years somewhat obscurely. He dawned upon the British mind about nine years ago through his protests against the state of the law in Natal, which imposed serious political disabilities upon his countrymen.

The originality of Mr. Gandhi's agitation against the British in India resides in his policy of love for them. The capital blunder of his people hitherto, he fancies, has been their persistence in hating the English. Oppressive as the English may be, domineering and even tyrannical, they must be overwhelmed, defeated, through the power of love. The conflict of his countrymen with the English must be transferred from a material plane to a spiritual one. Hence his enthusiasm for resistance to the English restricts itself to the passive kind. "Violence belongs to the Satanic materialism of the West," as our English contemporary explains his attitude. "His cause will triumph through the soul force of millions of Hindus."

His millions of supporters have not attained the heights of his own idealism. The Gandhi agitation in India has been attended with sanguinary scenes, riots, fires in populous cities. Mobs have shouted the name of Gandhi with enthusiasm as they rushed to slaughter and incendiarism. The agitation extends as far as Turkey, where Gandhi is accused of some sort of complicity with the Moslem leaders. The Gandhi doctrine requires a boycott of all foreign goods, of foreign schools. Even office under the alien government must be refused, its honors scorned. His appeal has struck home. He is surrounded by multitudes wherever he goes. Even miracles are believed to have been worked by Mr.



Gandhi, altho he denies this and professes himself no dealer in marvels.

Unlike some Indian agitators of the past, he lives a private life against which no taint of scandal can be urged. He is happily married and his four sons are apt, stalwart youths. Harilal, the oldest, has entered mercantile life in Calcutta while the youngest, Devadas, assists his father in the great task of rousing the Indian conscience. Two of these sons are successful traders in South Africa. The home of Mr. Gandhi in Calcutta is almost miserable and when the brilliant English journalist, Perceval Landon, interviewed him for the *London Telegraph* he found the Mahatma seated on the floor in a tiny, meanly furnished chamber and attired in cheap home-made clothes. "He speaks gently and well and in his voice is a note of detachment which lends uncanny force to the strange doctrines that he has given up his life to teach." There is in the manner of Mr. Gandhi no trace of anything ruffled or hasty or resentful. His willingness to turn the other cheek is notorious. "Consciously his teaching has been influenced by that of Christ, for whom his admiration has long been the almost dominating feature of his spiritual life." There is every reason to infer that the daily conduct of the "Mahatma" has been modelled upon the Sermon on the Mount. When Mr. Landon pointed out that Christ refrained from interference in politics, Mr. Gandhi replied: "I do not think so, but, if you are right, the less Christian that was He."

The Utopia of Gandhi is an idealism translated into practical living and he does not believe that the failure of Christian lands to live the teachings of Jesus need deter the Oriental world from making a tremendous experiment in politics and economics upon a purely spiritual plane. If India has sufficient unity to expel the British, he affirms, she can also protect herself against foreign aggression. "Universal soul force will keep our shores inviolate. It is by making armaments that war is made." This is a fundamental Gandhi teaching. Battleships must go. Guns are not to be made. Indians are never to lend themselves through their manual labor to the manufacture of any weapon of offense.

A parallel with the career of Tolstoy is often traced by the admirers of Gandhi. The Indian, like the Russian, acquired all the elegant accomplishments of his time. He can play the piano, read and speak three European tongues, sketch effectively with a crayon, and waltz. These practices have been abandoned by the Indian as inconsistent with the spiritual ideal. He will not even wear European costume. As for alcoholic drinks, Gandhi has come to regard them with positive horror and he will not recognize as a follower any man who indulges in them even for medicinal purposes. His campaign against tea is no less amazing and successful than his war on wine. The best way to lead the ascetic life that can alone win the freedom of India, teaches Gandhi, is to prepare oneself all the food one eats. Gandhi goes so far as to wash his own garments, but he admits that this is not universally practicable. He insists that more fasting ought to be practiced by men who join a political agitation and he looks with suspicion upon plans to collect money for the "cause." Giving should be done by one individual to another and then only for the sake of relieving the wants of a fellow creature. Above all, there must be no physical retaliation upon the British for any violence or seizures of property or person. Mr. Gandhi cordially endorses the policy of those Indian officials who declare that he ought to be arrested and kept in prison.

Gandhi spends most of his time in a great mill community. Ahmedabad, where his famous brotherhood for the cultivation of the spiritual qualities is attaining unexpected conquests. Devotees flock here from all over the Oriental world, some, it is said, from Asia Minor and the Arabian oasis. All must conform to the ascetic mode of life exemplified in the daily round of the Mahatma. There must be a profession of absolute poverty. There can be no concern for the morrow. Even an appointment for the ensuing week is forbidden. The idea is "the perfect day," spent in strict obedience to precepts of love, humility and personal purity. The industries are weaving by hand, sewing and carpentering. The food of the community is raised by a primitive form of agriculture. There are prayers for all who may be deemed its enemies.

# THE LIZARD GOD

By Charles J. Finger

IT is not pleasant to have one's convictions disturbed, and that is why I wish I had never seen that man Rounds.

He seems to have crossed my path only to shake my self-confidence. The little conversation we had has left me dissatisfied. I look upon my collection with less interest than I did. I am not as pleased with the result of my investigations as they appear in my monograph on The Saurian Family of Equatorial America.

Doubtless the mood that now possesses me will pass away, and I shall recover my equanimity. His story would have upset most men. Worse still was his unpleasant habit of interjecting strange opinions. Judge for yourself.

It was when passing through the Reptile room on my way to the study that I first saw him. I took him to be a mere common working man passing away an idle hour; one of the ordinary Museum visitors. Two hours later, I noticed that he was closely examining the lizard cases. Then, later, he seemed interested in my collection of prints illustrating the living world of the ante-diluvian period. It was then that I approached him, and, finding him apparently intelligent, with, as it seemed, a bent towards lizards, and, further, discovering that he had traveled in Peru and Colombia, took him to the study.

The man had some unusual habits. He was absolutely lacking in that sense of respect, as I may term it, usually accorded to one in my position. One who is a professor and curator, becomes accustomed to a certain amount of, well, diffidence in laymen. The attitude is entirely natural. It is a tribute. But Rounds was not that way. He was perfectly at ease. He had an air of quiet self-possession. He refused the chair I indicated, the chair set for visitors and students, and, instead, walked to the window and threw up the lower sash, taking a seat on the sill, with one foot resting on the floor and the other swinging. Thus, he

looked as tho he were prepared to leap, or to jump or run. He gave me the impression of being on the alert. Without asking permission, he filled and lit his pipe, taking his tobacco from a queerly made pouch, and using but one hand in the process.

"What I was looking for," he said, "is a kind of lizard. Yet it is not a lizard. It is too hard and thin in the body to be that. It runs on its

hind legs. It is white. Its bite is poisonous. It lives in the equatorial districts of Colombia."

"Have you seen one?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. Then after a moment he asked, "Why?"

"Because there is no such living creature," I said.

"How do you

know?" he said abruptly.

"The lizard group is thoroly classified," I said. "There is nothing answering to that description. In the first place——"

"Does that make it non-existent? Your classification of what you know?" he interrupted.

"I have made a study of the Saurians," I said.

"No, you haven't," he said. "You have read what other men have written and that is not the same thing."

"Really," I began, but he broke in.

"I mean to say that you have never been in any new equatorial country," he said. "Your manner shows that. You are too quiet. Too easy. Too sedentary. You would have been killed because of your lack of vigilance."

That is, as nearly as I can repeat and remember, the opening of the conversation. There was an air of challenge about the man that I found unpleasant. Of course I admitted the fact that I was not an explorer myself, and that mine was the humbler if more tedious task of collecting and arranging data. At that he said that, in his opinion, organized expeditions were little more than pleasure jaunts taken at the public expense. His view point was most extraordinary.

*THIS is a tale of adventure—and, tragedy. There are thrills in it that are unforgettable. It appeared in the first number of a new magazine, ALL'S WELL, published in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and the author of this story, Charles J. Finger, is editor and proprietor of the magazine. "The Lizard God" has his temple in the equatorial forest of Colombia, and it was there that the tragedy was enacted.*

"Such an expedition," he said, "must fail in its main purpose because its very unweildiness destroys or disperses the very things it was organized to study. It cannot penetrate the wilds; it cannot get into the dry lands. The very needs of the men and horses and dogs prevent that. It must keep to beaten tracks and in touch with the edge of civilization. The members of such an expedition are mere killers on a large scale, and to kill or to hunt a thing is to not know it at all. Further, the men in such expeditions are not hunters even. They are destroyers who destroy while keeping themselves in safety. They have their beaters. Their paid natives Humbug! That's the only word to describe that kind of thing. Staged effects they have. Then they come back here to pose as heroes before a crowd of gaping city clerks."

I MENTIONED the remarkable results obtained by the Peary and Roosevelt expeditions and pointed to the fact that the specimens brought back and properly set up by efficient taxidermists did, in fact, give the common people some notion of the wonders of animal life. "Nothing of the kind," he said. "Look at that boa-constrictor you have out there. It is stuffed and in a glass case. Don't you know that in its natural surroundings you yourself would come mighty near stepping on one without seeing it? You would. If you had that thing set up as it should be, these museum visitors of yours would pass the case believing it was a mere collection of foliage. They wouldn't see the snake itself. See what I mean? Set up as they are in real life they'd come near being invisible."

The man walked up and down the study floor for half a minute or so, then paused at the desk and said.

"Don't let us get to entertaining one another tho. But remember this, you only get knowledge at a cost. I mean to say that the man that would know something can only get the knowledge at first hand. The people who wander around this junk shop that you call a museum go out as empty headed as they came in. Consider. Say a Fiji islander came here and took back with him from the United States an electric bulb, a stuffed possum, an old hat, a stalactite from the Mammoth cave, a sackful of pecan nuts, a pair of hand-cuffs, half a dozen packing cases full of things gathered from here and there, and then set the whole junk pile up under a roof in the Fiji islands, what would his fellow Fijians know from that of the social life of this country. Eh? Tell me that."

"You exaggerate," I protested. "You take an extreme point of view."

"I don't," he said.

His contradictions would have made me angry perhaps, were they not made in such a quiet tone of voice.

"Take anything from its natural surroundings," he went on, "and it is meaningless. The dull eyed men and women that wander through this Museum of yours are just killing time. There's no education in that kind of thing. Besides, what they see are dead things anyway and you can't study human nature in a morgue."

He resumed his seat on the window sill, then took from an inner pocket a leather wallet, and drew from that a photograph which he tossed across so that it fell on the desk before me. I examined it carefully. It had been badly developed and badly printed, and, what was worse, roughly handled. But still, one could distinguish certain features.

It pictured the interior of a building. It was roofless, and above the rear wall was what I recognized as tropical vegetation, mainly by its wild luxuriance. In the center of the rear wall was what seemed to be a giant stone lizard standing on its hind legs. The one foreleg that showed was disproportionately short. The body, too, was more attenuated than that of any lizard. The thing was headless and the statue, idol or whatever it was, stood on a pedestal, and before that again seemed to be a slab of stone. Then my attention was caught by the head of the thing, which was to be seen in a corner. It was shaped roughly triangular. The jaws were broad at the base and the thing had, even in the photograph, something of the same repulsive appearance as the head of a vampire bat.

"It is the result of the imagination of some Indian," I said. "No post-diluvian saurian ever existed of that size."

"Good God, man, you jump to conclusions," he said. "This is only a representation of the thing itself. Made in heroic size, so to say. But see here."

He leaned over my shoulder and pointed to a kind of border that ran along the base of the pedestal. Examining closely, I made out a series of lizards running on their hind legs.

"THEY," he explained, "are cut into the stone. It is a sort of red sand-stone. They are a little bigger than the thing itself as it is living. But look at this."

The particular spot to which he pointed was blurred and dirty, as tho many fingers had pointed to it and I took the magnifying glass for closer inspection. Even then I only saw dimly a something that bore a resemblance to the carved figures.

"That," he said, "is as near as ever I came to seeing one of the little devils. I think it was

one of them, tho I am not sure. I caught sight of it flashing across like a swiftly blown leaf. We took the picture by flash light, you see, so I'm not sure. Somerfield, of course, was too busy attending to his camera. He saw nothing."

"We might have another picture made," I said. "It would be interesting."

"D'ye think I'd be able to carry plunder around traveling as I was then?" he asked. "You see, I went down there for the Company I'm working for. I was looking out for rubber and hard woods. I'd worked from Buenaventura. From Buenaventura down to the Rio Caqueta and then followed that stream up to the water shed, and then down the Codajaz. If you look at the map, you'll see it's no easy trip. No chance to pack much. All I wanted to carry was information. And there was only Somerfield along."

"But Somerfield—he, as I take it, was the photographer, was he not? Did he not take care of the negatives? It would not have been much for him to take care of."

"Well, you see, he did take care of his negatives. But circumstances were different at the time. He had laid them away somewhere. After I killed him, I just brought away the camera and that was all."

Positively, I gasped at the audacity of the man. He said the words, "I killed him," so quietly, in so matter of fact a way, that for the moment I was breathless. Like most other men, I had never sat face to face with one who had taken the life of another.

It was, therefore, a startling thing to hear Rounds confess to having killed a fellow man. It was awesome. And yet, let me say that at once I was possessed of a great desire to learn all about it, and down in my heart I feared that he would decide he had said something that he should not have said, and would either deny his statement or modify it in some way. I wanted to hear all the details. I was hugely interested. Was it morbidity? Then I came to myself after what was a shock, and awoke to the fact that he was talking in his quiet, even way.

"**B**UT those Tlingas held the belief, and that was all there was to it," he was saying.

I came to attention and said, "Of course, it is natural," for I feared to have him know that I was inattentive even for that short space, and waited for elucidations.

"It seems," he went on, "that the tribe was dying out. Helm, who first told me something of it at Buenaventura, was one of those scientists who have to invent a new theory for every new thing they were told of. He said it was either because of eating too much meat, or not

enough. I forget which. There had been a falling off in the birth rate. The Tocalinian who had lived with them, and who joined us at the headwaters of the Codajaz, maintained that there had been too much inbreeding. So there was some arrangement by means of which they invited immigrants, as it were. Men from other neighboring tribes were encouraged to join the Tlingas. And they did. The Tlingas had a fat land and welcomed the immigrants. The immigrants on their part expected to have an easy time."

As Round talked, he grew quieter in his tone. He moved from his place on the window sill and sat on the corner of my desk. I had forgotten my uneasiness at being in the presence of one who had taken his fellow's life. He went on:

"**W**HEN there's a falling birth rate, things change. There are manners and customs evolved that would seem strange to you. There come laws and religions, all made to match current requirements. Celibacy and sterility become a crime. Virginity becomes a disgrace, a something to be ridiculed."

"It seems impossible," I said.

"No," he said. "You have that in part. You ridicule what you call old maids, don't you?"

Again I was too slow with my reply. If I ever meet him again, I shall show him the fallacy of many of his arguments.

"Men with most children had the most to say. The childless were penalized, were punished. The sterile were put to death. There grew up a religion and a priesthood, ceremonials, sacrifices and rituals. And they had their god, in the shape of this lizard thing. Of course, like most other gods, it was more of a malevolent creature than anything else. Gods generally are, if you will consider a little. I don't care what creed or religion gets the upper hand, it's Fear that becomes the power. Look around and see if I'm not right."

"Well, Somerfield and I walked into that kind of thing. Now, like me, he had worked for the Exploration Company a good few years and had been to all kinds of places prospecting—Torres Straits, the Gold Coast, Madagascar, Patagonia. We prospectors have to get around in queer corners and the life's a dull one. All monotony. But Somerfield had queer notions. He worked at the job because he could make more money than at anything else and that gave him a chance to keep his family in Ohio in comfort. He was mighty fond of his family. Besides, the job gave him more time with the wife and kids than the average man gets. When he was at home, he was at home three months on end at times. That's better than the ordinary man."



"Now, this being so, Somerfield was what he was. He had ideas about religion. He was full of the notion that things are arranged so that, if you live up to a certain code, you'll get a reward. 'Do right, and you'll come out right,' was one of his sayings. 'The wages of sin is death' was another. Point out to him that virtue got paid in the same coin, and he'd argue. No use. In a way he was like a man who wouldn't walk under a ladder or spill salt. You know.

"Naturally, for him things were awkward at the Tlinga village. We stayed there quite a while I should say. He lived in his own shack, cooking for himself and all that. He was full of ideas of duty to his wife and so on. I fell in with the local customs and took up with a sweetheart, and handled things so well that there was one of their ceremonials pretty soon in which I was central figure. Ista, it seems, made a public announcement. That would be natural enough with a tribe so concerned about the family birth rate. But it made me sorter mad to hear the natives everlastingly accusing Somerfield of being an undesirable. But they never let up trying to educate him and make him a Tlinga citizen. They were patient and persistent enough. On the other hand, I was looked on as a model young man, and received into the best society.

"**A**BOUT the time we were ready to strike west, Ista, that was my girl, told me that there would have to be a new ceremonial. She took my going in good part for there was nothing more I could do. They were sensible enough to know that man was only an instrument in the great game, as they understood it. Ista had led me out to a quiet place to put me next. I remember that vividly because of a little thing that happened that doesn't mean anything. I often wonder why resultless things sometimes stick in the mind. We were sitting at the base of a tall tree and there was a certain bush close by with berries bright red when they were unripe. They look good to eat. But when they ripen, they grow fat and juicy, the size of a grape, and of a liverish color. I thought that one of them had fallen on my left forearm and went to flick it off. Instead of being that, the thing burst into a blood splotch as soon as I hit it. That was the first time I had been bitten by one of those bugs. They are about the size of a sheep tick when empty, but they get on you and suck and suck, till they are full of your blood and size of a grape. Queer things, but ugly. Ista laughed as you would laugh if you saw a nigger afraid of a harmless snake. It's queer that it should be considered a joke when one fears something that another does not.

"But that has nothing to do with the story. What has, is that Ista wanted to tell me about the ceremonial. She did not believe in it at all. Privately, she was a kind of atheist among her people, but kept her opinions to herself. She had thought out things for herself and had her own beliefs, but they were not the beliefs the Tlingas were supposed to hold. But after all she did not tell me much besides her own disbeliefs. When you think of it, no one can tell another much. What you know you have to discover alone. All she told me was what was going to be done, and that was about as disappointing as the information you might get about what would take place in initiation in a secret society. Some was lost in transmission.

"Well, at last the ceremonial started up with a great banging of drums and all that. It was a great scene, let me tell you, with the tumbled vegetation, glaringly colored as if a scene painter had gone crazy. There were the flashing birds—blood colored and orange, scarlet and yellow, gold and green. Butterflies too—great gaudy things that looked like moving flowers. And the noise and chatterings and whistlings in the trees of birds and insects. There were flowers and fruits, and eatings and speech makings. As far as I could gather, the chief speakers were congratulating the hearers upon their luck in belonging to the Tlingas, which was the greatest tribe on earth and the favorite of Naol, the lizard god. We capered round the tribal pole, I capering with the rest of them of course. Somerfield took a picture of it. Then there was a procession of prospective mothers, with Ista among them. Rotten I thought it. Don't imagine female beauty, by the way, as some of the writers on savage life would have you imagine it. Nothing of the kind. White, black or yellow, I never saw a stark woman that looked beautiful yet. That's all bunk. Muscular and strong, yes. That's a kind of beauty in its way. True as God, I believe that one of the causes of unhappy marriages among white folk is that the lads are fed upon false notions about womanly beauty and when they get the reality they think they've captured a lemon.

"Presently the crowd quieted down and the men were set around in a semi-circle with me and Somerfield at the end.

"**T**HEN a red-eyed old hag tottered out and began cursing Somerfield. She spat in his face and called him all outrageous names that came to her vindictive tongue. Luckily it was that he had been put next, and so, forewarned, was able to grin and bear it. But, Lord, how she did tongue-lash him. Then she took a flat piece of wood shaped like a laurel leaf which was fastened to a thin strip of hide, and



showed him that. It was a kind of charm, and on it was cut one of the running lizards. She wanted him to rub it on his forehead. Of course, with his notions of religion, he wouldn't do it. That's natural. When she passed it to me, I did what she wanted done. I never was particular that way. Symbols mean nothing anyway and if fools are in the majority it's no use stirring up trouble. It's playing a lie, of course, but then that's the part of wisdom it seems to me, sometimes. It's in a line with protective coloring. You remember what I said about the proper mounting of your specimens don't you? Well, it's like that. That's why persecutions have never stamped out opinions nor prohibitions appetites. The wisest keep their counsel and go on as usual. The martyrs are the weak fools. But let's see. Where was I? Oh, yes. The old woman and the piece of wood.

"She began running from this one to that, kind of working herself up into a frenzy. Then she started to chant some old nonsense. There was a rhythm to it. She sang:

"Nao calls for the useless."

Then the rest of them would shout

"Nao calls. Nao calls."

There was a terrible lot of it. The main purport was that this Nao was the ruling devil or god of the place. It called for the sacrifice of the useless. Many men were needed so that the one should be born who would lead the Tlingas to victory. That was the tone of it, and at the end of every line she sang, the crowd joined in with the refrain.

"Nao calls. Nao calls."

"Of course they became worked up. She handled them pretty much the same as a skilful speaker does things at a political meeting or an evangelist at a revival. The same spirit was there. Instead of a flag, there was the tribal pole. There was the old gag of their nation or tribe being the chosen one. I don't care where you go, there is always the same thing. Every tribe and nation is cock-sure that theirs is the best. They have the bravest and the wisest men and the best women. But I kept nudging Somerfield. It was hard on him. He was the Judas and the traitor and all that. 'Damn fool superstition' he muttered to me time and again. But of course he was a bit nervous, and so was I. Being in the minority is awkward. The human brain simply isn't strong enough to encounter organized opposition. It wears. You spend too much energy being on the defensive.

"AFTER a time, when the song was done, the old hag seemed pretty well played out. Then she passed the piece of wood I told you of to a big buck, and he started to whirling

it round and round. He was a skilful chap at the trick, and in a little had it whirling and screaming. Then presently some of the birds fell to noise making just as you will hear canaries sing when someone whistles, or women talk when a piano commences to play. I saw something of the same down in Torres Straits. They call it the Twanyirika there. In the Malay peninsula they use something of the kind to scare the elephants out of the plantations. They've got it on the Gold Coast as well. It's called the Oro there. Really it's all over the world. I've seen Scotch herd boys use something like it to scare the cattle, and Mexican sheep herders in Texas to make the sheep run together when they scatter too far. Of course there's really nothing to be scared of, but when it comes near you, you feel inclined to duck. To me, it was the feeling that the flat piece of wood would fly off and hit me. You always duck when you hear a whizzing. Still, the priests or medicine men trade on the head-ducking tendency. So, somehow, in the course of time, it gets so that those that listen have to bow down. Oh yes! You say it's ridiculous and fanciful and all that sort of thing. I know. I have heard others say the same. It's only a noise and nothing to be scared of. But then, when you come to think of it, most men are scared of noise. They're like animals in that respect. What is a curse but a noise? Yet most men are secretly afraid of curses. They're uneasy under them. Yet they know it's only noise. Then look at thunderings from the pulpit. Look at excommunications. Look at denunciations. All noises to be sure. But there's the threat of force behind some of them. The blow may come and again it may not.

"AS I said, everyone bowed down and of course so did I, on general principles. Somerfield didn't and the old buck whirled that bull-roarer over him ever so long, and the red eyed hag cursed and spat at him, but he never budged. That sort of conduct is damned foolishness according to my notion. But then you see, in a kind of a way he was backing his prejudices against theirs and prejudices are pretty solid things when you consider. Still, he took a hell of a chance.

"On the trail next day, for we left the following morning, I argued with him about that, but he couldn't be budged. He said he stood for truth and all that kind of thing. I put it to him that he would expect any foreigner to conform to his national customs. He'd expect a Turk to give up his polygamy, I said, no matter what heart breakings it cost some of the family. But he had a kink in his thinking, holding that his people had the whole, solid, unchanging truth. Of course, the argument came down

with a crash then, for it worked around to a question of what is truth. There you are. There was the limit. So we quit. As I tell you, the human brain is not constituted to do much thinking. It's been crippled by lack of use. We are mentally stunted in growth. I remember that I began to say something about the possibility of there being several gods, meaning that some time or other men with imagination had defied some natural thing, but it came to me that I was talking nonsense, so I quit. Yet I know right well that many tribes have made gods of things of which they were afraid. But it's small profit to theorize.

"It was near sun-down when we came to that building shown in that photograph. The vegetation was so thick thereabouts that the temple, for I suppose it was that, appeared before us suddenly. One moment we were crawling like insects between the trunks of great jungle trees that shot upwards seventy feet or more without a branch, as if they were racing for dear life sky-ward, and then everything fell away and there was the old building. It startled the both of us. We got the sensation that you get when you see a really good play. You forget your bodily presence and you are only a bundle of nerves. You walk or sit or stand, but without any effort or knowledge that you are doing it. We had been talking, and the sight of that building, so unexpected, startled us into silence. It would any one. Believe me, your imperturbable man with perfect, cool, self-possession does not exist. Man's a jumpy thing, given to nerves. You may deny it and talk about the unexcitability of the American citizen and all that bunk, but let me tell you that your journalists and moving picture producers and preachers and politicians have caught on to the fact that man is jumpy, and they trade on their discovery, believe me. They've got man on the hop every which way and keep him going.

"THERE had been a gateway there once, but for some reason or other it had become blocked with a rank vegetation. The old gap was choked full with a thorny, flower bearing bush so thick that a cat could not have passed through. Somerfield switched on one of his theories as soon as he got over his first surprise. Worshippers, he held, had brought flowers there and the seeds that had dropped had sprouted. It looked reasonable.

"Above the lintel was carved one of those running lizards. That you noticed early. You can't see that in the picture because we took that from the edge of a broken wall. You see, all the walls stood except that to the left of this doorway and that had partly fallen and what was left was chin high. We saw at a glance

that the people who had built that temple were handy with tools. The stones of the wall were quite big—two feet or more square, and fitted closely. There was no mortar to hold them but the ends had been made with alternate grooves and projections that fitted well. The stone was a kind of red-sand stone. But I told you that before.

"When we looked over the broken wall and saw that stone lizard, we had another shock. I don't care how you school yourself, there's a scare in every man. That's what annoys me, to see men posing and letting themselves be written up and speechified over as fearless. Fearless General this and Admiral that. Our fearless boys in the trenches. It sickens me. Why the whole race has been fed up on Fear for ages. Fearlessness is impossible. Hell-fire, boogermen, devils, witches, the wrath of God—it's all been fear. Things that we know nothing of and have no proof of have been added to things that we do know of that will hurt, and, on top of that there has been the everlasting 'cuidado' lest you say a word that will run foul of current opinion—so what wonder that man is scary? It's a wonder that he's sane.

"AFTER we took that picture we debated for the first time where we should camp that night. A new scare possessed us. In the end, we decided to camp inside the temple because of the greater security afforded by the walls. The truth is that some half fear of a giant lizard had gotten hold of us. So, as it was the lizard that scared us, we decided to stay in the lizard temple. Man's built that way. He likes to keep close to the thing that he fears. I heard a man who was a banker once say that he always mistrusted the man who would not take a vacation. As I take it, his idea was that the man who knew some danger was nigh, wanted to be around where he could catch the first intimation of a crash. But then, too, besides that, there is a sense of comfort in being within walls especially with a floor paved as this one was. Besides, it was a change from the trees with their wild tangled vines and their snake-like lianas. So we decided on the temple.

"That night I was a long time getting to sleep. The memory of the old hag and the bull-roarer was in my mind. I kept thinking of Ista too. It was a warmer night than usual, and, after the moon dropped, pitchy dark. I slept stripped as I generally do, with a light blanket across my legs so that I could find it if needed without waking up.

"I awoke presently, feeling something run lightly and swiftly across my face. I thought it was a spider. It seemed to run in a zig-zag. Then feeling nothing more, I set it down to fancy and dropped off to sleep again, face

turned towards that idol. Later, I felt the same kind of thing run across my neck. I knew it was no fancy then and my scare vanished because there was something to do. So I waited with my right hand poised to grab. I waited a long time, too, but I have lots of patience. Presently it ran down my body starting at my left shoulder and I brought down my hand at a venture, claw fashion, and caught the thing on the blanket. I felt the blanket rise and then fall again, just a little of course, as I lifted my hand with the thing in it, and by that knew that it had claws. You bet I held tight. It seemed to be hard and smooth. It was a wiry, wriggling thing, somewhat like a lizard. But it was much more vigorous than any lizard. I tried to crush it but could not. As to thickness, it seemed to be about the diameter of one of those lead pencils. It was like this I had it."

Rounds picked up a couple of lead pencils from the desk and took my hand in his. He told me to close my fist and then placed one pencil lengthwise so that an end of it was between my first and second finger and the rubber tipped end lay across my wrist. The other pencil he thrust crosswise so that the pointed end stuck out between the second and third finger and the blunt end between the index finger and thumb.

"THERE you have it," he said. "That's how I held the little devil. Now grip hard and try to crush the pencils and you'll have something of the same sensation I had. Holding it thus, I could feel its head jerking this way and that violently, and its tail, long and lithe, lashing at my wrist. The little claws were trying to tear but they were evidently softish. I could hear, or thought I could, the snap of its little jaws. It was about the nastiest sensation that I ever experienced. I don't know why I thought that it was venomous, but I did. I tried to smash the thing in my hand—tried again and again, and I have a good grip—but might just as well have tried to crush a piece of wire. There was no give to it. It tried to wriggle backwards but I had it under its jaws. So there we were; it wriggling, writhing and lashing and me lying there holding it at arms' length. I felt the sweat start on me and the hair at the nape of my neck rise up, and I did some quick and complicated thinking. Of course, I dared not throw it away, but I got to my feet and, as I did so, tried to bend its head backwards against the stone floor. But the head slipped sideways. I called on Somerfield for a light then and he struck one hurriedly and it went out immediately. All that I saw was that the thing was white and had a triangular shaped head.

"Somehow I ran against Somerfield before he got another match struck and he swore at me, saying that I had cut him. I knew that I had touched him with my outstretched hand that held the beast. I drew back my hand a little and remembered afterwards that I then felt a slight elastic resistance as if the thing that I held had caught on to something, as it had before to my blanket. Afterwards I found that the thing had gotten Somerfield's neck. As he struck another match, I saw the low place in the wall and flung the thing away with a quick jerk. You know the kind of a motion you'd make getting rid of some unseen noxious thing like that. That's how I never really saw the beast and can only conjecture what it was like from the feel of it.

"ON Somerfield's neck, just below the angle of the jaw, was a clean cut little oval place about half an inch in length. It did not bleed much but it seemed to pain him a lot. He maintained that the thing was some kind of rodent. Anyway we put a little chewed tobacco on the place and, after awhile, tried to sleep again. We didn't do much good at it, neither of us. He was tossing and grumbling like a man with the toothache.

"Next morning the bitten place had swollen up to the size of an apple and was a greenish yellow color. He was feeling sick and a bit feverish, so I made him comfortable after looking around to see whether there was anything to harm him in the court yard, and went to hunt water. I remember that I gave the head of the idol a kick with the flat of my foot for spite, as I passed it. Like a kid, that was, wasn't it? Now I was running back and forth all the morning with the canteen, for he drank a terrible quantity. His eyes grew bright too and his skin flushed. Towards noon he began to talk wild, imagining that he was at home. Then I judged it best to let him stay there in the temple, where he was, so to speak, corraled. Coming back shortly after from one water-hunting trip, I heard singing, and, looking over the wall, saw him sitting on the slab in front of the idol. He must have fancied that he had his kids before him for he was beating time with his hands and snapping his fingers and thumbs and singing:

"London bridge is fallen down,  
Fallen down, fallen down."

"It was rotten to hear that out there, but I was half way glad to see him that way, knowing that he wasn't miserable. After a little, he quit his babbling and took more water; emptied the canteen in fact, so back I had to start for more.

"Returning, I found things changed. He was going around crouched like a hunting Indian,

peering here and there, behind the idol then across to the head, as if seeking someone. He had the facon in his hand. 'Rounds stabbed me,' he was saying. 'It was Rounds, damn him, that killed me.' Over and over again he said that. He was talking to invisible people, creatures of his mad brain. One would have thought, if one had not seen, that the temple court was crowded with spectators. Then he rose to his feet and, with the knife held close to his breast, began walking round and round as if seeking an outlet. He passed me once, he on one side of the wall and I on the other, and he looked me square in the eye, but never saw me. So round and round he went with long strides, knees bent and heels never touching the ground. His eyes were fixed and staring and his teeth clenched. Now and then he made long, slashing stabs in the air with the facon.

"SUDDENLY he saw me, and there was a change. The blood lust was in his eyes. He was standing on the slab in front of the idol, then made a great leap and started for the broken wall where I was. I saw then that the lump on his neck had swollen to the size of a big goitre. His whole body was a-quiver. There was an animal-like celerity in his movements that made me shudder. Then I knew that I dared not let him get on the same side of the wall with me. But he leaped at the gap from a distance that I would have thought no human could compass, and hung on to the wall with one arm over. He snarled like an animal. Then I smashed him over the head with the canteen, gripping the strap with my right hand. He fell back with the force of the blow but immediately came at the gap again, then changed his mind and went to tearing around the chamber with great leaps. He was a panther newly caged. He sprang on to the head of the idol and from that to the pedestal, and then to the slab in front of it. Then he went across and across the floor, sometimes screaming and yelling, and then again moaning and groaning. One side of his face was all bloody where I had smashed it with the canteen. Seeing him so, a thing not human, but with all the furtive quickness of an animal and its strength too, I felt sorry no more. I hated him with a wild hate. He was dangerous to me and I had to conquer him. That's fundamental. So I stood, gripping the strap of the canteen, watching, waiting. He came at me again striding and leaping. That time he got one leg over with both hands gripping the top stones. The facon he dropped on my side of the wall but I had no time to stoop for it just then. There were other things to do. He was

getting over. It took some frantic beating with the canteen and he seemed to recover from the blows more quickly than I could get the swing to strike again. But I beat him down at last, tho I saw that he had lots more life in him than I, with that devil of madness filling him. So, when I saw him stumble, then recover and begin that running again, I picked up the knife and leaped over the wall to settle the matter once and for all. It was an ugly thing that I had to do, but it had to be done and done quickly. At the root of things it's life against life."

Rounds ceased and fell to filling his pipe. I waited for him to commence, but he made as if to leave, but paused a moment at my desk to pick up and examine a piece of malachite. I felt it incumbent upon me to say something to relieve the tension that I felt.

"I understand," said I. "It was a horrible necessity. It is a terrible thing to have to kill a fellow creature."

"That wasn't a fellow creature," he said. "What I killed was not the partner I knew. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," I replied. Then I asked, "Did you bury him?"

"Bury him? What for? How?" Rounds seemed indignant. "How could I bury him in a stone paved court? How could I lift a dead man over a wall chin high?"

"Of course! Of course," I said. "I had forgotten that. But to us who lead quiet lives, it seems terrible to leave a dead man unburied."

"DO you feel that way about that mummy you have out there?" he asked indicating the museum with his thumb. "If not, why not? But if you want the story to the bitter end, I dragged him to the only clean spot in the place, which was that slab in front of the idol. There I left him, or it. But things take odd turns. By the time I got back to the Tlinga village, they knew all about it and the priests used the affair to their own advantage. Mine was incidental. Yet I did reap some benefit. According to the priests, I had accepted the whole blessed lizard theory, or religion, or whatever it was, and had sacrificed the unbeliever to the lizard god. Ista helped things along, I suspect, for with me as a former mate, there was some fame for her. Anyway they met and hailed me as a hero and brought tribute to me. Gold dust! I wanted them to quit their damned foolishness and tried to explain, but it was no use. You can't teach a mob to have sense. Well, adios. But remember this. Don't be too cocksure."





A ROYAL EAVESDROPPER OVERHEARS A SERENADE AT HOLYROOD

While Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots (Clare Eames) is being entertained by her love-lorn Italian secretary, David Riccio (Frank Reicher) the King (Charles Waldron) quietly enters and musters his wrath.

## DRINKWATER PRESENTS "MARY STUART" AS THE SUPERWOMAN

**M**UCH the same allowance of dramatic license that has been made for John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" must be made for his "Mary Stuart," both plays being admittedly true to the spirit of dramatic poetry and questionably true to historic fact. No such Mary, Queen of Scots, may ever have lived and loved at Holyrood or died at Fother-

ingay; but, at the same time, the success of the play does not depend upon exact historic truth any more than do the history plays of Shakespeare. The view of Mary Stuart which Drinkwater presents is observed by Kenneth MacGowan, in the *N. Y. Globe*, to be that of a woman not so much "oversexed" as "over-souled." There is in her the extraordinary drama that is in



so many of the finest women of today—the conflict between leaping passion that answers a man here and another there, and some greater steadfastness of inner purpose, some vision above ephemeral pleasure, and the patient, humdrum devotion of a domestic lifetime. The puzzle of this Mary, as the *Globe* critic acutely observes, is perhaps that she finds in all Scotland no better men than “a scented pimp, a callow fool and a bully.” Were there none? Or was she capable only of conceiving a greater man and a greater love, but not of recognizing them?

Drinkwater builds his play around the murder of Riccio—a murder which approaches mincingly, on tiptoe, slowly, but inevitably. The inevitable, says Heywood Broun, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, is fringed in velvet. The dramatist adroitly discloses the kinship between fate and peach skins. Indeed, “the poignancy of the tragedy which John Drinkwater has written lies in the defeat and downfall of a woman through the agency of soft and feeble folk, jointless like Time.”

Having written of a great woman, Mr. Drinkwater is fortunate in having the stage direction of Lester Lonergan, in this William Harris, Jr. production, and doubly fortunate in having such an actress as Clare Eames to play the title rôle. The critics are a unit in pronouncing Miss Eames superb, and the casting of the other characters is happy, almost without exception.

The play is introduced by a modern episode in which a young man and an old man in Edinburgh argue the question of whether a woman can love more than one man truly, can be, in fact, a “great lover.” The young man, John Hunter, is jealous of his wife, Margaret, who is championed by the old man, Andrew Boyd, because “she loves you, John, and has trusted you splendidly—to understand.” Whereupon:

HUNTER: What do you want me to believe?

BOYD: (*Rising and moving to a portrait of Mary Stuart*): She, too, was a great lover. I am an old man, and I have enjoyed many things. Life has been full, life here about me, and the life of history and the poets. And one has been as real as another. (*He moves to the open window and looks out*). There in Edinburgh was lived the saddest of all histories,

the tragedy of all such women who are unlucky in their men—Margaret's tragedy, perhaps.

HUNTER: But your Queen—

BOYD: No, don't be impatient. Mary Stuart is in my blood, I know, but I am thinking of your trouble only, John. Have you ever reflected on the strangeness of that Edinburgh story—the confusion of it, growing and growing through the years? History never so entangled itself. All the witnesses lied, and nearly all who have considered it have been absorbed in confirming this word, refuting that. And at the center of it, obscured by our argument, is the one glowing reality, a passionate woman. Beside that, the rest is nothing, but we forget.

HUNTER: What has this to do with Margaret?

BOYD: It is Margaret. These women—such women—can sometimes love so well that no man's nature can contain all that they have to give. There are men like that, too. And it is not a light love. The light lover has many and rapidly shifting aims, but never two loyalties at once. But these others may love once, or twice, or often, but changelessly. They do not love unworthily—it is lamentable when they love unworthy men.

HUNTER: Is a man unworthy, thinking of his honor?

BOYD: You talk amiss, talking so. History seethes with the error, society is drenched with it. Mary Stuart cared nothing for your honor—nor does Margaret. The lovers are wiser than that.

HUNTER: Then I've done with it.

BOYD: No, surely. What is this honor that you extol?

HUNTER: My right, my dignity, my manhood.

BOYD: And you have lived with the philosophers and the poets. Verily a little wind against the reason in our own lives. John, boy, your honor is pride, a poor brute jealousy, cruelty. That is the truth. Will you learn it?

HUNTER: You know nothing.

BOYD: I know all.

HUNTER: She has failed me.

BOYD: Who are you who should be glad of this woman's love, that you should presume to confine it, to dictate its motions? Is your wife a light of love?

HUNTER: I believe not.

BOYD: You know it. Or she would be worth nothing of your thought or your regret. Does she love Finlay finely—as you would be loved?

HUNTER: As I—

BOYD: As you would be loved?

HUNTER: How can I—

BOYD: No—answer honestly. You know.

HUNTER: Well—yes. What then?  
BOYD: Then if she love finely, she will take her love from no man unless he is unworthy. Are you that?

HUNTER: I've done all I could.  
BOYD: In your heart, before this anger came, you know you've been sound, fit for a woman like Margaret to love? You know it?

HUNTER: I think so. Yes, Andrew.  
BOYD: Then she loves two men—  
HUNTER: I won't have it! I won't share—  
BOYD: Boy—will you not share the sun of heaven, the beauty of the world? What arrogance is this?

HUNTER: I tell you she must choose.  
BOYD: Be careful—or the choice will destroy you. And it will be of your making, not hers. Remember that.

HUNTER: I gave her everything.  
BOYD: It was a great gift. And Finlay's is that too, I think. Or was yours but a poor venture, the tribute of a little soul? Is Margaret to have no better luck than that poor queen? Down there at Holyrood. Look, in the moonlight. A woman of great wit—Margaret is that too. And nothing better coming to her than a scented pimp, a callow fool, and a bully. They should have been three great princes, masters of men. And just that. (*A dog howls across the garden below*). It's the moon. But her love was magnificent. And Margaret's is. A new unhappy queen? I wonder.

Gradually the episode fades into the story of "Mary Stuart" by a momentary apparition of the Scotch queen who, curiously enough, does not seem to have loved any of her three men truly or in a great way. Mary Stuart is discovered lying asleep on a couch, with Mary Beaton, woman-in-waiting, beside her, reading. The queen awakes and comments on a dream of her reincarnation, corresponding to the introductory episode. Mary Beaton scoffs at dreams as being full of trickery.

MARY: And sometimes they are the heart of us. How will it be told of me? I wonder. Not a man for ever, perhaps, to know the truth of it. But the old man knew. If it could be known—that should be good counsel for all foolish lovers, I think. I know love, that at least. Beaton, the intrigues of Europe will destroy me—no, they will. But I know love. If it could be a light to all such poor boys! Where is Riccio?

BEATON: Shall I find him?

MARY: No, I asked incuriously.

BEATON: He grows more daring.

MARY: He sings well.

BEATON: Is that all, Madam?

MARY: Unhappily, with him too. Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell. You must not breathe a word of Bothwell, Beaton. That must not be known. But they make a poor, shabby company. Riccio sings, yes, ravishingly. And no more. Darnley cannot sing even, and he's my husband. Just a petulance—one cannot even be sorry for it. How he hates Riccio—I wish David were better worth hating. That would be something. And Bothwell wants to take me with a swagger. It's a good swagger, but that's the end of it. I think he will take me yet, the odds against him are pitiful enough. But it's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I, who could have made the greatest greater.

BEATON: He may come.

MARY: Craft is against me, my friend. I shall have no leisure to find the great one. Lethington works, and my brother Moray works. And Elizabeth waits. Elizabeth of England—they will do as she wishes. She knows it, and I know. I am too beautiful for her. She has poets who call her beautiful, too. If Mary were their queen, what a song it would be! She knows it. It's a little secret satisfaction, that.

BEATON: You match them all, Madam, in wits.

MARY: I shall know that till the end. But the end will be to their hand. Fools for lovers, and fools to destroy me. Proudly I shall know that always, being above them in love and wisdom. But love will cheat me, and wisdom will spare me nothing. That is how it is for me. Riccio is not near?

Taking up a zither, the queen sings a quaint little lyrical elegy, at the conclusion of which David Riccio appears and proceeds in courtier fashion to flatter Mary. She rallies him on his halting phrases.

RICCIO: My phrases lack—ah, they grow rusty in these damp airs.

MARY: The phrases are well enough. They would pass in the most elegant of courts, David. Or you should take them to my sister, Elizabeth. She collects them—half the poets of England send her mottoes in this kind. They know better, but it humors her. I myself can match them—excel them, Pierre Ronsard tells me. But what have these to do with me? I have a husband.

RICCIO: A husband?

MARY: And he is nothing. I should, being Mary Stuart, forget him, but he hangs about

the place. And I say that to you, David, to you, licensed with the graces of my lovely France, and with some favors in your remembrance, eh? And what do you answer?

RICCIO: Answer?

MARY: God, man, yes, answer.

RICCIO: If my lord the King fails, may not I—

MARY: Console my—exile?

RICCIO: It is allowed.

MARY: A justifiable intrigue? Commendable, even?

RICCIO: You know it, Madam.

MARY: And what is your device for the occasion, David?

RICCIO: To tell you this—always and always—you are the queen of all beauty, the adorable fragrance of—

MARY: No better than that? You lamentable steward.

RICCIO (*Taking her hand*): I love you, Mary.

MARY (*Moving from him*): And you can say that, and make it no better than an impertinence.

RICCIO: I love you—I will take you—so.



MARY STUART, QUEEN AND SUPERWOMAN, IS NONE THE LESS A SUBJECT OF VANITY

While she is being coiffured by her lady-in-waiting, Mary Beaton (Florence Johns), the Scots sovereign considers what is best to do for the imperilled Riccio.

MARY: You have not the stature, my poor David. Listen. I meant no anger. Sing to me, often. Your songs come out of a cherished life. Flatter me sometimes if you will. I am queen enough to thank my courtiers, and they do not much breed them here in Scotland. And your manners adorn ceremony always. I do not undervalue that—the example is needed. I must not lose you, David; I take pleasure in your company, in your amiability. It is not common. And be content. You will find in this all necessary satisfaction — I shall not starve your nature. But it will be well for us not to speak again of love.

RICCIO: To be forbidden that—

MARY: It will be an agreeable distress, never fear. And perhaps in some fortunate, some unaccustomed moment of understanding, you may make a song of me. If it should be so, remember this—you will make little enough of it now, but, then, remember it, if you would make the song well. Mary Stuart was a queen of love, but she had no subjects. She was love's servant, but she found no lord. That is all.

RICCIO: No subjects? It is cruel to say that, you know.

MARY: No subjects. Only strangers at the table.

RICCIO: I do not understand you, Mary.

MARY: You have said it.

RICCIO: I give you myself—all my poet's heart. Is it not enough?

MARY: You are neither subject nor lord. There is no peace in you, David. Just a buzzing in the jar.

RICCIO: There are men whose pride you should learn for less than this.

MARY: Ah, then.

RICCIO: But my devotion will stay.

MARY: It will satisfy you. It is all that matters. And I am grateful. You are a good secretary, David.

RICCIO: What is the love you look for?



BOTHWELL (THURSTON HALL) TAKES TIME BY THE FORELOCK AND THE QUEEN IN HIS ARMS

He declares his love for Mary Stuart (Clare Eames) and pleads with her to accept his protection.

MARY: Rest from tumult. Escape. You could not know.

RICCIO: No. But I pity you.

MARY: I should reprove you for that. But it's a good venture, the best you could make. It might trouble you. But it will pass. You will think of yourself only to console; that will be your safety.

RICCIO: You will not let them dismiss me? I am happy here.

MARY: It is right that you should be happy. You shall stay, never fear.

RICCIO: To serve you always. I can give light and air a little, that at least. I should have been king in this place.

At her command, Riccio sings a song that proves to be compromising insofar as Darnley, Mary's husband, enters unseen and overhears the concluding verses. Riccio goes. The queen addresses Darnley:

MARY: What is it?

DARNLEY: Shamelessly—so.

MARY: What do you mean?  
 DARNLEY: Always at your ear.  
 MARY: Well?  
 DARNLEY: What has he been saying to you?  
 MARY: It would be tedious.  
 DARNLEY: What is he, this fellow? Your lover?  
 MARY: What then?  
 DARNLEY: Am I king of Scotland?  
 MARY: Have you—forgotten?  
 DARNLEY: Is he your lover?  
 MARY: If he were?  
 DARNLEY: Am I to be common gossip in Edinburgh?  
 MARY: Is that all? No; he is not my lover.  
 DARNLEY: They talk. The Queen, they say, has a sweet instructor.  
 MARY: I have need of such.  
 DARNLEY: What is the instruction?  
 MARY: Ask your gossips. The word is not mine.  
 DARNLEY: Will you dismiss this man?  
 MARY: But why should I? He is a competent secretary. He sings prettily. He has a grace. Why should I lose him?  
 DARNLEY: Because I ask it.  
 MARY: But I do not remember you.  
 DARNLEY: What wit is that?  
 MARY: You speak as one privileged to control my affections. I do not remember such a one.  
 DARNLEY: This man governs you.  
 MARY: Alas, no.  
 DARNLEY: He guides your policy. The courts of Europe begin to talk of it.  
 MARY: Poor David. He just sits at the table and writes as I tell him. There's more policy in a carter.  
 DARNLEY: And he is not your lover?  
 MARY: No.  
 DARNLEY: Then he would be little to lose.  
 MARY: And yet why should I lose even so little?  
 DARNLEY: I do not believe you.  
 MARY: So? And then?  
 DARNLEY: You choose strangely.  
 MARY: I chose you, God help me.  
 DARNLEY: That's ugly.  
 MARY: What would you have?  
 DARNLEY: What is it to be?  
 MARY: How?  
 DARNLEY: I have some rights still, at least.  
 MARY: You are called King.  
 DARNLEY: Then my word should mean something.  
 MARY: For what?  
 DARNLEY: Dismiss Riccio.  
 MARY: No.  
 DARNLEY: Be careful. We are not in France.

MARY: You destroy yourself very thoroly, Darnley.

DARNLEY: Dismiss him—or I'll have it sung in every tavern in Edinburgh. Or worse.

MARY: Do you love me?

DARNLEY: What—how do you mean?

MARY: That's plain enough, man, isn't it?

DARNLEY: I have my pride.

MARY: And what of mine? I'm hungry—do you understand? All this—my body, and my imagination. Hungry for peace, for the man who can establish my heart. What do they say—a light lover, unsure always. And who is there to make me sure? What man is there with authority? Where is he who shall measure me? Listen, my husband. There are tides in me as fierce as any that have troubled women. And they are restless, always, always. Do you think I desire that? Do you think that I have no other longings—to govern with a clear brain, to learn my people, to prove myself against these foreign jealousies, to see strong children about me, to play with an easy festival mind, to walk the evenings at peace? Do you think I choose this hungry grief of passion—deal in it like a little poet? All should be resolved and clear to me, with a king to match my kingdom. My love is crazed, a turbulence, without direction. It was made to move in long, deep assurance, molding me beyond my knowledge. I, who should be love, may but burn and burn with the love that I am not. Where is my prophet? Everywhere blind eyes. I took you, I wedded you, I made you King. And you mince and gossip and listen at the door. I could have taught you the finest husbandry that Scotland has every known. And your soul's policy brings you to this. Your craft—the craft of Scotland's excellence—against the poor half-wit of David Riccio. And you have your pride!

DARNLEY: That, at least. For me the rest is past.

MARY: It has never been.

DARNLEY: No matter—my pride is my pride, I tell you. Riccio goes, one way or another.

The king withdraws and presently is heard in the courtyard singing an insulting song about Mary and her Italian minstrel-secretary. Mary Beaton, summoned by her mistress, pleads with her to send Riccio out of the country. "Why let him be a great stake?" she asks.

MARY: Because there is no other. Because my mind is lost, Beaton, Darnley, Riccio, Bothwell—there's a theme for a great heart to play. And there's so much to do. I have



talent as rare as any in Europe. It should be my broad road, that and my love. And I cannot use it, for my love is beaten up like dust, blinding me. Wanton, it is said. No woman, I think, was ever so little wanton. To be troubled always in desires, that's to be cursed, not wanton. Little frustrations, and it should be the wide and ample movement of life. I want to forget it all, wholly to become it. And there are Darnley, Riccio, Bothwell. And my power lies unused, it rusts. If I could find peace, if there were but a man to match me, my power should work. Elizabeth should see an example in Scotland. I would defend queenship, and I am brought to defend a poor Italian clerk.

BEATON: Why consider him, or any one of them?

MARY: It's a madness, isn't it? But that's the way. Love is that. We must become love, or it spends us. I am not Mary Stuart—she is a dream unspelt. I am nothing. There should have been a queen, and I am nothing.

(Riccio comes in, scared.)

RICCIO: Madam, forgive me, I don't know what he means—my lord the King. He came up to me, and peered into my face, strangely, and tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Thieves have irons, and the crow comes, and the south's as cold as the east." He means me harm.

MARY: Come, David, men should have sudden minds. Calamity is with fortune. Courage, friend.

RICCIO: He came to me from below. He's wandering about like a silly ghost. He went back. (He moves to the window. Before he gets there, Darnley is heard singing.)

Who's in the Queen's chamber?  
Master Italian Thrift.  
What's the Queen wearing?  
Her long hair and her shift.

RICCIO: What's that? Why does he sing that, under the window?

MARY: It's a brave

house for a queen, Beaton, isn't it?

DARNLEY (From below): There's more yet. (He sings again.)

Is there a scullion greedy  
For a crown and a queen's kiss . . .

(Mary takes a pitcher of wine and, moving to the window, empties it at a venture.)

DARNLEY: Curse you, you harlot, you shall see—(His voice fades away, Mary stands, holding the pitcher.)

MARY: The daughter of France! Pupil of Ronsard! Queen of Scotland!

(Darnley rushes in, his face and clothes dripping with wine.)

DARNLEY: Do you think I will be used so? Not by any queen in Christendom.

MARY: Do we talk of using? (She replaces the pitcher.)

DARNLEY: Do you call me stock? A thing



HE HAS ORIGINAL IDEAS ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND MARY STUART

John Drinkwater, having successfully dramatized the Great American Emancipator, has turned his hand to the romantic Queen of Scots with not quite equal success.

for japes—to be mocked at by a harlot and her creeping filth?

MARY: So, we sing our bawdry at the Queen's window? Where is the King to whip such fellows?

DARNLEY: We know the window from another.

MARY: Where is the King, I say?

DARNLEY: Looking to his own. David Riccio, I spoke too gently in the yard now. Thieves are honest men; but there are rascals, Italian spawn, creeping things—and heels.

BEATON: My lord, this is the Queen's chamber.

DARNLEY: Ay, the Queen's chamber—that's it. There are heels, I say, and until then, so—*(He spits in Riccio's face, and rushes out.)*

RICCIO: *(Moving across to Mary, and kneeling to her.)* He's mad, he should be held. What shall I do, Madam?

MARY: What shall the Queen do?

RICCIO: I am afraid.

MARY: Afraid of what?

RICCIO: They hate me here. He has fellows. It will not be safe for me anywhere in Holyrood. Let me go back to France. Your Majesty can contrive it. I must go.

Riccio departs, lamentably. Sir Thomas Randolph, ambassador from Queen Elizabeth of England, is announced and has a lengthy audience with Queen Mary. He withdraws ceremoniously, and Bothwell appears. There follows one of the most brilliant passages in the play.

MARY: *(Half turning)*: My lord!

BOTHWELL: You sent for me.

MARY: You were not seen to come?

BOTHWELL: No. Not that I care for all their eyes.

MARY: But you must. I have small reason to cherish security, I know; that is past. But this would confuse things too much. They will destroy me, but I will not help them too generously. So this must not be known.

BOTHWELL: I understand.

MARY: Will you help me?

BOTHWELL: Madam, I have no interest but to please myself. To please you is that.

MARY: Darnley threatens Riccio.

BOTHWELL: Shall I trip Darnley? But why should one be concerned for Riccio? There should be better ambitions.

MARY: They think he's my lover. Or Darnley occupies his mind in a pretence that he thinks it. Let him think it—it is no matter.

BOTHWELL: Surely not Riccio?

MARY: No. But I did not send for you to question me. Riccio has served me well

enough in his kind. I remember these things. He is in danger, and he must be saved. That is all.

BOTHWELL: What can I do?

MARY: He must leave Scotland, secretly, and at once. Can you contrive that?

BOTHWELL: It could be done. There is a Dane in port now. I will give word to the captain. I have his service. Tell Riccio to meet me at midnight, by Frobisher's Croft. I will have a fellow to take him out from shore. When they are clear they can carry a light, and the Dane shall take him up. He can make his own way from Copenhagen?

MARY: Surely. Riccio shall be there at midnight. And my thanks. *(She offers her hand.)*

BOTHWELL: *(Taking it)*: No more?

MARY: It must not be. No—not yet.

BOTHWELL: I fear for your safety.

MARY: Why should you fear? I do not.

BOTHWELL: But you must. Danger moves everywhere.

MARY: I am on terms with danger. I am used to it.

BOTHWELL: But for those who love you—

MARY: Those—who are they?

BOTHWELL: For me who love you.

MARY: Man, do you love me so well?

BOTHWELL: You know it.

MARY: You believe it.

BOTHWELL: Why do you deny yourself always, thus? Why do you not believe my devotion? What gain is there in this refusal and refusal? Come away with me. Your throne means nothing to you as the time is, your authority is drained on every side, you are threatened daily. The lords work against you—England waits the moment that seems to her to be almost here—the certain moment. Leave it all. Come with me.

MARY: No, it cannot be. All would be lost then irrevocably.

BOTHWELL: You do not want courage?

MARY: Perhaps.

BOTHWELL: Take it from me.

MARY: It would be none, so. But I do not think my courage is at fault. Your love could not better me; I fear that.

BOTHWELL: You want my love, burningly you want it.

MARY: I know—yes. But for an enterprise like that love must be durable. Yours would fail. It is not a fault in you, but it would.

BOTHWELL: Even so, what then has been lost?

MARY: A shadow merely, a hope, a little hope, I do not know of what—but that out of some fortunate moment, somehow it might come.

BOTHWELL: What?

MARY: The love that should save me.

BOTHWELL: But time goes. Danger is here now. And I love you, now. Your love, your shadow—where is that?

MARY: I know. But in my heart it is all I have left. Nothing, a poor nothing; but all. If I go with you, it is but one step farther into the darkness, the last. Even the shadow would be lost. I am too wise in grief. I am wiser even than my blood. That's lamentable, isn't it? But I have come to that.

BOTHWELL: Woman, why do you waste yourself among crowns and pedlars? Who is Elizabeth, who Darnley? What is Scotland, a black country, barren, that it should consume this beauty? You were born to love, to mate strongly, to challenge passion—this passion, I tell you, this. They come to you, and plead as peevish boys, or watch round corners—winds that cannot stir one stress of that hair. You are not aware of them, you are unmoved. But I am not as these—do you think I will wait and wait? I do not plead. (*Taking her in his arms.*) You are in my arms—you are no queen, you are my subject. If you stay they will destroy your throne, if you stay you will destroy yourself. You have fires. Can you quench them? Mary, my beloved, I am stronger than you. Come, I bid it. (*Mary stays a moment, bound in his arms. Then he slowly releases her.*)

MARY: It is magnificent; but I told you, I am wiser than my blood.

BOTHWELL: (*Again moving to her.*) Mary—Mary! You know it, you know.

MARY: Don't! Think!

BOTHWELL: I have thought, and it is enough. You may desert all, but not this.

MARY: Listen. You woo well—boldly, at least. Better than Darnley ever did, and Riccio has no more than a little elegance. And he whines. So did Darnley. But you have courage. You are aflame, and I kindle—yes, I tell you so much. What then? Should we leave Scotland? No. Queens are limed. And here, what is there for us but stealthy moments, fugitive? I should burn to them, but they would but add more smother to my life. I do not know what may come—I love you, yes, if you will—but no hope is in it, none. For I must tell you. I am of those who must be loved always, for all things, for there to be any peace in love. If you, or any man, could fathom that—ah, then! And of such I could be the queen of one, or many. That is not wanton—that is a wisdom that life tells to just one here and there. I have it in my brain, but it will not be used. The wisdom will fade away in my brain, wither to a cold little philosophy, and I shall die, and it will have been betrayed, because none came. It is my fortune. You love me now,

you love my beauty. It needs love, it cherishes your love, it sings back to your hot words. But my beauty is not all. It will pass, and I should be unsatisfied. For you could not love me always, for all things. There is nothing between us but the minute. You could give me that, but you have nothing else to give.

BOTHWELL: And then? Shall the minute be denied?

MARY: That's good. You make no pretence, even. But remember, there is no hope in it, there can be none. Even were Darnley less husband than he is, and I free to take you to the throne, there would still be but the minute between us. You are not the man. He will not come.

BOTHWELL: I am no schemer in my love. Policy's game—there I'm all wits. But love comes, and now is now. You are beautiful, Mary. You betray no one. What remorse can there be?

MARY: Remorse? No, love is remorseless. But frustration, always, always.

BOTHWELL: Not of our minute—not of that, I say.

MARY: No, then, not of that. (*Bothwell again takes her in his arms, she giving herself passionately. After a moment, they part, as Mary Beaton's voice is heard.*)

BEATON (*Calling from without*): Madam, Madam.

MARY: Yes, what is it?

BEATON: Madam.

MARY: Yes, yes, come in.

BEATON (*Entering*): Madam, the King is crossing the yard—he may be coming here.

MARY (*To Bothwell*): You must go.

BOTHWELL: Why should we slink about for any king?

MARY: No, you must. There are confusions enough. (*She looks out from the window.*) Yes, he is coming. Go through the close—quickly. At midnight, remember.

Darnley comes in, demanding the whereabouts of the Italian. Assured that Riccio is in his room, he arraigns the queen and, blown with rage and suspicion, rushes out. Riccio is summoned and is supping with the two Mary's when Darnley re-enters.

DARNLEY: There are envoys here to speak with the secretary of the Queen.

MARY: They send a strange herald. Do kings turn grooms?

DARNLEY: I was coming—

MARY: But we sent word below that we had retired.

DARNLEY: And so the door was locked. I know. But a husband may be capricious.

I found them asking for the secretary of the Queen. They are waiting.

MARY: Let them come in.

DARNLEY: It is the secretary.

RICCIO: Who are they, my lord?

DARNLEY: Who are they? Shall I go and ask them?

RICCIO: Does Your Grace not know them?

DARNLEY: It is dark out there.

RICCIO: Shall I go, Madam?

MARY (To Darnley): You swear you know nothing of this?

DARNLEY: I? Swear? Oh, yes, I swear.

MARY (Softly): No, Riccio, I will go. (She moves across to the door. Then loudly) Go, Riccio, see what they want. Your cloak—it's cold beyond.

(She takes up Riccio's cloak and throws it round her. Darnley, watching her almost in a dreadful hope, creeps away from the door. She is about to move out when Mary Beaton stops her.)

BEATON: Madam, this is wildness. Either it is nothing or you take on a danger that you must not. (To Darnley): Why may they not come in here?

DARNLEY (Indifferently): I know nothing, I tell you. If the Queen wills.

MARY: Very well. Go, Riccio.

RICCIO: Is it safe?

BEATON: They would not dare, at the Queen's door.

MARY: Go. There can be nothing to fear. And we do not govern fate.

(Riccio goes out. Darnley moves across to the door. He locks it and takes the key.)

DARNLEY: The Queen has retired. Let us talk.

MARY: Why do you lock the door?

DARNLEY: I found it so! I thought it was the Queen's will.

(There is a loud scream outside, and running steps towards the door, which is beaten violently as Riccio tries to enter. Then a struggle and scream upon scream. Then silence, and footsteps hurrying away. Mary and Beaton have moved to the door. Mary has taken the key from Darnley but everything has happened in a moment. Mary moves to open the door, but holds back.)

MARY (To Darnley): Open it!

DARNLEY: I should have questioned them more closely.

MARY: Open. (Darnley unlocks and opens the door upon Riccio's body.)

MARY: For shame! A poor simpleton like that!

DARNLEY: I was in the Queen's chamber. And no one knows. No one in Europe would believe it of the King of Scotland. But I was careless. I should have questioned them more

closely. (He steps out over Riccio's body, and goes.)

MARY (After a pause, looking down at Riccio): A fantastic nothing. Poor fellow. But the reckoning shall be as tho for a great lover. Go, Beaton. Bid them come up. Have the watch summoned. Let him be taken away. This is his poor little tragedy. Ours remains. Go.

(Beaton goes out. Mary closes the door. She goes to the window, and draws back the curtain, filling the room with bright moonlight. She looks out. Beyond the door men are heard moving the body of Riccio. Then Beaton returns.)

BEATON: Madam.

MARY: Yes, Beaton.

BEATON: My Lord Bothwell is below. He wants to speak to you. He beckoned me from the shadow. He is at the yard corner.

MARY: Bothwell?

BEATON: Yes, Madam.

MARY: Bothwell is nothing. As Riccio was nothing. Darnley . . . Darnley is the King, Beaton. A king may be nothing.

BEATON: Shall I tell my Lord Bothwell to come?

MARY: Have they taken him away?

BEATON: David Riccio? Yes, Madam.

MARY: I cannot see Bothwell to-night. Tomorrow, perhaps.

BEATON: He is very persistent, Madam.

MARY: Not to-night, Beaton.

(Beaton goes. Mary looks out into the night again, silent for a few moments, and then sings softly.)

Tho brighter wit I had than these,  
Their cunning brought me down,  
But Mary's love-story shall please,  
Better than their renown.

Not Riccio nor Darnley knew  
Nor Bothwell how to find  
This Mary's best magnificence,  
Of the great lover's mind.

(The candle gutters out. She throws the window open to the balcony. Voices as of a dream are heard beyond. Mary stands listening.)

FIRST VOICE: It's a damned silly song. What's it all about? . . .

SECOND VOICE: Look at this queen! She tells you, doesn't she, doesn't she?

FIRST VOICE: What does a dead queen know about me? You talk nonsense. The moon has your wits; you're like that crazy singer out there. Mary Stuart can tell me nothing, I say. (Mary goes along the balcony, out of sight.) My God! What's that?

THE VOICE OF MARY: Boy, I can tell you everything.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

## PLAY WRITING FOR THE PUPPET THEATER

**M**ANY people write plays—dramas for live actors and the, let us call it, grown-up stage; but few have written for the puppet-stage. One of them is George Mitchell, a recognized playwright who is by way of being a puppet-playwright also, and who discloses, in the New York *Evening Post Magazine*, some interesting secrets of the marionet theater. Invited recently to write a play for the little wooden-headed Thespians, this playwright set to work and overnight wrote a play based upon the Rip Van Winkle legend. Submitting the manuscript to the producer the

next morning, he learned the first lesson in writing for the puppets: the actors had yet to be *born*. In the puppet world there are no Joe Jeffersons to sign up on short notice. They have to be made of wood and papier-mache, rags, plaster, paint and so on, in advance of the play. In other words, there is what is known in puppet parlance as the "puppet stunt" to be considered in the construction of the scenario before the play is written. That is, the puppet must be given something in the nature of a trick that is impossible of attainment by the human actor. Imagine, for instance, a Broadway producer rehearsing a scene in which a rabbit, scurrying across a clearing in the woods, is shot by a hunter, picked up by a dog, carried back and deposited at the feet of the hunter. Who but a puppet-play producer is expected to stage a dog fight? Yet, we read, these very absurdities are the bone and sinew of marionet stagecraft. The fantastic, the unusual, the miraculous,



Rip Van Winkle and His Dog in Puppet Land.

is not only possible but is the objective and must be woven into the scenario.

When twenty or more such puppet stunts have been introduced into the scenario, the first stage of the play is finished and the puppet playwright may take a holiday during which time sketches of the cast of characters are drawn and the incarnation of the actors begun, scenery painted, props made and a thousand details marked out. Not a word of the dialog may be written till the first rehearsal is called. The reason for this is interesting. Dialog and gesture are so closely allied in human speech as to make it impossible to talk without physical movement. Mobility of facial accent and the subtle value of the personality of the speaker are absolutely absent in the toy-actor. The force of the puppet dialog is restricted to a rigid face and the contortions of a jerky, awkward stage presence. This very liability, however, may be converted into a valuable



asset, for it offers a certain richness of material to one who is seeking the grotesque.

The actual writing of the dialog is performed under trying conditions. Assuming that the scenario is finished, the dolls made and put through the action, the author is called upon to set in his words for the puppeteers to speak.

"He takes his place in front of the miniature stage. The scene in Rip Van Winkle, for instance, represents the front facade of the King George Inn. Seated up stage at a table are the rotund figures of Nicholas Vedder, the innkeeper, and his crony, Derrick von Bummell. They are playing cards. Nick is smoking a pipe—a long Dutch affair. Derrick is waiting for Nick to play. The playwright marks the situation and is about to jot down a snappy line when Nick's pipe falls from his hand. The action is stopped, the pipe readjusted. The action is resumed when Derrick's cards catch in the table just as the playwright has thought: "I'll play the queen." Ten minutes are taken out of the life of his lines to repair damages.

"The action is again begun, proceeds for a moment. Nick smokes spasmodically, then sputters and stops. There comes a great commotion from back stage. The puppeteer

smoking for Nick—a girl who has never smoked (a present-day phenomenon)—all but chokes to death. The performance is again halted while she is restored to life and her inalienable right to liberty and so on *ad infinitum* till the author knows that he'd better let the snappy lines come to him in the quietude of midnight, after the little actors have been snugly tucked away in their dust-proof bags, when, with a distorted remembrance of action, accident, and a confusion of both, he pounds out something that will do for the next day's rehearsal."

It is not unusual in the making of a puppet play to find it necessary suddenly to write in a new scene around a new stunt suggested by a quite unheralded and thoroly accidental mishap which has produced a novelty in the course of action of the play. Or, *per contra*, to lift out a scene by reason of the fact that a puppet cast for a rôle in the production has not been and cannot be made. Another and important feature in writing for the puppet is the preparation of the program so as to suggest a proper atmosphere and thereby coerce the spectator into the spirit of what is expected of him or her as an auditor.

## OCCULT FORCES AT PLAY IN MUSICAL COMPOSITION

PSYCHIC investigation of late has been concerning itself with the fine arts, especially music, and some of the published revelations are interesting and stimulating, if not mystifying. Psychic sight, in revealing to its practitioners that space is peopled with countless entities which the man in the street is unable to perceive, not only detects color and form in music but detects forces described as Devas, which are, as it were, the cogs of music. It is these entities, asserts Cyril Scott, the English composer, pianist and essayist, that inspire the composer, even tho he may be quite unaware of their presence. Many times Mr. Scott, who has been called the English Debussy, has sat with a highly trained clairvoyant during the performance of "really inspired playing," and, he says, in the *Boston Transcript*, the

clairvoyant "has seen these wonderful Devas around the musician, inspiring him all the while; whereas, when cold and indifferent playing is being done, no Devas could be seen at all."

The *Transcript* prints verbatim a lecture on "The Occult In Music" which Mr. Scott recently delivered by invitation of the Division of Music at Harvard. Tracing the Devastatic evolution of music and going back to some of the earlier musicians of Europe, this "composer and believer" states that, prior to the time of Johann Sebastian Bach and with the exception of Palestrina and a few other religious composers, musical compositions were merely sensuous in essence; that is, they afforded pleasant sounds which tickled the senses and had little or no other effect. But "a time came when the masters of wisdom

saw that conditions were ripe for other music for higher purposes than this, so they inspired the immortal Bach to produce a type of music the essence of which was no longer sensuous but mental—an epochal step forward." Bach having reached the very heights of the mental in music there came that reaction which we see in the simplicities of Mozart and Haydn. From an occult point of view, these two composers do not possess great significance. They acted more as a purely musical foundation for greater ones to build upon; and the first of these greater ones was Beethoven, who was used by the unseen forces to express every type of human emotion and passion as differentiated from non-human and superhuman emotions.

"Thus, Beethoven depicted every emotion from the very depths of despair to the heights of rollicking happiness. He was a musical psychologist par excellence. No shade of emotion escaped him, including, even, the bizarre and the riotous. As a psychic, his life was a difficult one with such varied forces playing through it. One reads in his biography that he was always having to change his lodgings, that his landladies were always giving him notice, or vice versa, and it is hard to know whether or not to sympathize more with him or the landladies.

"The successors of Beethoven, from Schubert to Brahms, inclusive, were, occultly speaking, following the same lines of expressing human emotions. However, Brahms varied more towards the mental than did his predecessor. Indeed, the mental element played a very large part in his musical make-up. For this reason his music appears scientific and staid, and therefore appealing to persons who are averse to getting thrills down their spines and being worked up to highly emotional states."

Coming to Wagner, who is pronounced a very different type of musician, both in the musical and occult sense, we are told that the Wagnerian state of consciousness is, in occult parlance, the Buddhic, meaning a high station on the Buddhic plane. The Buddhic plane is one of spiritual unity or brotherhood, of divine love totally devoid of selfishness, and Wagner was "used by the unseen powers to express this Buddhic emotion in music." Even he, however, is admitted to have reached this high estate only occasionally, as at the end of "Tristan and Isolde," but: "He stands as the

inspired soul who has given to humanity the foretaste of unity, of what is termed the Buddhic in music. One day, no doubt, there will be composers who will write music which is entirely Buddhic, but that time is not just yet, altho I am told by the masters of wisdom that it is to come before the present century has run its course."

Mr. Scott ingeniously explains that a large number of modern composers, who are styled "futurists" and whose music is discordant to a degree, are trying to express in sound the actual conditions of the astral plane; in other words, to depict another dimension in music. As to the discords attending their efforts, whereas some parts of the astral plane are said to be very beautiful there are parts which are greatly the reverse and "some of these composers have got into touch with these particularly unpleasant spirits instead of with the higher ones."

Debussy, among modern composers, is seen from the occult point of view to be essentially a tone-poet of the nature spirits—the fairies, salamanders, Undines, gnomes, and pixies—which "people who possess enough psychic perception for the purpose are able to see in the woods and plains." There is, Mr. Scott declares, such a thing as fairy music, however much the material-minded man may deny it, and that music is subtle, precious, illusive, fanciful—exactly like Debussy's music itself. "It never reaches the note of great passion, or majesty, or grandeur, for such qualities do not belong to fairies and sprites. It is just exquisite, sparkling, and nearly always entertaining. Debussy once said to me, 'Alas! I never get any further; I never get strength and power; I am too much in one group.' And yet, if he had been consciously psychic enough to know the occult, he would never have expressed himself as he did. He was intended to be the tone-poet of music, the voice of the fairies translated into earthly music. Thus, if he had defects, they were simply the defects of his qualities and his limitations were the natural outcome."

Apart from the actual feelings which music may inspire in its hearer, this British composer and Harvard lecturer lays stress on the color values of music which are perceptible to the clairvoyant who has trained his pituitary body or pineal gland.

## THE EVOLUTION OF JOHN BURROUGHS

"IT is a good thing for our people that you have lived." So Theodore Roosevelt wrote to John Burroughs years ago. The tribute is worth recalling now that Burroughs is dead, and deserves to be linked with the saying of Thomas A. Edison that Burroughs was "one of the highest types yet evolved in the advance of man to a higher stage." There is something distinctly memorable in the thought that a President of the United States and a great inventive genius should have felt that they honored themselves in honoring a naturalist. We should all of us, it seems, have enjoyed the company of this man who in his last book described himself as a "radical optimist," and who did more than any other American, living or dead, to acquaint the masses with nature. Mr. Edison speaks with enthusiasm of the camping parties in which he participated with Burroughs, Henry Ford, Hudson Maxim and Harvey Firestone. "Some of my most enjoyable hours," he says, "were spent in the company of Burroughs. All the members of our party were familiar with the ordinary birds and flowers, but when we came upon an odd species we always had to consult Mr. Burroughs. I was the geologist of the party, Burroughs was the botanist, Maxim was our hunter, Ford was a bit of an authority on birds, and Firestone was our business manager."

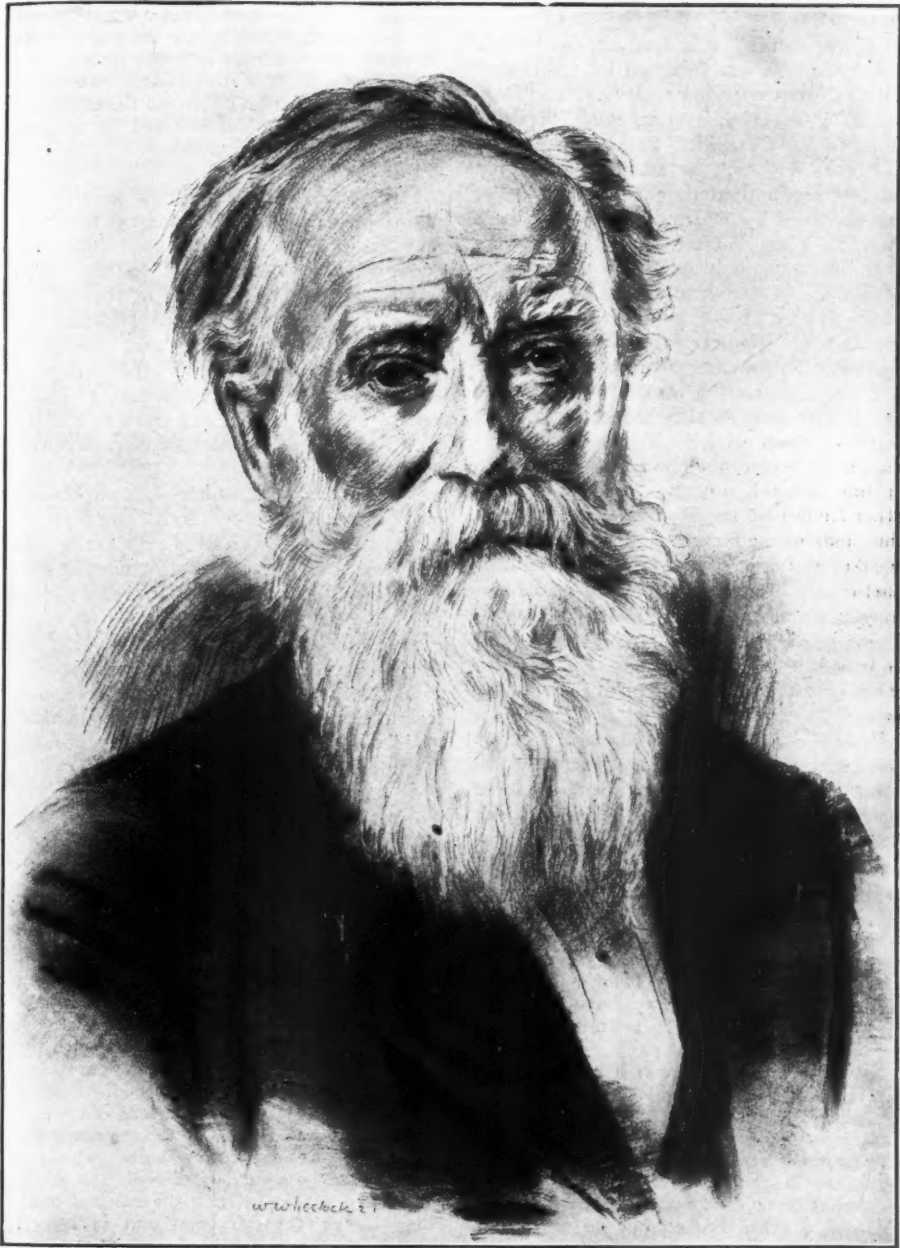
The charm that Burroughs held for his friends and readers may be traced in part to his poetry and philosophy, as well as to his gift as a naturalist. It was not enough for him to observe and chronicle the facts of nature; he wanted to understand the meaning of things. He early fell under the spell of Carlyle, Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. He became a pantheist. The book that he wrote just before he died is entitled "Accepting the Universe," and is based on the idea that the heart of nature is sound. "I feel toward the great Mother," he says, "somewhat as a man does who takes out a policy in an insurance company; he believes the company is solvent and will meet its obligations. I look upon the universe as solvent and worthy of trust. This

book might be described as an attempt to justify the ways of God to man on natural grounds."

Burroughs' name will always be associated with the Catskill Mountains. He was born in the village of Roxbury, on their western slope, eighty-four years ago. He is buried in the same village close to a boulder on which he climbed as a boy to hear the vesper sparrow sing. The home, "Riverby," in which he lived the greater part of his life, is at West Park on the Hudson in the Catskill region. His celery-fields, his grapevines, the cottage, "Slab-sides," in which he entertained so many of his friends, are nearby. "The place to observe nature," he was fond of saying, "is where you are." Apart from a trip to England in his youth, some years of residence in Washington, D. C., and later visits to Alaska, Hawaii and California, he spent most of his time in the Catskill region.

When he started to write he was, on his own confession, "mad over Emerson." One of his first essays, dealing with expression and nature and published by James Russell Lowell in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was frankly imitative of Emerson. Then came an even stronger infatuation. He went to Washington and he met Walt Whitman. His acquaintance with Whitman he calls the most important event of his life. His first book, published in 1867 at his own expense, dealt with Whitman as "poet and person." The last chapter of his last book presents Whitman as "the greatest personality—not the greatest intellect, but the most symbolical man, the greatest incarnation of mind, heart and soul, fused and fired by the poetic spirit—that has appeared in the world during the Christian era."

It was to Whitman that young Burroughs, then working in the Treasury Department in Washington, took his second book. He was trying to frame a suitable title. On a slip of paper he had written "Wake-Robin" and several other names. "What does Wake-Robin mean?" asked Whitman. "It's a spring flower," replied Burroughs. "Then that," said



#### A RADICAL OPTIMIST

John Burroughs' life-story shows a development from naturalism to pantheism. His reading of nature is optimistic. He believes, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, that "this is the best possible world and the people in it are the best possible people."

Whitman, "is exactly the name you want."

"Wake-Robin" was a nature-book in a new style. It was followed by a series of nature-books, carrying such titles as "Pepacton," "Riverby," "Leaf and Tendril" and "In the Catskills," and by one book, "Literary Values," in which the literary interest predominated. The nature-books are the ones by which Burroughs is best known. They "stand alone," as Dallas Lore Sharp has pointed out in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "at the head of a long list of books written about the out-of-doors since the days of 'Historia Animalium' and the medieval 'Fables' and 'Beasteries.'"

There is scarcely a form of outdoor life, Mr. Sharp notes, which has not been suggestively dealt with in Burroughs' pages: the rabbit under his porch; the paleozoic pebble along his path; the salt breeze borne inland by the Hudson; the flight of an eagle; the whirl of a snow-storm; the work of the honey-bees; the procession of the seasons over Slabsides; even the abundant soil out of which both he and his grapes grew and which, "incorruptible and undefiled," he calls divine. He devotes entire chapters to the bluebird, the fox, the apple, the wild strawberry. "The individual, the particular thing, is always of particular interest to him. But so is its habitat, the whole of its environment. He sees the gem, not cut and set in a ring, but rough in the mine, where it glitters on the hand of nature, all the more that it is worn in the dark." Mr. Sharp continues:

"Every part of his work is of selected stock, as free from knots and seams, and sap-wood, as a piece of old-growth pine. There is plan, proportion, integrity to his essays—the naturalist living faithfully up to a sensitive literary conscience.

"Mr. Burroughs is a good but not a great naturalist as Audubon and Gray were great naturalists. His claim (and Audubon's in part) upon us is literary. He has been a watcher in the woods; has made a few pleasant excursions into the primeval wilderness, leaving his gun at home, and his camera, too, thank Heaven! He has broken out no new trail, discovered no new animal, no new thing. But he has seen all the old, uncommon things, and seen them oftener, has watched them longer, through more seasons, than any other writer of our out-of-doors; and tho he has discovered

no new thing, yet he has made discoveries, volumes of them,—contributions largely to our stock of literature, and to our store of love for the earth, and to our joy of living upon it. He has turned a little of the universe into literature; has translated a portion of the earth into human language; has restored to us our garden here eastward in Eden."

Out of all these volumes emerges a philosophy which in Burroughs' later life may be said to have eclipsed his early passion as an observer of nature. The "particular" takes its place in the universal. The dominant motive becomes religious. He seeks, more and more, to penetrate the mystery of the universe. He stresses the idea of evolution, and calls into service the writings of Darwin, Huxley and Bergson in support of a pantheistic attitude.

This later mood, which finds expression in "Time and Change" and "The Summit of the Years," as well as in "Accepting the Universe," is not one that comes easily. "I confess," he says, "that I receive evolution only at arm's length, as it were. I cannot get on intimate terms with it, familiarize my mind with it, and make it thinkable. The gulf that separates man from the orders below him is so impassable, his intelligence is so radically different from theirs, and his progress so enormous, while they have stood still, that believing it is like believing a miracle."

Yet believe it we must, he holds, if only by a kind of scientific faith.

"Only a faith founded upon the rock of natural law can weather such a storm as the world passed through in the Great War, but unfortunately such a faith is possible to comparatively few—the faith that the universe is radically good and beneficent, and that the evils of life grow upon the same tree with the good, and that the fruits called evil bear only a small proportion to those called good. Persons who do not read the book of nature as a whole, who do not try their faith by the records of the rocks and the everlasting stars, who are oblivious to the great law of evolution which has worked out the salvation of man and of all living things, through good and ill report, through delays and sufferings and agonies incalculable, but the issues of which have been unfailing, who do not see the natural universal order working in the fiery ordeal through which all nations during the historic period have



passed, who have not learned that the calamities of men and of peoples are not the result of some offended divinity, but the ups and downs in the long, hard road of human development, and that, in the nature of things, justice is meted out to all men—if not in a day, then in a year, or in a thousand years; if not to the individual, then to his family, or to his race—those who take no account of all these things soon lose their reckoning in times like ours."

For Burroughs, evil is as real and as necessary as good. "Every good deed, every noble thought," as he puts it, "counts in the counsels of the Eternal." Every bad deed, every ignoble thought, counts also. But "the stream tends to purify itself; the world is thus made; evil is real, but short-lived; the remedial forces of life and nature burn it up or convert it into good." Our fertile landscapes are "the result of the wear and tear of geologic ages; fire, flood, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanoes, have all had a share in shaping them." Decay and death have fed the sources of life. What we need, above all, in Burroughs' view, is an attitude of mind toward creation begotten by knowledge, in which fear, personal hopes, individual good and the so-called "other world" play little part. He says: "This is not religion in the old ecclesiastical sense, but in the new scientific sense; a religion that moves us to fight vice, crime, war, intemperance, for self-preservation and in brotherly love, and not in obedience to theological dogma or

the command of a God; a religion that opens our eyes to the wonder and beauty of the world and that makes us at home in this world."

The "law of balance" is fundamental in Burroughs' thinking. He saw in this law a natural principle by which action and reaction are equalized, and he celebrated it in "Waiting," his greatest poem:

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And gather up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave comes to the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights,  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

## CARDINAL DOUGHERTY AND A NEW ERA FOR ROMAN CATHOLICISM

WITH the death of Cardinal Gibbons and the elevation to the cardinalate of Archbishop Dennis J. Dougherty, of Philadelphia, Roman Catholicism in America may be said to enter upon a new era. Cardinal Gibbons we knew. He was a national figure, and not only the church but the nation will miss the influence of a man whom President Harding has called "the very finest type of citizen and churchman." Cardinal Dougherty we hardly know as yet. His reputation is that

of an able administrator. He has served as missionary bishop in the Philippines and was Bishop of Buffalo before he was transferred to Philadelphia.

Unlike Cardinal Gibbons, he has taken practically no part in political, as distinguished from ecclesiastical, affairs. It is fair to assume, however, from his addresses and from his writings and translations for the *Catholic Standard and Times* and other Roman Catholic journals that, like his colleague, Cardinal O'Connell, of



A GREAT ADMINISTRATOR

Cardinal Dougherty, who has risen from breaker boy in Pennsylvania mines to his present position, is best known for his constructive work in the Philippines, in Buffalo and in Philadelphia. He is the fifth American Cardinal appointed and the fourth American Cardinal born in the United States.

Boston, he is a conservative, not a modernist. He is strong when he comes to furnish archeological arguments in favor of his church and of Papal supremacy.

It is noted in a recent letter from a Roman Catholic correspondent to the New York *Times* that when a campaign in behalf of the "Irish Republic" was initiated in this country a few months ago, the diocese distinguished by Cardinal Dougherty's promotion held aloof. This may or may not be of great significance, but the negative attitude assumed at that time by Archbishop Dougherty stood out in strong contrast to the action of Archbishop Hayes,

of New York, who wrote a letter in support of the Republic and enclosed a check for \$1,000.

In another issue which is now troubling Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, Cardinal Dougherty's paper, the *Standard and Times*, takes an attitude shared by Roman Catholics throughout the country. We refer to the issue raised by the Smith-Towner bill. This bill proposes a Department of Education at Washington, a Secretary of Education in the President's Cabinet, and an annual appropriation to the States of \$100,000,000 to be used in the advancement of education in specified ways. The Roman Catholics will have none of it, and the *Standard and Times* prints on an editorial page ten reasons for rejecting it. These reasons are summed up in the statement that the proposed Department would be "bureaucratic" and destructive of State-autonomy, but there is a general feeling that the reasons proceed from

loyalty to the Roman Catholic parochial schools.

The new Cardinal has always been closely in touch with Rome and is said to be sympathetic with a movement for "resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican." This movement, which is exciting the ire of Protestant editors, is announced in the London *Morning Post*. France and Great Britain, it seems, are taking steps to make permanent their diplomatic connections established with the Vatican during the war, and this, it is said, encourages American Roman Catholics to hope that the United States may follow their example.

President Harding is represented as having been already approached on the subject, and as being willing to appoint a minister "if public opinion favors it." *America*, our leading Roman Catholic weekly, is strongly pushing the movement. "Nearly all the civilized nations of the earth," it

says, are now represented at the Vatican, and "should the United States send a representative, it will be in the way of resumption of diplomatic relations," tho. "under vastly different circumstances, it is true, from those that obtained in 1848, when our first representative went to Rome."

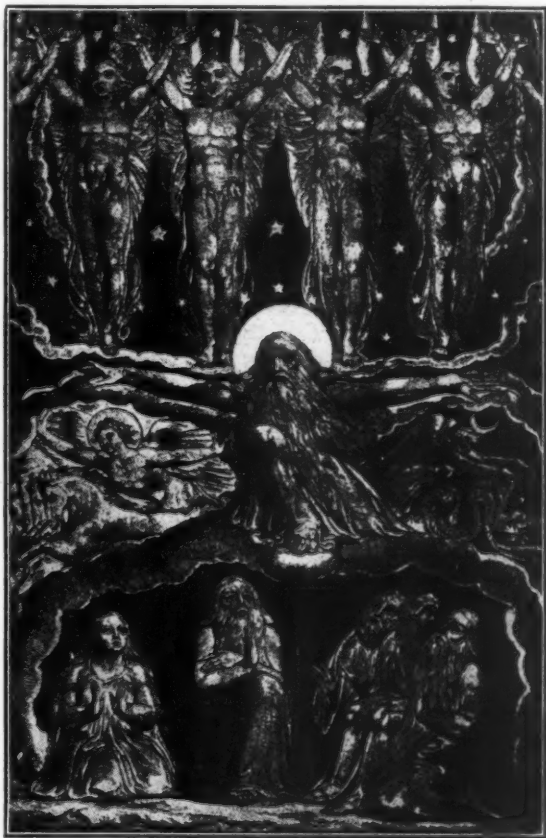
## JOB AS A REBEL MADE OVER TO SUIT THE ORTHODOX

**I**T is only sixty years since the English Bishop Colenso was forbidden to preach in Oxford University because he did not

accept the first chapter of Genesis as literal history, or agree that the world was created out of chaos in the year 4004 B. C. Now comes Prof. Morris Jastrow with a study \* that does for the book of Job something of what Colenso did for the Pentateuch. His competence for his task can not be denied. He holds the chair of Semitic languages in the University of Pennsylvania and is one of the most distinguished living authorities on Old Testament literature. Nor is there lack of competence in the comment that his book awakens on both sides of the Atlantic. And yet the old theological intensity is missing. There is only a mild ripple of controversy. "It is no longer possible," the *London Nation* observes apropos of this book, "to reserve the Bible as a whole, or any single part of it, from the criticism that philology, history, comparative theology, geology, biology, or any other of the sciences may bring to bear upon it. Nor, we think, would the most genuinely religious Christian people desire any such restraint. At the worst it is better to live in the truth than in

a Fool's Paradise. 'The Truth tho it blast me!' cried Carlyle's stout-hearted hero."

Dr. Jastrow says that he takes no pleas-



"WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER, AND ALL THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY"

One of William Blake's famous illustrations for the Book of Job.

\* THE BOOK OF JOB; ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH AND INTERPRETATION. Together with a New Translation Based on a Revised Text. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D., LL.D. Lippincott.

ure in iconoclasm as such. He finds it, indeed, an unpleasant task to hold up as erroneous passages in the original Book of Job which have not only made their way into the Church and Synagog service, but which by their beauty and impressiveness have been a source of consolation to countless myriads for two millenniums, sustaining them in sorrow, and helping them to bear the ills and burdens of life. The critic, he tells us, must forego popularity. "He must console himself by the deeper penetration that he gains into the spirit of Biblical literature, and the clearer view of the evolution of religious thought and practice among the Hebrews from lowly beginnings to an advanced stage—a stage higher than that reached by any other people of antiquity, and which culminated in a temporary climax in the commingling of Hebrew and Greek spirituality in early Christianity."

Our great mistake in approaching the Book of Job, according to Dr. Jastrow, has lain in our tendency to regard it as a single narrative and as the work of a single hand. In the period in which it was created—probably about 400 B. C.—the ideas of individual authorship and of literary unity, in the sense in which we understand those terms, were foreign to the Jewish mind. It was the custom in the ancient East, as to a large extent it is still the custom, to recite, not to read, stories. The difference between ancient Oriental and modern Western literary composition is summed up by Professor Jastrow in the statement that with us the finished book begins its life, whereas in the ancient Orient the final form of a composition represents a dead book—one that had ceased to arouse sufficient interest to warrant further additions being made to it.

The Book of Job, then, was a growth, and it grew, Professor Jastrow tells us, in some such way as this: There was a folktale circulating among the Jewish people which dealt with the problem: Why should the just man suffer? A similar story was popular in Babylonia; it has something in common with the Greek story of Prometheus. Job is "Everyman," and what happened to him represents on a large scale what on a smaller scale may be taken as typical of common human experience.

From the earliest times men have striven to reconcile undeserved suffering with the idea of a beneficent government of the universe.

At an early stage the story of Job, in Dr. Jastrow's interpretation, was a subject of discussion in a group of skeptical thinkers. These men were not irreligious, but they were dissatisfied with the folktale as they knew it. Not for them the sentiment expressed in Browning's poem,

God's in His heaven,—  
All's right with the world.

They felt that the problem of human suffering could not be solved by platitudes or by sentimentalities.

So they constructed a Symposium in which Job converses with his false friends Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, and takes the rebel part. Instead of acquiescing in his fate, he indicts life and he indicts God. The man who in the popular version of his story could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," is saying now: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said there is a man child conceived." The earlier Job who had been commended for not "sinning with his lips" is crying out: "I will not refrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit. . . . My soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life. I loathe it; I would not live alway; let me alone; for my days are vanity." Job goes so far as to suggest that it is God's nature to be cruel, to take pleasure in seeing the innocent suffer: "He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked. If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent."

The traditional rendering of the line—

Tho he slay me, yet will I trust in him,

is exactly the opposite of what Jastrow calls the correct rendering—

Aye, tho he slay me, I tremble not.

And the passage woven into the text of Handel's "Messiah" beginning, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," appears here:

Oh, that my words could be inscribed,  
Graven for all time in the rock.

Then would I know that my defender will arise  
Even tho he arise in the distant future.

Only under my skin is this indited  
And within my flesh do I see these [words].

The reference is to a purely human defender whom Job expects from the future—one who would be moved to his defense by reading his inscription in the rock.

The Job of the Symposium—following Dr. Jastrow's speculation—came as a great shock to the pious commentators of the day. The cynicism of Ecclesiastes was already in the air. They saw the nation demoralized by skepticism. They turned, accordingly, to the famous tale and began to set it in order. The whole production must be made to minister to the up-building of religion and the glory of God. Job's defiance was turned into penitence. The speeches of Elihu were put in their proper place. A description of the search for wisdom which is hidden from man, was inserted. The magnificent climax of the entire book in which God recounts the marvels of creation was undoubtedly, Dr. Jastrow tells us, a pious addition. He goes on to say:

"There was on the part of pious commentators no *intention* to deceive. Nothing was farther from the minds of those who felt free to give any turn that they pleased to a literary production that was regarded as common property. In the ancient Orient plagiarism belongs to the virtues, and the quotation mark had not yet been discovered. The modifications that a book underwent were an indication of the interest it had aroused. Moreover, the character of the revision to which a literary production in the ancient Orient was subject would vary according to the point of view of the individual or the circle that would be attracted to the task. A book like the original Job would have its sympathizers and its opponents; and we can trace in the insertions and in the additions the work of both classes of commentators or amplifiers as they might be called, while at times one may recognize the purely literary desire to try one's hand at improving a speech of Job's or of one of his friends."

All this appeals to the New York *Times* as a daring essay in the higher criticism, and shows, in the view of the Boston *Transcript*, wide scholarship. The *Tran-*

*script* speaks of Jastrow's new translation of the Book of Job as "impressive and beautiful," but adds: "Dr. Jastrow's translation will be a severe blow to those devout persons who believe in the verbal inspiration of all the books comprized in the Anthology of Hebrew Literature known as 'The Holy Bible.' . . . After all is said, in spite of the incorrectness of the King James version, in which, according to Dr. Jastrow, one line in ten is wrong, one cannot help liking its style better than that of the new version."

A writer in the London *Times* pronounces Jastrow's book "revolutionary" and expresses sharp disagreement with it. He says:

"Professor Jastrow is best known to students by his work on Babylonian religion, and in this connection he has dealt also with the Old Testament. Recently he has approached the exposition of Hebrew literature from another angle in the study of Ecclesiastes published under the title 'A Gentle Cynic.' To this his volume on Job forms a companion.

"At many points Professor Jastrow has been influenced by Ehrlich, who had an unusually true sense for what was genuine Hebrew. But it does not follow that because an emendation is in excellent Biblical Hebrew it is therefore sound, and so far as we have tested his work he often seems to us singularly unconvincing. Professor Jastrow's version is frequently interesting; but the student will find Professor J. E. McFadyen's rendering and rearrangements in 'The Wisdom Books in Modern Speech' a far safer guide.

"Professor Jastrow is not indifferent to the deeper elements in the book. Thus he refers to 'the final word in the immortal Book of Job that faith in the presence of unfathomable mystery is the only secure foundation on which we can build our lives. Such faith,' he adds, 'rises superior to argument and speculation, because it realizes that the highest truth accessible to man is never a solid that can be grasped, but an atmosphere to be breathed.' But, in view of the readiness with which 'the latest results of scientific criticism' are swallowed by a credulous public, we must warn our readers that it is not, nor is it likely to be, the generally accepted view of scholars that the Book of Job is the work of several literary syndicates, growing by accretion from one stage of formlessness to another, swarming with hundreds of interpolations and stamped with the superficial appearance of unity by a group of orthodox editors."



## SHOULD MOVING PICTURES BE CENSORED?

ONE of the liveliest controversies that the country has seen in years is now raging over the question whether moving pictures should or should not be censored. This question has even its international aspects, since Walter B. Pitkin, in "Must We Fight Japan?" divulged the fact that a most fruitful source of misunderstanding between the United States and Japan, China and India is to be found in the exhibition in those countries of "cheap, silly" moving pictures and of films which censors have barred from the American screen. When we come nearer home we find people in almost every community who are expressing themselves, with greater or less indignation, in regard to objectionable pictures. Maurice Maeterlinck, who recently visited America with a view to writing for the screen and who was given, while here, exceptional opportunities to observe all kinds of pictures, has lately reported, in the *Photoplay Magazine*, that out of a hundred films witnessed in California he found four or five "truly good," three or four others not so good, and ninety-odd practically worthless. "There were spectacles," he says, "scarcely worthy of apes, going to such a point of imbecility, of silliness, of coarseness, of incoherence, and especially of revolting ugliness, that one wonders shamefully why he has come into this gorgeous place where such things are exhibited. One wonders, too," he continues, "that human beings endowed with brains and with the most elementary feeling or taste will waste months of work, mobilize hundreds of actors and employees, and spend from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to produce each one of these inanities. And there is yet a more serious question: how can millions of other human beings (statistics say that 18,000,000 people go to the movies every day), equally equipped with brains and sensibilities, waste in their turn their leisure hours (those most sacred hours of the day, for they count most in the development and education of man), how can they bear to waste those hours contemplating those same inanities, and how can they even prefer

them to the vastly more interesting sights that any glimpse of street or landscape or sky might afford?"

Benjamin B. Hampton, president of four motion-picture companies and one of the first to raise the question now under discussion, has confessed that his motive is largely self-interest. He wrote a sensational article, "Too Much Sex-Stuff in the Movies? Whose Fault Is It?" for the *Pictorial Review*. (See CURRENT OPINION for March.) His object, he says, was to warn his colleagues in the motion-picture business against real dangers. He pointed out that moving pictures, in many instances, were exceeding the bounds of decency and good taste. Audiences were already in rebellion. The time might not be far distant when the moving picture, if it did not reform, would have to face a hurricane of public wrath.

This argument had striking results in two quarters. It led to a conference of leaders of the motion-picture industry at which the following "fourteen points," promulgated by Jesse L. Lasky, were adopted:

1. No pictures showing sex attraction in a suggestive or improper manner.
2. No pictures dealing with "white slavery."
3. No stories built on illicit love unless they convey a moral lesson.
4. No nakedness.
5. No inciting dances.
6. No unnecessarily prolonged passionate love scenes.
7. No stories principally concerned with the underworld.
8. No picture making drunkenness or gambling attractive.
9. No pictures which might instruct the morally weak in crime methods.
10. No stories which may offend any religious sect.
11. No incidents showing disrespect for any religion.
12. No suggestive comedy.
13. No unnecessary depiction of bloodshed.
14. No salacious titles or advertizing.

It also led to a kind of truce with Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, in Washing-

ton, D. C., who decided, after the appearance of Mr. Hampton's article and after a talk with William A. Brady and other leaders of the motion-picture industry, to give the producers a chance to reform themselves before he committed himself to agitation for a federal censorship law to control moving pictures.

It seems that while only four States (Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas and Maryland) have actually passed laws for the censorship of moving pictures, censorship bills are pending in most of the other States. A bill which will give to three persons the power to decide what films shall be witnessed by millions in New York State has gone to Governor Miller for his signature while these pages have been going through the press. The real censorship of films until now—so far as there has been censorship—has lain with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, in New York City; but this board, a voluntary organization sustained by the fees paid by the producers for the reviewing service, is generally felt to be inadequate.

The question of censorship is being discussed from every angle. We find, on one side, a group of thinkers who are strong believers in legal control, if not in actual censorship. We find, at the other extreme, a group who are absolute disbelievers in legal control. And we find, in the center, a group who hope for voluntary control but who, if it fails, will accept legal control.

The argument in behalf of legal control is given by Dr. Crafts in one of the statements sent out from his Washington office. He says that he does not advocate "censorship," as that word is usually understood, since he does not ask autocratic exclusion of films. What he does advocate is "such supervision as government gives to all other great financial interests—railroads, banks, packers and the like." He explains:

"As we do not leave it to the packers to inspect their bad beef, with no outside pressure except patronage and 'public opinions,' so we should not allow the film producers, with no supervision save their own 'National Board of Review,' to handle the bad pictures that poison not the bodies only but the minds and souls of our dear youth. We do not console

ourselves when bad beef kills that it will have done good service as a 'warning' to others to let it alone. BY ADVANCE INSPECTION WE CUT IT OUT BEFORE IT KILLS. No big city was ever cleaned of lewd shows by anything so intangible as 'public opinion.' There are always enough who will attend lewd shows to make them profitable, and so a temptation to better exhibitors and better patrons. Public opinion must speak through government to reach those who will yield only to law."

The argument for absolute freedom is furnished by Theodore Schroeder, of the Free Speech League, in an interview in the *New York World*:

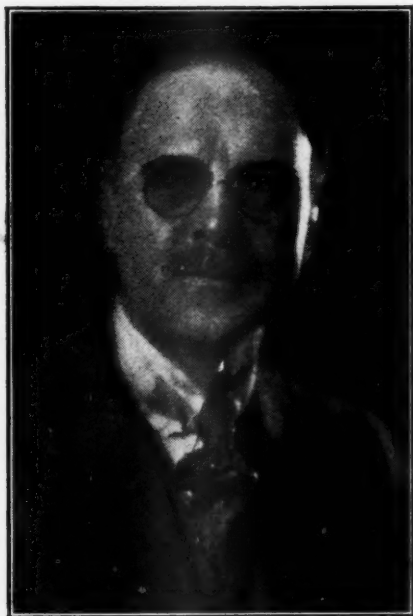
"What we need is more understanding and less moral sentimentalizing. Censorship creates all the ills it seeks to cure.

"There is such a thing as obscenity, but obscenity exists in the viewing mind, not in the ankles nor in books or pictures. The first inhabitants of New York didn't wear any clothes at all, yet no intelligent historian would call the Indians obscene, tho undoubtedly their Puritan critics were 'obscene.'

"The cure and the only cure, is through science instead of legislation. Let us once understand how the emotions behave under both freedom and repression and let us discover the laws which govern them."

In the region of compromise are papers arguing, as the *Ladies' Home Journal* does, that "you cannot legislate better films. . . . The positive method, the sane method, the sure-result method is to boost the good pictures." The *Journal* continues:

"Apologists for the demoralizing form of the film drama seek to persuade us that the sex motif was injected to meet popular demand. This is the usual cheap camouflage of the opportunist and sensationalist. Popular demand must always be guessed at in the first instance. It has never yet sent heralds out to clamor for what it wanted. The sex motif probably dates back to the Java ape man and his genus. It is the most elemental of all interest motives for mankind. You will find it in the best that art and literature has produced and you will find it in the lowest pretensions to art and literature. It was introduced into the films not as art or literature but as merchandise, something to sell by the foot to a palpitant public. It has been tried out on the same basis in a certain group of magazines until it palled of its own inanity and sameness.



HE STARTED THE PRESENT DISCUSSION  
OF MOVING-PICTURE CENSORSHIP

Benjamin B. Hampton's recent article in a monthly magazine influenced the National Motion Picture Producers Association to adopt resolutions to discontinue making "sex pictures."

"Such will be its fate on the screen, for popular taste periodically proves itself an infinitely cleaner thing than narrow and vicious intelligences ever give it credit for. The sex motif is now 'all in the eye' of the opportunist. It will linger in his eye until we can get together and boost the good pictures that tell a real story and have a real background. When intelligent producers take an intelligent stand and produce big, clean photoplays and tell the world that they are big and clean, they'll find millions of backers everywhere ready to rise up and boost for them."

The *Christian Work* would rather have the evils incident to the present National Board of Review of Motion Pictures than the evils inherent in a system of legal censorship. It says:

"There seems to be no doubt that the Board of Review has greatly improved the quality of motion pictures. To people who oppose legal censorship on principle the unofficial reviewing done by the Board commends itself as the best method of meeting the problem of control.

The danger of legal censorship of films is the possibility that particular political, sectarian or cultural ideas may dominate the censorship board. For example, in a time of industrial conflict control of the censorship might be secured in the interest of propaganda. Then, too, there is the danger that improper influence might be exerted on a politically appointed board by unprincipled producers, should there be such."

Roman Catholic opinion is summed up in a program issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council advocating legalized censorship only in the event that motion-picture producers, distributors and exhibitors fail to make good in their announced house-cleaning campaign. Here is the program. The Council—

(1) Stands uncompromisingly for decency on the screen and on the stage. (2) Insists that motion-pictures shall be decent not only on Sunday, but on the six other days of the week as well. (3) Urges cooperation with local exhibitors and local police authorities in bringing about the exhibition of clean films. (4) Will scrutinize the motion-picture exhibitions in Catholic parishes throughout the United States. (5) Will maintain its own *Bureau of review, criticism and information* for the purpose of effecting concerted action for motion-picture betterment on the part of Catholic organizations. (6) Has no sympathy with "Blue Law" agitators. (7) Does not advocate the abolition of Sunday "movies." (8) Will work constructively for the future advancement of the screen and will cooperate with the industry in all sincere efforts for its improvement. (9) Will advocate legalized censorship only in the event that the producers, distributors and exhibitors fail to make good in their announced housecleaning campaign.

The New York *Tribune* speaks of censorship as "neither American nor common sense;" and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* points out that, under the present laws, the police can stop the showing of objectionable films:

"We do not need censors for the suppression of immoral, obscene, debasing and corrupting films. We have laws under which the exhibitors of such pictures can be punished and the films suppressed. We have a federal law prohibiting the transportation of improper pictures, and we have State laws for the punishment of publishers and vendors of immoral and

obscene and corrupting books, pictures and periodicals. Free government should operate through laws, not through censors and supervisors. A free people should be controlled by laws, not by censors and supervisors."

The New York *Evening Mail* thinks that moving pictures need "a purgation in matters of taste rather than of morals":

"It may be quite true that the movies are too much addicted to showing pictures of sex interest and that their treatment is not always as sound as the conversation of legislators in a smoking room. But will the censors see to it that this great subject is entirely eliminated? Of course not. They will no doubt cut out all scenes of a too passionate character, and that will be no great loss so far as the vast majority of movie actors and actresses is concerned, for the artist who can interpret a great passionate scene is as rare as the poet who can write one.

"But what shall we get instead? We shall probably get plays that have no relationship whatever to life, that will be as 'silly' as the novels over which early Victorian young ladies sighed, and that, if they have any effect at all, will fill the minds of young people with maudlin sentimentality. Lots of pictures now exhibited are of that character. Why increase the number?

"The movies need a purgation, but it is a purgation in matters of taste rather than of morals."

In connection with the new censorship law in New York State, a telegram of protest was sent to Governor Miller by the combined councils of the Authors' League, the Dramatists' Guild, the Society of Dramatists and Composers, the Guild of Free Lance Artists and the Screen Writers' Guild. The signers of the protest objected not only to censorship but to statements made at a public hearing in Albany accusing motion-picture writers of "pandering to the most depraved taste of the public." They said in part: "This odious attack upon the leading writers of America cannot go unchallenged. Admitting that there is room for improvement in motion pictures, we are convinced, from actual observation of State censorship as it exists in four States, that the institution of another State censorship would only multiply the evils complained of." The telegram contained 116 signatures, including those of Rex Beach, Booth Tarkington and Augustus Thomas.



Courtesy of N. Y. Herald Photograph by Harris & Ewing

#### HE BELIEVES IN REGULATION, NOT IN CENSORSHIP

The Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, whose portrait confronts us here, has been for twenty-six years the moving spirit in the International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C.

## MADAME CURIE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS

**A**T the outset of her concert lecture on the radioactive elements before the National Conservatory of Arts and Crafts in Paris, Madame Curie defined these as elements which spontaneously, with no provocation from any external source, emit specially characteristic radiations from a Crookes tube.

In this tube the gas, reduced to a very feeble pressure, is traversed by an electrical current of high tension—fifty thousand volts, for instance. The rays emitted in these tubes are of three kinds. There are the rays known as "cathode" or negative. There are the positive rays. Then there are the famous X rays. The latter are better known than the others for they are the only ones of which the effects can be readily studied outside the tube or vial enclosing them. The cathode rays are extremely tenuous particles called electrons, negatively charged and projected by the negative electrode of the tube or cathode at a great rate of speed. This speed may be half that of light. The mass of an electron is but a minute fraction of that of a hydrogen atom.

The positive rays are likewise very minute, altho they have the dimensions of atoms. Positively charged, they advance towards the cathode with very great speed, but a speed less than that of the cathode rays.

Finally, the X rays are an electromagnetic radiation in all points similar to light, but of much less frequency—that is, of a wave length much less than the lengths of luminous waves. These rays, emitted outside the tube, may produce radiographic pictures of the human body. Madame Curie proceeded:\*

"While trying to find out if substances rendered fluorescent by light could emit X rays similar to those produced in a Crookes tube, Henri Becquerel observed for the first time, in 1896, that uranium and its compounds emit peculiar rays. These uranium rays possess certain properties of X rays. They can, like

the latter, impress a photographic plate enveloped in black paper or even de-charge a charged electroscope.

"If a well constructed electroscope contains an electric charge, the latter can, in general, be preserved for some hours and even for some days. But if a compound of uranium be brought sufficiently near, a discharge is slowly produced, showing thus that the air surrounding the electroscope is no longer an isolating medium but is slightly conductive of electricity.

"The conductability communicated to the air may be more or less great. It becomes at once apparent that a means is afforded of measuring the peculiar activity of the substance which is the cause. In effect, the more rapidly the electroscope is discharged, the more active we will say the substance is. By perfecting processes of observation it has been possible to obtain methods of measurement which have served for the discovery of the radio-elements."

This discovery was brought about by the investigations Madame Curie made in 1898 to find out if there exist, outside of the compounds of uranium, other bodies possessing the properties indicated by Henri Becquerel: Making use of the process of electrical measurements thus indicated, she found, first of all, that the compounds of thorium act in the same manner. Then, investigating a certain number of substances, she established that the emission of the rays by the compounds of uranium and of thorium is an atomic property of the elements uranium and thorium. She was able to establish that the uranium and thorium minerals are active, but that some among them are so to a greater degree than uranium or thorium. This observation suggested the idea that there exist in these minerals unknown elements more active than uranium or thorium and that these elements might be separated by an appropriate chemical method based upon this activity. "I undertook at once," she says, "in association with Pierre Curie, the investigation of these new elements and the results were in entire accord with the anticipations. Guided by radioactive measurements, we succeeded in tracing in the uranium min-

\* *Les Radio-Éléments et leurs Applications.* Par Madame P. Curie, Professeur a la Sorbonne. Paris: Librairie de l'Ecole des Travaux publics.





ALPHA

The track of these rays is here shown but they can traverse but a few inches of air space and they scarcely penetrate metal sheets of extreme thinness.

erals the presence of new elements—polonium and radium. The discovery of actinium was made later by M. Debierne. Other scientists, investigating similar substances, have found a certain number. All these active elements have received the name of radio-elements and the new property of matter they possess in common is termed radioactivity."

This new method of chemical analysis based upon radioactivity, proceeds Madame Curie, is comparable to a certain extent with spectral analysis. It affords the advantage of extreme nicety and it permits the disclosure of the slightest possible traces of radioactive matter. Radium

is found in minerals in the proportion of some decigrammes (a few grains) at the most to a ton of mineral. It will thus be seen how slight is the concentration and how much time and effort had to be expended to achieve the labor of separation and purification. This work has nevertheless been accomplished. We have succeeded in preparing pure salts of radium and this has rendered it possible to obtain the spectrum of this element and to determine its atomic weight—226. A similar determination has not been made for the other radio-elements, their quantity being too slight for the purpose.

Turning now to a consideration of the rays emitted by the radio-elements, Madame Curie describes them, as already noted as of three kinds. One consists of particles having a positive charge, another consists of particles negatively charged, a third group is an electromagnetic radiation which corresponds to the X rays. "These

groups are designated by the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, alpha, beta and gamma. . . . The alpha rays can traverse but a few inches of air space and they scarcely penetrate metal sheets thicker than the minutest fraction imaginable of an inch. The beta rays are more penetrating. They can go through an inch or so of slightly dense matter, like aluminum. As for the gamma rays, they are the most penetrating of all. They are propagated at a great distance through the air and can pierce matter as dense as lead or iron an inch or more thick. They go readily through the human body."

If we examine the three groups of rays in a magnetic field, it will be noticed that a separation is effected. The two groups of corpuscular rays—alpha and beta—are deflected in a magnetic field in opposite directions, while the group of gamma rays will not be deflected, such rays not being charged.

The most important property of these rays is that by which, as we have noted, they make the air a conductor. This conductivity is due to an "ionization." When the gas is hit by the radiation, some molecule of this gas is separated into two fragments or two charged ions. From the molecule is detached an electron negatively charged and the remainder of the molecule forms a positive ion. The two ions thus obtained are displaced in an electric field and this movement constitutes the passage of the electric current in the ionized gas.

"It has been found that a single alpha ray is capable of producing the ionization of about two hundred thousand molecules of gas. The quantity of electricity thus liberated is sufficiently great to give a visible impulsion to an electrometric apparatus.

"One can thus, in the case of each particle, obtain a deviation of the electrometer, which, when registered, permits the computation of the particles emitted by a given source in a given time. The importance of this procedure will be apparent at once.

"There can likewise be obtained a reproduction of the curve of the alpha rays and that by a simple proceeding.

"When an alpha particle ionizes the gas in its passage, it produces about two hundred thousand ions arranged the length of its curve. These ions are extremely close to one another. They form a sort of column of charged centers

most compactly adhering. If this experiment be made in the vapor of supersaturated water, each ion gathers a little water in such wise as to form a droplet. Thus is secured a line of juxtaposed droplets about an inch, more or less, in length. If these droplets be powerfully illuminated, they can be photographed. The curve of the alpha rays, thus materialized, presents itself in the form of a rectilinear continuous stroke, disappearing suddenly when the energy has been exhausted."

Ionization of the atmosphere of the earth by the rays is directly connected with the weather, adds Madame Curie, especially with the electrification of the atmosphere, the formation of clouds, of storms and so forth. It is definitely known that the radio-elements are to a slight extent very prevalent in the atmosphere and in the crust of the earth. While it is true that radium is extracted from the uranium minerals, traces of radium will be found in all the rocks on the earth's surface and many products that are freed from radium are discoverable in the atmosphere. Thanks to this dissemination of radium, the atmosphere always contains ions derived from rays that traverse the air. The electrical charges thus produced play an important part in the electrification of the soil and the clouds. The state of the weather, therefore, is closely connected with the pressure of radio-elements in the crust of the earth. It has been assumed hitherto that the earth has been cooling



BETA TRACKS

These rays are more penetrating than the alpha rays. The beta rays can go through an inch or so of slightly dense matter.

gradually ever since its solidification. The study of the radio-elements teaches us, on the contrary, affirms Madame Curie, that not only is the earth not gradually cooling but that it may actually be in a state of intensifying heat—a circumstance which must necessarily alter our views regarding the evolution of the terrestrial globe.

## QUACKERY IN POPULAR SCIENCE

POPULAR SCIENCE has become a term of contempt, or so the London *Athenæum* ventures to affirm in a recent indictment of the whole thing as little better than a catalog of sensations, paradoxes and marvels intended not to spread knowledge but to thrill the reader. It has become so depraved that science of the "popular" kind will purvey any statement whatever provided only it can be made to seem marvelous. In America, avers the London paper, these marvelous statements, "not only inaccurate but

meaningless," occupy pages of the Sunday supplements so that a meritorious organ, *The Scientific American*, is driven to declare that it does not print "popular" science but merely non-technical science. In England that sober periodical, *Nature*, used to print extracts from the more marvelous scientific items provided by the daily newspaper press, but it took good care on more than one occasion to warn its readers that such "popular" science is but a jest.

The fact that this quackery flourishes is not unimportant, declares the London

*Athenæum*. It often leads to a waste of time, for there has been more than one worthy gentleman who imagined himself to be attacking some pernicious doctrine of science only to discover, to his mortification, that he had been misled by "popular science" of the newspaper variety. The cure for this kind of thing would seem to be the development of conscience in editors, who are again and again guilty of distorting a generalization by an expert into a sensational headline accompanied by a preposterous picture. Millions to-day are innocently persuaded that surgery can cut people up and put them together, that astronomy has established the reasonable probability of life on Mars and that Madame Curie instead of Becquerel is the pioneer in that field of research which led to the isolation of radium. Again, to judge from the accounts given by recent "popular science," one might infer that the perihelion of Mercury's orbit was a material point of which the motion could be directly observed. One would never suspect from the Sunday papers that this and other details are but inferences drawn, it is true, by the most delicate reasoning from a long series of observations.

Let us not ourselves be guilty of disrespect for the popular intelligence and assume that it can not be appealed to rationally in the name of science. Proof of the sanity of the popular mind is afforded by the success of studies of John Dalton and Kepler in non-technical handbooks by experts who write charmingly.\* Then there are the "popular" but accurate articles which appear in the saner periodicals. Should their object be to correct the deficiencies of a too hasty education or to provide a good introduction to science?

"Doubtless such articles or lectures have served such a purpose; Faraday himself, as we know, was won over to science by the blandishments of Mrs. Somerville, and there is more than one case where the current of a man's life has been definitely changed by a lantern lecture. It is, nevertheless, a mistake to suppose that the attentive perusal of a number of popular science articles is equivalent to a scientific education, a mistake which is unfortu-

nately very common. The fact is that the scientific treatise and the popular science so far from being rivals, serve entirely different ends, and may be read with profit by the same man. Broadly speaking, the function of the popular science article is to present science in its humanistic aspect. It should, while dealing with as definite a scientific problem as the author chooses, hint at the relations between this problem and the other interests of mankind. Very often these relations are implicit in the subject; such subjects are, in fact, usually chosen, and for that reason. But there is another type of article which has for its object the exposition of relations which are not obvious, and this exposition may be the result of a genuine and valuable intellectual effort on the criticism and are not essentially different from the best type of literary criticism. Some of the best articles of this kind—some of those by W. K. Clifford, for example—are as truly 'research' work as is the technical paper. A third type of article may, either by way of history or by way of logic, show the position occupied by a given theory or fact in a scheme of knowledge. This type is usually of more interest to the scientific student than to the general reader, since a general acquaintance with the whole subject is presupposed, and in this connection it is interesting to note that a powerful plea has recently been made for the more effective endowment of the teaching of the history of science."

If a popular science article serves none of these three purposes it must inevitably be nothing but the description of a "marvel." In competent hands this may be agreeable enough. The appetite for "marvels" is vigorous and its indulgence can not be condemned as a vice. To look at a "marvel" for the pleasure of gaping is not, to be sure, a very intelligent occupation and to judge from the number and kind of phenomena unhesitatingly ascribed to "the electricity in the air," merely increases credulity. Regarded as a "marvel," wireless telegraphy is merely a miracle—a fact extensively exploited by spiritualists. The human tendency to seize upon the merely marvelous should be carefully allowed for by the writer of articles on "popular" science. He should if anything be even more cautious and precise than he is when addressing a scientific audience. An incautiously flamboyant observation is sure to be seized upon by the "popularizer" of science for the foundation of some ut-

\* John Dalton. L. J. Neville-Polley, B. Sc. New York: Macmillan. Pioneers of Progress Series.

Kepler. By W. W. Bryant, of the Royal Observatory. New York: Macmillan. Men of Science Series.

terly preposterous distortion. Usually the writer of "popular" science yields to the temptation to thrill his reader and he may while speaking the truth have all the effect of falsehood.

"Thus the division between the genuine and the quack science article is not, in practice, clearly defined. The difference between the writers is definite enough; but it is writer and public together which make the popular science article. Lack of education is just as great a hinderance to perception as is lack of sensitiveness. The poet may be subtly and completely misunderstood because his audience lacks

sensitiveness, and, to compare small things with great, the conscientious retailer of scientific information may be in a like case for a different reason. So that if it is true that the best type of poetry is that written by the poet 'for himself,' it is perhaps true that the best type of popular science article is written for a similar reason—because the writer is genuinely interested in working out certain speculations or treating certain facts in a certain way. Some of the very best popular articles—those by Helmholtz, for example—are of this kind, and have achieved a relative immortality, although, like the poetry which is read chiefly by poets, they are probably read chiefly by scientific men."

## SEEING WITHOUT EYES

THE existence in the human skin of microscopic organs of vision renders possible the development in certain blind subjects of a latent supplementary sense of sight. With this sense of sight, form and color can be distinguished. Such is the claim made as a result of the discoveries made by Professor Louis Farigoule, of the University of France. Professor Farigoule has issued a pamphlet on vision outside the retina. In the ensuing dispute, French medical journals argued that the Professor's theory had yet to sustain the test of application to a sufficient number of concrete cases.

In the interval of nearly a year that has elapsed, other French investigators, some of whom entirely failed at first to get results, have found reason to believe that there is more in the practical utility of the Farigoule idea than was originally suspected. Now Professor Farigoule himself, at the invitation of the *London News*, has written out an authentic account of what he means by his "reeducation" of a lost sense, which includes "latent functions" established outside the eyeball and even the eye socket—"paroptic vision," the Professor terms it.

We all know that man at the present day makes very little use of his sense of smell; compared with primitive man or the dog, he is in this respect a defective. This is explained, not by any spontaneous degeneration of the sense of smell, but by the fact that civilized man has been less and less

compelled to use this sense and to give attention to it.

One can easily imagine man, after a hundred centuries, entirely losing the habit of using the sense of smell, and being compelled, in order to distinguish an odor, to make a considerable effort of attention; and even being unable to do so without a special reeducation. The sense of smell would have fallen to the level of a "latent function" in his case, which does not mean at all that the physiological organs of smell would have become atrophied.

In order to explain another important factor, which Professor Farigoule calls the "régime of consciousness," we are asked to imagine a cotton mill containing twelve different looms, each turning out a special kind of thread. Owing to lack of power only seven looms can be running at a time—say, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11; or 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12, and so on, for a large number of different combinations.

Each of these combinations might be called a "régime of the mill—régime A régime B, régime C, and so forth. It might be also that one of these combinations would meet the ordinary everyday needs of the firm—the first, for example—and, if so, then "régime A" would be spoken of as the ordinary "régime" of the mill.

Our psychological consciousness may be compared to such a mill. Only a certain number of the mental functions possessed by us are working at the same time. The others remain latent. Each régime of

consciousness is defined by those of the mental functions which are being exercised in that régime:

"The ordinary needs of man's life at the present time are such that his consciousness is almost always in one of these 'régimes,' which may therefore be called the ordinary 'régime' but which I call 'régime A' to show that it is only the first in a series.

"Thus even if we have in our bodies all the organs and instruments necessary for the functioning of a sense, for example, that is not enough to enable us to make use of it, nor even to make us aware that we possess it.

"Indeed, Anatomy is led to seek for and to identify such organs only if it knows that sense already to exist. If man had lost the sense of smell 40 centuries ago descriptions of the mucous membrane of the nose without in the least suspecting that it might serve to furnish sensations of smell."

The paroptic sense—or sense of vision independently of the retina—is a case in point. Man at the present moment does not suspect that he possesses it and, in consequence, he has never been led to look for its organs and to study its functioning:

"Once reestablished, the paroptic sense furnishes sensations of exactly the same kind

as those given by the eye—the perception of objects, their forms, their color, their distance, etc., but with a less degree of perfection. It is a vision of second quality—even third quality, if you like.

"One may easily understand that man, possessing so perfect an organ as the eye, should have ceased long since to pay any attention to paroptic sensations. Moreover, these sensations have ceased to have any place in our ordinary régime of consciousness.

"But the blind have not the same reasons as the normal man for despising the paroptic sense, and it will be understood why I was led to study the reeducation of the paroptic sense in the blind.

"To return to our previous comparison, it is as if No. 1 loom in our cotton mill had been destroyed. In such a case one would be very glad to have recourse to one of the idle looms, even if it were of an older pattern, and gave a smaller output.

"I have obtained most encouraging results with blind people. But I must explain on this point to those who are writing to me from all parts of the world that these results are laboratory results, such as—with all allowance made—the electric telegraph might have been in Ampere's laboratory.

"To reach really practical results applicable to the thousands of blind people there will still be necessary long study."

## THE NEW ATTITUDE OF SCIENCE TO MIRACLES

IT is as unsafe to reject all human testimony to the marvelous as it is to accept it without question. The modern mind has gone to the negative extreme as the medieval mind went to the other, affirms Professor J. Arthur Hill. Take, for instance, he writes, the lives of the saints. They are full of miracles of the most incredible kinds. In those days the accounts caused no astonishment. There was no organized knowledge of nature outside the narrow orbit of daily life. How narrow that was we, with our facile means of communication and travel, can hardly realize.

There was in those days little or no conception of law or orderliness in nature. Hence there was no criterion by which to test stories of unusual occurrences. Anything might happen. There was no ap-

parent reason why it should not. One saint having retired into the desert to lead a life of mortification, the birds daily brought him food sufficient to satisfy his wants. When a brother joined him the birds doubled the supply. When the saint died, two lions came and dug his grave, uttered howls of mourning over his body and knelt to beg a blessing from the survivor.\*

The innumerable miracles in the "Little Flowers" and "Life of St. Francis" are repeated in countless other lives. Saints are lifted across rivers by angels; they preach to the fishes, who swarm to the shore to listen; they are visited by the Virgin, are lifted up in the air and suspended there for twelve hours while in ecstasy they perceive the inner mystery of the Most Blessed

\* Do Miracles Happen? By J. Arthur Hill. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.



Trinity. Almost every town in Europe could produce its relic which produced miraculous cures, or its image that opened or shut its eyes or bowed its head to a worshipper. The Virgin of the Pillar, at Saragossa, restored a worshipper's leg that had been amputated—this is regarded by Spanish theologians as specially well attested and there is a picture of it in the Cathedral at Saragossa. In medieval times this kind of thing was accepted without question and without surprise.

"About the end of the twelfth century there came a change. The human mind began to awake from its long lethargy; began to writhe and struggle against the dead hand of authority which held it down. The Crusades, as Guizot shows, had much to do with the rise of the new spirit, by causing educative contact with a high Saracenic civilization. Men began to wonder and to think. Heresy inevitably appeared, and became rife. In 1208 Innocent III established the Inquisition, but failed to strangle the infant Hercules. In 1209 began the massacre of the Albigenses, which continued more or less for about fifty years, the deaths being at least scores of thousands; but the blood of the martyrs was the seed of further freedom and enlightenment. Nature began to be studied."

A conception of law, of rationality and regularity in nature, emerged. Kepler and Newton laid down the ground plan of the universe, evolving formulas which expressed the facts of "molar" motion. Uniformity in geology was shown in the work of Lyell. Darwin and his followers carried law into biological evolution.

Then man became "swell-headed." He was intoxicated with his own intellectual success. It had already been so with the great English philosopher Hume and it became more so with his disciples. Man treated his own limited experience as a criterion and denied what was not represented by something similar therein. Especially was this the case when facts had any connection with what was most unscientifically called "religion." Religion, as once understood, had tried to exterminate science and it was natural enough that in revenge science should be hostile to anything associated with religion.

The man of science accordingly flatly denied miracles. He denied not only such

stories as the rib of Adam and the talking serpent but also the healing miracles of Jesus, which to us, declares Professor Hill, are beginning nowadays to look "possible enough." The negative dogmatism of the man of science is as regrettable as the positive variety. It is not scientific. Science stands for a method, not for a dogma. It observes, experiments and infers. It makes no claim to the possession of absolute truth. A genuine science, confronted with allegations of unusual facts, neither believes nor disbelieves. It investigates. No alleged occurrence can be ruled out as impossible. Difficulty of belief is no reason.

It was found difficult at first to believe in the antipodes. If there were people on the under side of the earth they would fall off. Thus the argument, plausible enough in the light of former ideas. The advance of knowledge made the antipodes not only credible but quite comprehensible. People stick on all over the earth because the earth attracts them more powerfully than anything that tends to hurl them into space. It is the same way with some miracles. They may seem much more credible and intelligible when we have learned more. The marvels of wireless telegraphy, radioactivity and aviation are intrinsically as miraculous as are many of the stories in the world's sacred writings.

It does not follow that we are to believe in the miracles as such:

"They must be taken individually, and believed or disbelieved according to the evidence and according to the antecedent probability or improbability. The standing still of the sun does not seem credible to the scientific mind, which knows that the earth is spinning at the equator at the rate of one thousand miles an hour and that any sudden interference with that rotation would send it to smithereens, with all the creatures on its surface. Of course, a Being who could stop its rotation could perhaps also prevent it from flying to smithereens; but we have to extend the miracle in so many entirely hypothetical ways that the whole thing becomes too dubious for acceptance. It is simpler to look on the story as a myth.

"But such things as the clairvoyance of Samuel and even the Woman of Endor story are quite in line with what psychical research is now establishing. And the healing miracles of Jesus are paralleled, in kind if not in degree, by innumerable 'suggestive therapeutic' doctors."

## A PHYSICIAN'S PROTEST AGAINST OPERATIONS FOR CANCER

**H**ERETOFORE the single thought of the physician has been to turn the cancer patient over to a surgeon. This is in accordance with the prevalent notion that an operation affords the only possible hope for such a case. Operative removal has thus far failed to check the rising mortality from cancer. Surgeons agree that mortality attends ninety per cent. of all cases once affected. The general physician fails to advise careful and complete medical treatment, altho this shows a very much lower mortality and is attended with far more comfort to the patient. Secondary operations on recurrent cancers shorten life. \*

It is a little curious, adds Doctor L. Duncan Bulkley, of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, in *The Medical Record*, that the surgeon, because he is a surgeon, whatever his experience, is supposed to know all about cancer and that these cases belong exclusively to him. As a rule, the surgeon does not think along constitutional and "metabolic" lines. He confines his attention largely to the knife and, more recently, to radium and the x-ray. These attack only the local products of cancer. The constitutional condition which first produced the local lesion is left unchanged and it will pretty certainly reproduce the neoplastic growth in or near the original site. Dr. Bulkley writes:

The x-ray is certainly of great value in the cure of epithelioma of the skin, if properly used, and I have employed it very satisfactorily in scores or even hundreds of cases. Radium is also very effective in these cases, but is out of reach of most patients. Radium also has been reported on most favorably, by certain skilled experts with large supplies of the same, in certain cases of cancer of mucous surfaces, on the lip, tongue, inner cheek, and cervix uteri. But for cancer of deep organs little if anything can be done with this agent. Personally I have had little experience with it, but have seen many cases where it has been tried in vain, and also some patients who are loud in their attestations that the disease has been much worse since it was tried, and many cases of very serious and rebellious burns from x-ray and radium have come under my observation and

treatment. The x-ray is lauded by many physicians and surgeons as an adjunct to surgery, both before and after operative procedure, and as of value in checking and removing metastatic deposits in lymph glands. But it is a delusion to trust to either x-ray or radium in real internal cancer; their action is but local, like surgery, possibly causing a local lesion to diminish or disappear, but they cannot affect favorably the basic, constitutional causes of the disease, and so cannot effect a cure."

There need be no mystery in regard to cancer, Doctor Bulkley says. Everything has a definite cause and cancer is no exception. It is no extraordinary or sudden invasion by some occult outside agency. All observers are agreed that it is not parasitic and that it is not contagious. The accumulating evidence points to a cause working from within, resulting from systematic errors, even as are gout, rickets, obesity, arteriosclerosis and many other maladies, which are more or less successfully overcome without our being able to point to one single cause for any of them. Definite lesions afterwards recognized as cancer are but the product of a preceding long continued error of life, a culmination of faulty living. The mass which we call cancer is the departure of previously normal body cells slowly augmenting in number until that mass is recognizable for what it is. It begins gradually with a single cell or several cells. Someone had likened the whole thing to a mutiny in army or on shipboard, beginning with one or two persons who, resenting a faulty quality or quantity of food, were able to make the discontent spread until large numbers were similarly infected.

The real problem of cancer, therefore, is to discover and rectify in each individual the wrong elements in life which led up to the faulty condition of the blood current. Experience shows that this remedy can be made effective without recourse to surgery. A family physician should know his patients so thoroly that he can foresee when they are drifting toward the cancer maelstrom, by their habits of life, over-

eating or eating wrongly, self indulgence, indolence, etc. For it has been clearly shown that cancer is more than *twice* as prevalent among the well-to-do self-indulgent, and indolent class in the richer districts of London as among the general average in the whole land. While cancer

has been shown *not* to be hereditary, there is no question that, if cancer has been prevalent in a family, the same customs or habits of life, which have been more or less handed down, can and will sometimes cause the disease to occur in descendants.

## CREATION OF A BLIZZARD-PROOF QUADRUPE

IN the extreme north of the prairie provinces and in the northwest territories of Canada, according to an Ottawa official report summarized in the *London Post*, there are vast ranges of fertile lands on which it is extremely improbable that domestic cattle can ever be reared with any chance of success. This is the result of the necessity of providing them with winter shelter. Where the prairie buffalo would face the wildest blizzard and live through it, domestic cattle will drift with the storm. If their progress be hindered by such an obstacle as a wire fence, they will huddle against it and freeze to death. Where cattle will starve on account of their inability to get food, the buffalo will root into the snow like a pig and thrive.

Not many years ago the ranchers in the United States tried the somewhat hazardous experiment of allowing their range cattle to run with the buffalo under wild conditions in the hope of producing a hybrid combining the usefulness of the domestic type with the hardiness of the indigenous stock. It was the late Mr. Mosson Boyd, of Bobcaygeon, Ontario, who first made any real progress in the direction of segregating the hybrids that resulted from these random efforts with the object of eventually breeding to a fixed type from them.

His first experiments took place about twenty-five years ago when he crossed a buffalo bull from the government herd at Banff, Alberta, with a variety of domestic cow. Mr. Boyd died six years ago and his herd—twenty hybrids and “cattaloes”—was purchased by the Canadian government and shipped to the experiment station in Saskatchewan, whence they were trans-

ferred the following spring to Buffalo Park in Alberta, the home to-day of the greatest herd of pure bred buffalo in the world, numbering over five thousand head.

In all the breeding work so far, the females have been domesticated cows crossed with a pure bred bison bull. The offspring of these are generally known as hybrids and the products of two hybrids were designated “cattalo” by the late Mr. Boyd, a term now generally accepted. The advantages characteristic of the new type as set forth by the director of the experimental station are four:

“In the first place the hide, in durability, thickness and warmth closely resembles that of the buffalo. Buffalo ‘robes,’ as they are called in Canada, are practically cold-proof. There is no covering so fitted to defy the keenest blizzard as that with which Nature has endowed the hardiest of the aboriginal denizens of the prairie. The coats of the new type, in length and thickness of hair, in curl and luster, in durability and in richness of color, promise to run the original stock close, if not to surpass it. It is calculated that, with furs at their present price, cattalo skins might be easily worth a hundred dollars apiece.

“Secondly, these animals seem to inherit all the ruggedness of the buffalo sire. They face the storm and do not drift like the domestic cattle; they are never cast on hillsides, as the latter often are, and, so far, they have never developed any form of infectious disease.

“Thirdly, they are splendid grazers and can thrive on poor pastures where the domestic cattle would starve. Only in very exceptional circumstances and in the severest weather, has it been found advisable to give them supplementary rations of hay from the stacks, and no winter shelter of any kind has been provided for them. The year 1919 was one of poor pasture, as the result of an exceptionally dry season, and their condition was excellent,

conspicuously better than that of the domestic cows on the same range.

"Fourthly, while it must be acknowledged that in dressing percentage, or in actual quantity, the meat cannot compare with the choicest domestic beef, still it is hoped that a large proportion of the pure-bred beef animals of poor type which are now to be found in the northern parts of the Prairie Provinces, may be considerably benefited by an infusion of stouter blood."

The main difficulty encountered hitherto has been in connection with the violent first cross. There was a natural antipathy on the part of the buffalo sire to the domestic dam unless they had been brought up in close association with one another. A high percentage of the calves of the first cross were born dead and not infrequently the death of the cow followed. It was at first supposed that this was due to the high shoulder possessed by the bison calf, but this does not appear to be the case. The first cross hybrid males are rarely fertile but the females are commonly so. It is hoped that the problem may finally be solved by the use of true cattalo bulls.

"The cross of hybrid and cattalo cows with

bison sires was discontinued, and the services of a pure bred Hereford bull were requisitioned with good results. Other sires were a very fine hybrid buffalo known as Huron, and yaks, who cross readily and safely with domestic cattle. The yak comes originally from the plateaux of Central Asia, and is zoologically the connecting link between the bison and cattle. He is about the same size as the Aberdeen-Angus, usually black in color, tho sometimes white or brown. The hair is very long, specially so on the tail, which resembles that of the horse. He is naturally a wonderful ranger, and is hardy enough to withstand extreme cold, and, furthermore, is as adept at rustling for his own food as is the buffalo. He has already been domesticated, and is apparently free from disease. The meat, except that it is finer grained, apparently approaches much more closely to beef than does that of the bison.

"The high percentage meat carried on the back of the bison reappears in all their descendants, and this is regarded as the most valuable part of a beef carcass, for the hump of a bison is not a lump of fat, as it used commonly to be supposed; a roast from a hybrid has been known to have an upper cut nine inches deep. Samples of the meat have been sent to a number of householders, about half of whom declared it to be superior in texture to ordinary beef, while two-thirds of them spoke very highly of its palatability."

## AN ALLEGED MOVEMENT OF THE SUN AROUND THE EARTH

TEN years have passed since first Johann Schlaf announced his belief that the sun moves around the earth. The theory that the earth revolves around the sun is, in the Schlaf cosmogony, erroneous. So profound has become the influence of the Schlaf idea upon the public mind in central Europe that astronomers outside of Germany, Austria and Hungary have undertaken to verify, by the observation of sun-spots, some neglected aspects of celestial physics which, to the inexpert, seem to render plausible the idea that the sun may possibly revolve around the earth instead of the earth revolving around the sun.

Altho Schlaf is rising into importance because of the ingenuity of his reasoning rather than because of its soundness, he disdains all university distinctions and will

not exploit his degrees or his education, which has been chiefly mathematical. His ideas have been set forth in the *Nord-deutsche Monatshefte* of Hamburg as well as in the book just issued in Germany.\* The controversy over his cosmogony has brought into the field scientists of eminence, among whom may be noted Professor Doctor Max Schneidewin-Hamel, who writes in the *Neue Preussische Zeitung* that Schlaf will prove a difficult man to refute, absurd as his contentions are, because of the present anomalous position of celestial mechanics. His growing following need not amaze us, because Schlaf is a profound thinker, well trained and skilled in dialectic. Nevertheless, declares Schneidewin-

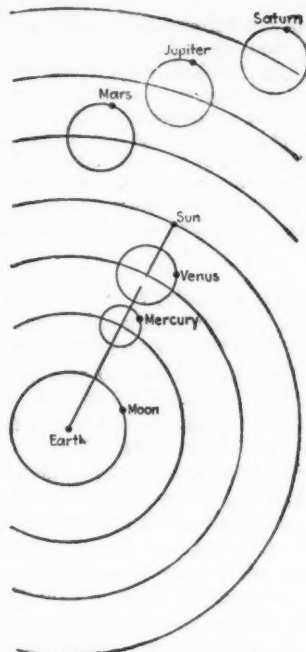
\* Die Erde, nicht die Sonne, das geozentrische Weltbild, von Johann Schlaf. München, Wien, Zürich: Dreiländerverlag.

Hameln, Schlaf is laboring under a misapprehension regarding sun-spots.

Stripping the argument of all its mathematical terms and ignoring astrophysical technicalities, it would seem that by far the great majority of sun-spots originate on that side of the sun which is turned from the earth. This fact has been disputed in the past but the observations of several astronomers at remote distances from one another, working during the past fifteen years, seem to establish the fact, at least provisionally. By the time the movement of the sun has rendered the spots visible to a terrestrial observer, those spots are, in a manner of speaking, full grown, developed. This is the detail upon which Schlaf relies in his contention that the sun moves around the earth and not the earth around the sun.

It may seem an easy matter to demolish this argument. Unfortunately very few men, even among scientists, have a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with the abstruse mathematics involved in the arguments of Schlaf. Furthermore, there exist in our knowledge of celestial movements gaps here and there which do seem to give color to even so extravagant an hypothesis as that of Schlaf. Finally there is the fact that the sun-spots figure only incidentally in the Schlaf cosmogony, which is nothing less than the most ambitious effort in modern times to take human thought back to the pre-Copernican idea of the universe. If we are to believe Schlaf, Copernicus got the human mind on the wrong track. We must retrace our steps and begin at the spot where Copernicus took the wrong road. The true cosmogony is geocentric and not heliocentric. This earth is the center of the universe. The sun is subordinate to it. As for those suns which somewhere far off in space—if there be such a thing as space, which Schlaf denied before Einstein was heard from—are the centers of systems, they are built upon a gross biological as well as astrophysical misconception.

This misconception ignores the true meaning of man. Just as the earth, according to Schlaf, is the center of the universe, man is the apex of things created. Any system of nature which makes man a mere unit in it, like other units, ignores the



MUST WE GO BACK TO IT?

It is the Ptolemaic system that Copernicus overthrew and which Professor Harold Jacoby, the gifted astronomer, affirms in his work on the subject to be definitely overthrown and to have been conceived in this style.

essential character of the scheme of creation. Man is at the summit of the pyramid. He is the significant fact. Wherever he is, the center of the universe must be.

Many are disposed to wonder why the assertion of Schlaf that the sun moves around the earth should so perturb astronomers of established reputation and be taken seriously by physical scientists. The reply, according to Professor Schneidwin-Hameln, is that Schlaf has pointed out a seeming inconsistency in astrophysical observations, and this seeming inconsistency must be reconciled even by those who do not believe in the actual inconsistency. Let us consider the multiplication table, for instance. Few of us realize that this is but a series of inferences from observation. All of us multiply or add or subtract every day of our lives and our common experience confirms the inference from observation that six multiplied by eleven becomes sixty six. Imagine an ob-



server in a remote field of investigation pointing out a fact somewhere on the planet which happened to be inconsistent with the multiplication table as a whole. That would be a most important development to mathematicians, whatever the effect upon the multitude. The mathematicians might not lose their faith in the multiplication table, but they would be obliged to reconcile the inconsistency by additional observation and inference. It is the same with the rotundity of the earth. This is a

mere inference from a series of observations. The discovery of any fact to-day which could not be reconciled with the inference from observation that the earth is round would have to be taken very seriously. As long as the inconsistency was not reconciled, there would be a flaw in the theory. In exactly that fashion Schlaf has pointed out a fact of observation which has yet to be reconciled with the movement of the earth around the sun by those who deny that the sun moves around the earth.

## JOHN BURROUGHS AND THE BALANCE OF NATURE

**I**NTEGRALITY in Nature, her oneness and the consequent necessity of studying her as a whole, comprized the unique contribution of the late John Burroughs to science, as was noted in *Discovery* not long before he passed away. In all that he wrote on the subject of his first-hand studies of shrub and tree and beast and bird, Burroughs emphasized his protest against the excessive classification which, ever since the days of Cuvier, had transformed Nature into something almost as regular as a table of logarithms. Burroughs, in his attitude to science, has been compared with the eminent French entomologist Fabre. Both were "outsiders" in their activity. Perhaps, as the English commentator says, that accounted for the marked originality of their ideas, of their inferences from the facts they had gathered with such immense care and patience during so many years. This capacity of the outsider to invade a field of science overgrown with sophisticated expert theory and arrive at pioneer results is not in the case of either Burroughs or Fabre to be wondered at. The calorie theory of heat was overthrown by an outsider in physics who was so ignorant of the terminology of the specialty he had taken up that he could not make himself understood when he stated his argument. Joule, who established the equivalence of mechanical work and heat in all sorts of transformations, was a brewer. Fabre was a peasant school-teacher and Burroughs was a bank examiner.

Burroughs found natural history a conglomeration of "specialties" presided over by eminent theorists who had received their fundamental notions from Cuvier or from Linnæus or Darwin. These amiable specialists dealt at second hand in the zoology and the botany of others. Nature was conceived as a series of "kingdoms," animal, vegetable and mineral. If a dispute arose, it was submitted in one of its aspects to a geologist, in another to an entomologist, and so on. Burroughs had dived deeply into this literature, attracted to it, in the first place, by his love of Nature. The moment he could abandon the bank and the government service, he plunged into the woods. He did not, as he has said himself, think out a balance of Nature and find facts to fit it. The conception of Nature's unity emerged slowly in his thought and was not a conviction until many years had been given to the study of birds. His enthusiasm for the birds led him to investigate their environment. His studies established a neglected fact. There is an equilibrium in plant and animal association which, if disturbed, may result in revolutionary modifications of behavior.

This idea has an immediate practical application. It has been used, for instance, in ridding a rural region of mosquitoes. Fishes and mosquitoes have dwelt together for generations. The result is a mutual adaptation of one to the other. The fishes learn by experience when to look for larvae. The young mosquitoes are able

to form associations with this feature of their environment in a manner to avert their own extinction. If this balance of Nature be upset by the introduction of a new variety of fish, there may be no element in the environment to protect the mosquito from extinction in the larval stage. Man is in much the dilemma of the mosquito. The balance of Nature is all that protects him from catastrophes which seem in the past to have rendered whole regions of the globe solitary, uninhabited.

It follows from this theory that observations of birds and trees made at a certain stage of the balance of Nature will not be valid when the equilibrium is disturbed. Theories founded upon the closest study of the habits of birds in one generation may be valueless as a generalization respecting those same birds in another generation. The same holds good in regard to insects

and to plants. This makes the generalizations of specialists who are not in close first hand contact with their facts a very misleading guide to Nature. Upon that point Burroughs insisted again and again. He entertained doubts respecting the fundamental propositions of Darwinism as developed in recent years by students of heredity. He always insisted that one fact of observation, under proper control and duly corroborated, sufficed to overturn the best theory or generalization coming into conflict with it. Burroughs seemed more and more influenced in his later writings by this contempt for the generalizing scientist who sits at home or works in a laboratory or who accepts facts from others and hangs a theory upon them. Such workers, he declared, did not know Nature. They merely thought about Nature and the Nature they thought about, he affirmed, did not exist.

## TO CONQUER THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD

THE purely physiological difficulties in the way of the determined effort soon to be made to climb Mount Everest in the Himalayas are dwelt upon in the *London Times* by Professor J. N. Collie, F. R. S. These difficulties will arise chiefly from the rarified conditions of the air and the deficiency of oxygen.

If a locomotive were supplied with only one third of the usual amount of air, in a given time only one-third of the coal would be burnt and only one third, at the utmost, of the usual energy would be produced. On the summit of Mount Everest, one is supplied with only one third of the usual amount of oxygen. This is sufficient to support life, but could the human engine do much work with such a limited supply of oxygen? Fortunately the human system acclimatizes itself to high altitudes, as in the case of those living on the Pamirs. The body makes efforts to adapt itself to the changed conditions. Otherwise, most people at 29,000 feet undoubtedly would be paralyzed or unconscious. The chief effort made by the body is to increase rapidly the number of blood corpuscles. These are

the carriers of oxygen from the air to the interior of the body. Double the number of these carriers in a drop of blood, and that drop will carry twice as much oxygen.

People who live at eighteen thousand feet on the Pamir have an average count of over eight million blood corpuscles per cubic millimeter, while people at sea level have usually less than five million per cubic millimeter. Tissandier, ascending in a balloon from sea level, fainted at 26,500 feet. The balloon reached 27,950 feet, but Tissandier, on regaining consciousness as the balloon descended, found both his companions dead. The Duke of the Abruzzi, being acclimatized, reached 24,600 feet and Meade's party actually carried up tents for a camp to 23,500 feet on Kamet and remained there for a night. They were all trained men, and a trained man, besides being acclimatized, needs much less oxygen during work than an untrained one. He is an engine working with the maximum economy. "There is no doubt," says Professor Collie, "that up to nearly 25,000 feet people can live and at the same time do a certain amount of work

The extra 4,000 feet necessary to climb Everest should not prove entirely prohibitive. Picked and trained men, preferably between thirty and thirty-five years of age, should be employed, and if they are in first-rate condition and the weather is good and the physical difficulties, such as cold, difficult ice slopes (needing step cutting), or deep snow, are not too great, then the highest mountain in the world will be conquered."

On the coolies will depend a great deal of the success of the attempt to climb Mount Everest, for it is they who must carry up the tents and provisions to the high camps. The highest camp must be at

least twenty-five thousand feet up, if that be possible. If the coolies are found capable of carrying a camp up to these altitudes, climbers without loads should be able to ascend the extra four thousand feet to the summit of the mountain. The members of the expedition will find life at that altitude very difficult to sustain. Their mental faculties will become blunted. It will be almost impossible to do any work. General lassitude will be most marked. Even at a trifle over fourteen thousand feet, on Pike's Peak, many travelers who come up by train suffer from faintness, sickness and blueness of the lips and chin and cheeks.

## WHY AN AGING ARISTOCRAT SHOULD MARRY A CHORUS GIRL

**D**O the germ cells undergo pathological change in consequence of old age?

In replying to this question, Doctor A. F. Tredgold, whose paper is issued by the Smithsonian Institution, observes that senescence is true old age as distinguished from old age in the ordinary sense of the word. Age, from the standpoint of heredity, can not be expressed in terms of years because a man at forty may be "old," that is senescent, and another at the age of eighty may be less advanced in senescence. Senescence results from the exhaustion of the inherent vitality of the cells of the body. They are unable to function because they have come to the end of their physiological banking account.

There are certain infusoria which, while ordinarily multiplying by fission, from time to time undergo a form of conjugation not unlike that which occurs between the sperm and germ cells in human beings. It has been shown that if this periodical conjugation be prevented, the offspring resulting from subsequent fissions gradually undergoes a form of degradation until the whole group eventually becomes extinct. Professor Marcus Hartog argues from this and similar researches made by other inquirers that conjugation or fertilization plays an important part in warding off senescence.

Now, is such introduction of fresh blood necessary to ward off senescence and prevent germinal impairment in the case of higher animals—human beings in particular?

In the case of certain domestic animals, close in-breeding is followed by a gradual deterioration of offspring, and eventually by sterility. The breeder is compelled to admit blood from another family or strain of the same race. In the case of human beings, however, in-and-in breeding to this extent is practically unknown; and it is therefore unlikely that senescence of the germ plasma from such a cause plays any practical part in the production of degeneracy. "At the same time," says Dr. Tredgold, "it is to be remarked that the effect of consanguineous marriages is to intensify any existing defect; and the same is true where mating is rigidly restricted to the members of any one small section of society. We are apt nowadays to bewail the not infrequent union of members of our old and formerly exclusive aristocracy with chorus girls and the like.

The process may be attended with a serious decline in 'form' and manners; but it is possible that it may possess physiological compensations which are beneficial to the race as a whole."

## KNUT HAMSDUN'S GREATEST NOVEL GLORIFIES THE LIFE OF THE SOIL

**W**HEN Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian novelist, sprang into world-wide fame a few months ago as the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature, he was hailed in America as an aristocrat and romanticist mainly interested in violent deviation from the average and ordinary. This characterization may apply to the earlier stages of his literary development, but certainly does not apply to his later work. His "Growth of the Soil," which has just been published in America by Alfred A. Knopf, and which H. G. Wells ranks "among the very greatest novels" he has

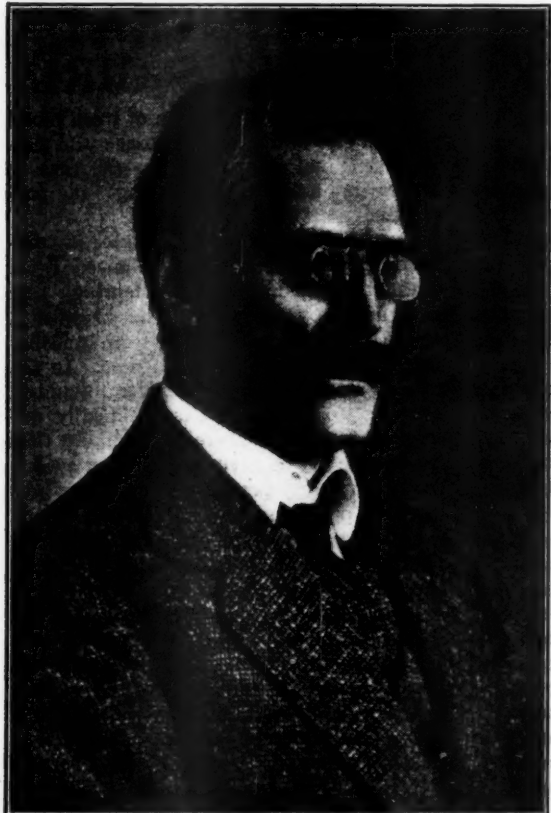
ever read, is nothing if it is not a chronicle of the average. It marks, in the view of its translator, W. W. Worster, a passage from chaos to calm. "The story," he says, "is epic in its magnitude, in its calm, steady progress and unhurrying rhythm, in its vast and intimate humanity."

The hero of "Growth of the Soil" is a farmer. Its message, if a work so predominantly artistic can be said to have any message, is "Back to the Land." Through six hundred pages we follow the varying fortunes of a man in the wilds; his struggle with nature; his creation of a home; his gradual achievement of security and stability.

The scene of the story is the Norwegian Highlands. The name of the man is Isak. He is described as "a barge of a man," big of bone and muscle, and we see him everlastingly carrying burdens. His comrade-in-work, and ultimately his wife, is Inger, a woman with a hare lip, who kills one of her children because it inherits her deformity and who, when imprisoned for her crime in a nearby city, is contaminated not by the prison but by the city.

"Tis not money the country wants," says one of the characters, apropos of speculators, to a son of Isak; "there's more than enough of it already. 'Tis men like your father there's not enough of. Ay, turning the means to an end in itself, and being proud of it! They're mad, diseased, they don't work, they know nothing of the plow, only the dice." There is the keynote of the story. The failure of speculation and the solid success of a man who has remained true to the soil are set in contrast.

In a recent issue of the Scandinavian journal *Litteraturen*, Ellen Key has written of this novel: "Now, when Europe



HE COMES FROM CHAOS INTO CALM

Knut Hamsun, whose earlier stories deal with the mal-adjusted and the unadjusted, celebrates, in "Growth of the Soil," a simple farmer who makes a home in the wilderness.

is in the act of preparing for the return of peace, there exists in no language a book so timely, so quietly eloquent and uplifting as 'Growth of the Soil.' This estimate is characterized by Ernest Boyd in the N. Y. *Evening Post* as singularly apt:

"Hamsun describes the building up of a civilization from the first primitive steps to the final consummation of material prosperity. Then it is no longer nature, but man, whose caprices threaten the community, and in some cases conquer. The elemental figures of the man and the woman—Isak and Inger—are powerfully and finely conceived, and the gradual development of this almost savage couple is unfolded in a manner which captivates the imagination more than any conventional romance. . . .

"The objective method, so bitterly resented by sentimental moralists, was never so poignant and effective as at the hands of Knut Hamsun in 'Growth of the Soil.' Those who remember the bitter realism of 'Hunger' and the passionate lyricism of 'Pan' and 'Victoria' will marvel at the epic plenitude of this work of Hamsun's maturity. The delirium of 'Hunger,' the passionate egotism of 'Pan' are gone. The pessimism of that sardonic work 'Den Siste Glæde' and the quiet realism of 'Børn av Tiden' were the preparation for this triumphant story of humanity, so calm, so powerful, so moving. To those who associate the literature of modern Scandinavia with Bojer and Karen Michaelis, Knut Hamsun will be a revelation.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PAMELA BIANCO

In this photograph, made since her arrival in America, we get a straightforward impression of the child artist whose accomplishment is praised in several languages.

He preaches no gospel of windy rhetorical optimism, he ignores the neuroses of the 'dangerous age.' You will not find his people in the appendices of the psychoanalysts, but you will find them in literature, to which 'Growth of the Soil' most definitely belongs."

## A GIRL ARTIST WHO IS FAMOUS IN TWO CONTINENTS

THAT Pamela Bianco, an Italian-English girl who has lately been showing her pictures at the Anderson Galleries in New York, should be able, at the age of fourteen, to arouse international interest in her work, to hold the attention of art connoisseurs, and to inspire enthusiastic appreciations in leading art-publications, is surely one of the marvels of our age. Coming, as she does, so soon after the triumphs of Daisy Ashford as a storyteller, of Hilda Conkling as a poet and of Opal Whiteley as a diarist, she suggests a renaissance of creative genius in girlhood. Her pictures have been exhibited in Turin and London, as well as in New York. They have been bought by art-galleries, by

artists, by social leaders and by literary men. One of her sponsors is Gabriele D'Annunzio, who speaks of her as "this wonderful child whose name is like the name of a new flower." Another is John Galsworthy, who hopes that she will not be spoiled by her success, and exhorts her to "go on discovering beauty in simple ways." René Chalupe, after visiting her exhibition in London, prepared a book of her designs with French and English texts, to which Walter De La Mare contributed worshipful verses. What new honors await Pamela remains to be seen. Her record until now reads like one of those fairy tales that she is so fond of illustrating.





SPRING AS PAMELA BIANCO CONCEIVES IT

The frontispiece of "Flora," a book in which the pictures of Pamela Bianco serve as the inspiration for poems by Walter De La Mare.

The father of Pamela, Captain Francisco Bianco, is an Italian connected with the firm of Zanedos, bookbinders, of London. He was living in England in 1914, and returned to his native country when the war broke out. His wife and children accompanied him. Madame Bianco, tho of English birth, was reared in Philadelphia. She published a novel when she was eighteen years old.

Pamela began to draw at the age of five, but she did not achieve any prominence until, in 1918, the Italian sculptor Bistolfi conceived the idea of holding in Turin an exhibition of art work of children. Most of the work submitted was commonplace. Pamela's pictures shone out above all the rest.

The following year an exhibition of Pamela's work was held in the Leicester Galleries in London. The child found her-

self famous. Old-established galleries, such as the National Gallery of Ireland, the Tate Gallery of London, and the South Kensington Museum, bought her pictures for their permanent collections, and Sir John Lavery and William Nicholson, both Royal Academicians, drew lots for the privilege of possessing one of her studies. James B. Manson, Secretary of the Tate Gallery, wrote at that time an article for the *International Studio* from which we quote:

"In these days the term 'art' has become debased. It is often loosely used and wrongly applied; so that we have difficulty in recognizing its true spirit when, like the dawn, it sheds its beautiful light to gild and gladden the world.

"But I fancy that some old Chinese poet, like Tu Fu, or Li Po, dream ing in the garden of King, or loitering by the lilled marge of twinkling streams, would have understood the beautifully serene art of Pamela Bianco, the new star in the artistic firmament whose radiance lightens the murky night of our present-day consciousness. He would have called her kinsman, for there is much in her beautiful and innocent work that is in close sympathy with the exquisite simplicity and significant directness of old Chinese art. No lotus on the silent water of the pool in the Temple Garden has more unconscious perfection.

"These beautiful things, sweet and untrammelled as childhood, seem effortless creations. One sleeps in the night and in the morning, lo! the rose has bloomed.

"Her art is like a gentle force of nature, an almost imperceptible stirring of a little wind, soft, delicate, and soothing, rather than a conscious deliberate act of a human being.

"Here, miraculously, is the pure spirit of art in expression, flowering in the soul of a little girl to whom the great mysterious heart of nature seems to tell only gracious stories."

Then the pictures were brought to America. They have been greeted here no less enthusiastically than they were greeted in Italy and England. They appear in six groups, based on the periods in Pamela's life during which the pictures were made.

These groups, with their varying subjects, offer a valuable key to the interpretation of child-psychology.

The total effect of the exhibition on a New York Times reporter is conveyed in this quotation:

"The pictures range from the smallest and simplest of line sketches to large portraits, if one can apply that rather severe name to the charming poet heads which the child draws, and graceful friezes of children in delightful poses, amid flowers and with flowers around their ankles as they play. There are interesting studies of hands and arms and legs, all done with quick clean lines—an eraser is something she has never known in her work. There are some remarkable things in still life studies in color. There is one with glass bottles such as are used for vinegar on the other side, tall bottles, one blue and one amber, while a smaller bottle is green and holds a tall wax candle.

"There is a small round white cooking bowl with a blue band on a crumpled fabric of red and white check. It is a homely family or kitchen picture. A girl with a shawl over her shoulders is strong and interesting.

"There are many tiny sketches of rabbits that are delightful. Another picture, composed with charm and delicacy, is a rabbit in a setting of delicate ferns. 'The Golden Cup' is another small sketch—a mother with a child standing in her lap, reaching for the cup. A dear, quaint little sketch is a running child, a meager, little body wearing only what may be called short knickerbockers of blue. There are



A FACE THAT IS LIKE A FLOWER

Pamela Bianco's art, says one critic, resembles "a gentle force of nature, an almost imperceptible stirring of a little wind."

rabbits, and she is running perhaps from them to others outside the pictures, with an apple held in both hands."

Elisabeth Luther Cary, in an estimate of Pamela's art in the same paper, characterizes her achievement as "nothing less than prodigious." She continues:

"Of course, it is modern and independent to emphasize the artistic quality of everything a child draws up to the age of a dozen years, and we have seen more than many such drawings during the last decade that were just the kind of thing we find on the margins of our old copy-books; but little Miss Bianco happens to be an artist. She has developed precisely as any strong talent develops, from the clever but weakish sophistication of her early years—in her case, of course, very early years—to a bold technique and an adequate command of her instrument. She simply has shortened the perspective and accomplished in six or seven years what most people take three times as long about, when they are able to accomplish it at all. She now is fourteen years old, and she draws and paints with authority. Her best models are the rabbits and guinea pigs which are her playmates, but her drawing of the human figure is excellent, true synthesis, not emptiness. Sometimes she is primitive after the Botticelli fashion, sprinkling her surfaces with little flowers and leaves and slim figures, but these drawings give the impression of her pleasure in little flowers and leaves, not of her pleasure in Botticelli. Her sense of color is



CHILDREN AT PLAY

Pamela Bianco loves to draw graceful friezes of children in delightful poses, amid flowers and with flowers around their ankles as they play.



PAMELA BIANCO'S PORTRAIT OF HER MOTHER

The mother of the gifted girl artist was formerly Miss Margery Williams, born in England and reared in Philadelphia. She was herself something of a prodigy, and at the age of eighteen published a novel.

Italian, rich and warm and frank. Her modeling is plastic and full. Her line is vigorous and supple. She is fourteen with a beautiful little mind and clear eyes that see truly, and she is an artist."

A less appreciative view is voiced by Henry McBride in the *New York Herald*:

"It is true she paints with decision and unblinking vision. Her colors are as bright as English flowers in the springtime, which is saying a great deal, and her composition is as sure as it seems to be invariably in the work of children. But already her modeling has become as hard as nails and the imaginative faculty and play of fancy have been suppressed in the desire to make vases and bowls, fruits and flowers appear more solid than they have ever appeared before. . . .

"It is impossible not to regret the extravagance of some of the things that have already appeared in print about this child."

It will need the test of time, as the *Springfield Republican* points out, for definite judgment on the work of the young painter. The same paper comments:

"How much of it pleases because it is 'remarkable for a child' it would probably be diffi-

cult to say. Painting is unlike music in that it has no such positive basis as the physical laws of harmony. Infant musicians of talent have been common, their art is abstract and their powers related to what some psychologists still call the subconscious. To some extent this is true also of decorative art, and the designs and color schemes produced by young children, as by primitive races of people, are often beautiful. At a time when the primitive appeal is popularized by various forms of 'new art' it might be possible to discover youthful prodigies where they wouldn't be seen in more conventional days.

"Young Miss Bianco's paintings, however, are said especially to please because of their imaginative quality. Perhaps quality of fancy would be

more descriptive. If so she might be classed with the child author, Opal Whiteley, whose quaint musings have an undoubted charm, if their literary quality is not so obvious. In her company would also be the very youthful poets whose mature work, after experience with life and the necessity imposed upon maturity of conscious intellectual effort, does not realize what had seemed to be early promise. But it is a pleasing company, and not of the sort—pleasing as that may be also—which at the age of seven conquers the masters at chess and lectures on the fourth dimension."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* sounds a warning against "an epidemic of prodigy art, an avalanche of adventurous activities:"

"Nothing succeeds like success, and the infant industry of prodigy-art is vindicated by the sale to society women of close to a hundred paintings at from \$50 to \$200 apiece, all the work of a girl now fourteen, at various stages of her immaturity. We are sure nothing of the sort would have been possible in Rome or in London, tho the child is half Italian and half English; and indeed Paris would have been more likely to smile than to buy. New York is willing to try anything once. . . .

"How many real artists, struggling till

middle age for recognition, have never sold a hundred canvases at a single exhibition for real money? Yet up to the present they have had no babe-and-suckling rivalry to fear. Is it possible to advise any young man to give himself to art in the face of such competition?

"For, make no mistake about it, other girls of fourteen or under, will enter the field where this one, a pioneer prospector, has struck pay dirt. We may reasonably fear an epidemic of prodigy art, an avalanche of adventurous activities. If society people want this sort of thing they will not be disappointed. So long as their bank accounts hold out there will be no lack of infant prodigies. Thousands of fond parents will throw their hoarded geniuses on the market in wild abandon. The end is not to be foreseen by any prophet; Froebel and Pestalozzi having retired from the modern field of clairvoyancy."

Pamela, it seems, is self-taught. "She has never," her father testifies, "had a teacher in drawing and painting." The only thing he has ever done regarding her talent is to see that she has not been hampered and to give her the best of working materials. Her natural tendency whets her interest, and the people she meets are cultured people, some of whom have exceptional understanding in art matters. But according to her father there is a real effort made by the family to keep the young artist from preconceived ideas on art. "We never talk art in the family," he says. "Of course, it has not been possible to keep Pamela from seeing anything in the way of art. It is really more difficult to avoid than to let her become intimate with it. But my wife and I believe in guiding, but not forcing, education. We do not want Pamela to lose any of her originality through the influence of others."

In most respects Pamela is a normal girl, with a streak of the practical in her. She is said to be almost indifferent to the honors heaped upon her, and she helps her mother in the domestic tasks. "There is none of the anemic in her appearance," Hannah Mitchell assures us in the *New York Tribune*; "physical vigor is the outstanding impression she makes upon the person meeting her for the first time—that and simplicity of manner. She wears her soft, straight hair smoothed close to her head and braided in a tight braid. Her eyes are so heavily shaded with thick, black lashes that

they appear to be dark. Her face is round and she has the pure complexion which is so characteristic of English girls." The same writer tells us that "to Pamela, as to most young persons as normal as she, life is very full of a number of things besides art."



THE SPIRIT OF BOTTICELLI BREATHES THROUGH PAMELA'S CREATIONS

But "these drawings," Elisabeth Luther Cary says, "give the impression of her pleasure in little flowers and leaves, not of her pleasure in Botticelli."

## BAUDELAIRE AS A POET IN SEARCH OF UNATTAINABLE BEAUTY

THERE are evidences of a widespread revival of interest in Charles Baudelaire. This French poet who inspired in Swinburne one of the finest elegies in the English language, who introduced into France the writings of Edgar Allan Poe in translations that surpassed the original texts, and whose poems, after fifty years, still enchant with their pure cadence and singular beauty, comes before us again in his newly published letters<sup>1</sup> and in a critical study<sup>2</sup> by Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons goes so far as to say that all French poetry since Baudelaire's time has come out of his "Flowers of Evil," while another of England's ablest critics, J. Middleton Murry, writes in the lately deceased *Athenæum*: "He is not merely a great French poet, but a great poet. We thrill to him (tho in different degree) in the same way as we do to Shakespeare or Milton or Dante; he is a minor master, but indeed a master of the word that troubles our depths."

Not the least interesting feature of Mr.



THE AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS OF EVIL"

In this portrait designed by himself Charles Baudelaire looks at us with piercing eyes from under a high forehead. He is firm, ardent, melancholy; a wanderer, a solitary and an alien.

Murry's tribute, as he goes on to develop it, and of another tribute paid by J. C. Squire, editor of the London *Mercury*, is found in what can only be described as a marked change of attitude toward Baudelaire. There has been in the past, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, a tendency to regard Baudelaire with a shudder. Nor was this inappropriate. For Baudelaire invented a "new shudder," as Victor Hugo said; he was successfully prosecuted for obscenity; and his name is often associated with all that is sinister and depraved. But these new critics are determined to probe below the surface and to show us a Baudelaire entirely different from that of the popular imagination. They see in him a God-intoxicated man who was thwarted. If he hated nature, it was, they say, because he felt that nature defeated his best instincts. "He is not the poet of ennui," Mr. Murry says, "but of detestation; and if he is satanic he is a Miltonic Satan." The same writer links one of Baudelaire's most characteristic creations, his "Dandy," with the *âme supérieure* of Stendhal, the Superman of Nietzsche and the imaginary heroes of Dostoevsky. The Baudelairean "Dandy," he tells us, is the man who deliberately pits himself against his own consciousness of the futility of life.

That Baudelaire was "one of the most fascinating personalities of his century, and, historically, one of the most influential," J. C. Squire, writing in the London *Observer*, has no doubt. He uses the word "influential," of course, in a restricted sense. The large public, he concedes, never heard of Baudelaire, and his "teaching" was never sufficiently coherent, or "practical," or "social," to inspire group activity. He knew what it meant to be under the influence of opium and hashish, but he never disseminated drug-taking as others have disseminated vegetarianism. No body of his disciples has ever instituted the systematic worship of Satan, and the devotees of despair remain unorganized. Yet he was

<sup>1</sup> CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: JOURNAUX INTIMES. Avec une Préface par Ad. van Bever. Paris: Cres.

<sup>2</sup> BAUDELAIRE: A STUDY. By Arthur Symons. Dutton.



important both as symptom and as agent. Mr. Squire continues:

"In him, there came to a climax that romantic pessimism which had wept in Werther and raved in Manfred, and brought gall to the lips of some of his French predecessors; and there was something in him which was in none of the others. He was the father of the later decadence, and much greater than any of his children. Classifications apart, his literary influence has indisputably been immense. His disciples have come to him one by one in the solitude of their own chambers, but those who bear his marks are found in all civilized countries, and have included many of the most conspicuous men of their age. Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Samain, Huysmans, in France; Swinburne, Wilde, Beardsley, in England: these are only a few, remembered casually, of the swarm whose thought and language have borne those unmistakable stigmata. It is possible to be affected by his thought, and then to cast off the sinister enchantment; it is possible to read him without being infected by his pessimism at all. But it is impossible to read him and forget him, to hear his accents without sometimes echoing them, to turn away with indifferent eyes from his powerful and mysterious personality. It is not the actual events of his life that exert this sway. His career was no pageant. He was an affectionate son, he had a long and wretched attachment to a stupid woman of color, he translated Poe, wrote for the newspapers, despised women, hated Belgians and material progress, was a slave to hashish, and died terribly: there is little more to be said. His power resided within himself, and in the poems which came nearest to being an expression of himself. As man and artist he was wholly unlike anybody else."

The quintessence of the romantic impulse is the desire to "escape" from reality; "Over the hills and far away" is the phrase which best expresses it. That desire was present in Baudelaire, Mr. Squire points out, in its most intense form, but peculiarly. He did not, as did some of the English Pre-Raphaelites, turn his back on the contemporary world. Instead, "he looked hard and long at it; he saw it vile and filthy, and described the foulness he saw with dreadful realism." He was not of the type who could lose himself in day-dreams, or find happiness in countries of content beyond the horizon and ages golden through the haze of time. "He hankered rather



BAUDELAIRE'S "DARK VENUS"

Something of a legend has grown up around the colored girl whom we see here portrayed by Baudelaire. He found her not in the East, but in Paris, and she proved a veritable flower of evil for him.

than escaped. He was perpetually longing for something 'remote from the sphere of our sorrow,' but he could never surrender himself to a vision of it; for his eyes were open and he saw a horrible world and a black universe, terribly anarchic or terribly governed." When he was a young man he made a voyage to India, and visited the islands of Mauritius, Madagascar and Ceylon. Memories of this trip haunted him all his life. Hot blue skies, basking islands, bronze skins, ships lying under palm trees, odors of spice and brine became for him poetic symbols of the unattainable, and recur continually in his writings. They were symbols because he saw them so, in retrospect. He could not deceive himself into thinking that they were anything more than that. In one of his memorable prose-poems, he traverses the whole world in imagination, and it all turns to dust and ashes. "Life," he says, "is a hospital, in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed. . . . It seems to me that I should always be happy if I were



"FLOWERS OF EVIL"

In this cover design for the Brussels edition of Baudelaire's suppressed poems, Felicien Rops visualizes the creations of the poet in creeping, flying and sinister shapes.

somewhere else." But he offers to his soul Lisbon, Holland, Java, Torneo, the Baltic, the Pole, and his soul remains unresponsive. In the end: "At last my soul bursts into speech, and wisely she cries to me, 'Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!'"

His spirit had, he knew, the power of poisoning all that it contemplated. Mr. Squire tells us:

"He was, he said in one of his poems, the peer of Midas, he could turn gold into dross and build sarcophagi in the gleaming fields of heaven. He was endowed at birth with a passion for 'the place where you shall never be; the lover whom you shall never know'; his life was spent in the pursuit of a Beauty defined by himself as inaccessible. Yet, there the passion was. He might, in life, vainly attempt to distract himself with every vice. He might talk blasphemy about God and cynicism about human love. He might expend all the resources of his unique art on the description of the repellent objects which fascinated him. He might peer into every forbidden

room, and defile every altar. He might walk, in the flesh or in imagination, through the most sterile of deserts and the most fetid of marshes; through all the disordered nightmares of the drug, and all the squalid byways of the human city, taverns, and brothels, and rain-soaked cemeteries; he might profess indifference to pain, and admiration for evil; but he could never kill his unsatisfied heart, and, above the confusion, he could always perceive the glimmer of virtue and love and peace beyond his reach."

Neither physical debauchery nor philosophical diabolism could long distract him from the unattainable ideal, and it is this quality in him which Mr. Squire calls one of the chief sources of his undiminished power of commanding men's attention and even affection. Another of the reasons for his influence may be found in his marvelous patience and skill as a poetic craftsman. Mr. Squire writes, finally:

"His one resource—it can be explained no more and no less in him than in any other—was his art. And his genius as an artist was so extraordinary that his influence would still have been great had his character and 'subject-matter' lacked their peculiar qualities. He wrote impeccable prose; but his verse, for compactness, for accuracy, for music, cannot be surpassed. He may not be ranked with the world's greatest poets: humanity will scarcely concede that to a man whose principal work was labelled (not without reason) 'Flowers of Evil,' and who was successfully prosecuted for obscenity: apart from which, volume of work, and universality of appeal are bound to count in such matters. But there certainly never was a poet who said with more perfection what he had to say, who had fewer weak lines or otiose words, who was more consistently near his own highest level of achievement. His sense of form was like that of the great masters in marble and bronze, and he worked like a slave in his narrow field, watering it with his sweat 'pour extorquer quelques epis [to wrest from the soil some ears of corn].' Here, at any rate, his influence cannot but have been salutary. If the Symbolists trace to him the origins of their 'correspondences' and their mystical minglings of the senses, the Parnassians were certainly as much in his debt for the example he set of artistic self-discipline. To read him is to contract a disgust with looseness and diffuseness. It is perhaps significant that the memorial ode which the young Swinburne wrote on him was the most clear, vivid, and truly classic of all Swinburne's poems."

## THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS AS A LITERARY INSPIRATION

THE present wave of popular interest in the South Sea Islands and the fascination which those islands have held, during upward of three centuries, for travelers, missionaries, artists and writers, are discussed in a timely article in *Asia* (New York) by Robert Morss Lovett, Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, and former editor of *The Dial*. Professor Lovett reviews the entire history of the islands, but is specially concerned with what he calls the "South Sea style" and the "South Sea school" of literature. "It was perhaps," he says, "by a happy accident that Defoe fell upon the surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, but it was by conscious experiment that Stevenson, to whom romance was both an esthetic formula and a religious creed, chose the South Seas as the scene and substance of his maturest work, and by the same method Pierre Loti, Paul Gauguin and Jack London have followed him."

The first traveler in the South Seas, it seems, who had the preoccupation of neither the professional discoverer nor the missionary and who wrote in the pure spirit of the amateur was Herman Melville. Melville was an American sailor who deserted his ship at Nukahiva in the Marquesas in 1842, crossed the mountains to the other side of the island, and was for a time held in mild captivity in the valley of Typee. His two stories "Typee" (1846) and "Omoo" (1847) are the

original masterpieces of South Sea literature.

Thirty years later, another American with the true spirit of the amateur vagabond, Charles Warren Stoddard, in his "South Sea Idyls" (1873), contributed a third masterpiece. "Melville," Professor Lovett tells us, "is the objective traveler. The interest of his tales consists chiefly in his own adventures and those of his companions, the sailor Toby and the ship's doctor, Long Ghost; but his pictures of the external background of sea and mountains and native life have never been surpassed. Stoddard subordinates himself to



A TAHITIAN FAMILY PORTRAYED BY GEORGE BIDDLE

This painting is one of a number recently made in Tahiti and exhibited at the Kingore Galleries in New York.

his characters, who as individuals manifest the qualities of their race, pathetic in their gentle affection, humorous in their childish naiveté, heroic in their loyalty and devotion."

After Melville and Stoddard comes Stevenson, whose cruise among the Cook and Gilbert Islands and the Paumotu, commemorated in his volume, "The South Seas," resulted in his final residence in Samoa and in "The Ebb Tide," "The Wrecker" and the "Island Nights Entertainments" with its masterpiece, "The Breach of Falesà."

The two outstanding writers on the South Sea Islands at the present time are Beatrice Grimshaw, author of "In the Strange South Seas" (1908) and "Fiji and its Possibilities" (1911), and Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the

South Seas" (1919). O'Brien appeals to Professor Lovett as "Melville redivivus." Vaithua and Hanavave in his narrative recall the memories of Melville's Typee and Tamai, and the curiosities he has collected are the raw material of Stoddard's and Stevenson's fiction.

In all this body of literature Professor Lovett finds definite local character marked by the persistence of tropic color and the recurrence of themes. "From Melville on," he says, "we can distinguish a genuine South Sea school." The characteristic phenomena are unmistakable. "No one picking up a tale of Joseph Conrad's, unfamiliar as the geography might be, could attribute it to the South Seas. His field is the Malayan archipelago, which is as different from the South Seas as South from North America. On the other hand, Steven-



"NO PART OF THE WORLD EXERTS THE SAME ATTRACTIVE POWER UPON THE VISITOR" So Robert Louis Stevenson has written of the South Sea Islands. We see here some of their inhabitants through the eyes of the gifted young American artist, George Biddle.



ROMANTIC YOUTH IN TAHITI

One of the most picturesque customs of Tahitian youth is illustrated in this picture by George Biddle. When a young man in a tropical isle is in search of a sweetheart he wears a "tiare" flower in his right ear. When his quest is successful, he changes the flower to his left ear.

son, with a literary career behind him, became completely subdued to the spirit of the South Seas, and so powerful is the influence of its material over form that even his genius gives him no distinctive priority over the chief of his competitors—Melville and Stoddard, Miss Grimshaw and Frederick O'Brien."

The first of the themes peculiar to the South Seas is that of the beauty of sea and sky and mountains, of sunshine and darkness and dawn. "The islands themselves, whether of the high or the low archipelagoes, whether rising in green valleys, smitten by silver waterfalls, to gray, rocky peaks and smoking craters, or lying in glittering circles of white beach and green palm, defending lagoons of magic depth and calm from the ceaseless assault of breakers beyond the slightly erected

barrier—the islands, like the desert, the glacier, the jungle, have something of the incredible about them, are among the geographical miracles."

The second group of recurring themes named by Professor Lovett are those of human life, above all the physical perfection of the native race, the loyalty and affection of the men, the submissiveness of the women. Early voyagers, strangely insensitive to the charm of nature, felt to the full the appeal of women. "From Oberea, Queen of Tahiti, who, like Dido, lamented on the strand the departure of Captain Cook, to the Fayaway of Melville, the Rarahu of Loti, the Uma of Stevenson, the Telura of Gauguin, the Often Vanquished of O'Brien, there is an unbroken legend of fair women with whom white strangers walked as the angels of Genesis with the



daughters of men, and whose yielding charm they have commemorated in so many masterpieces."

The part played by the dance in the lives of the natives; their amphibious activities; the perilous search for the pearl, have all supplied themes to writers on the South Seas. Cannibalism and pestilence have lurked behind. One theme of profound import is implicit in this literature—the theme of death, not by cannibalism, nor leprosy nor the elements, but by sheer

failure of the will to live, resulting in the annihilation of the race. Professor Lovett sees the life of the Polynesians of today against a tragic background. "For them the joy of life is to be taken hastily and furtively in the shadow of death. Like ephemerides which disport themselves in the light, they have the instinct for annihilation, and their fate, so imminent, so present, gives to their existence a grace, a loveliness that belong to the frail and evanescent."

## NATURALISM IN NEW AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE arrival in America of a "new literature," without banners or battle cries, without groups or schools, is hailed by Ludwig Lewisohn in an article in the *New York Nation*. The physiognomies of its individual talents, he says, are sharply defined. There is the suave beauty of Hergesheimer and the gnarled roughness of Dreiser; "Main Street" is liberal and full-blooded, "Miss Lulu Bett" spare and precise. Masters practices a laconic speech, Lindsay chants, Aiken and Leonard still sing, and Frost murmurs his frugal music. But all these men, according to Mr. Lewisohn, build their works on an identical foundation and on a common soil. Isolated dramas, such as Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," and isolated novels, such as Mary Borden's "The Romantic Woman," are classified in the same group. Our new literature, verse and prose, is, in a word, naturalistic.

The prevalence of naturalism in our literature is, in Mr. Lewisohn's view, a symptom of both intellectual health and creative vigor. He declares:

"It has been said, often by people who should know better, that naturalism is a mere preference for ugly and morbid things. It has been said that naturalism is to idealistic art what photography is to painting. These fallacies are old, but they are persistent and they are popular.

"Naturalism is a method based upon an impulse which is, in the last analysis, philosophical. It starts with no initial preference for one sort of

subject-matter over another. It attacks every subject with the same absence of antecedent qualifications. It does not go in search of the ugly and the morbid on the one hand, nor of the superficially comely or healthy on the other. Its voyage is always a voyage of discovery; it is always setting out for unseen shores and coming upon uncharted waters. It may, to use our American examples, deal with wealthy and fashionable people, as in 'The Romantic Woman,' with sturdy farmers or sea-faring men as in the plays of O'Neill, with outcasts and proletarians and plutocrats and artists, as in the books of Dreiser. What it seeks everywhere is the concretely characteristic, the natural history of man and of society, the material—if anyone must have it so—for new categories and fixed values and useful formulations. But it avoids the drawing of conclusions; and what, for instance, irritates traditionalist critics in Dreiser is not Dreiser's creative facts but that romantic impulse in him which exercises itself in crude and premature speculation. . . .

"Naturalism is born wherever the intelligence that is both critical and creative sets out to understand and conquer the unfathomable world. That intelligence exercises its critical faculty when it establishes a contact with reality which is quite pure and quite immediate. It exercises its creative faculty when, by subduing the world to its artistic uses, it heightens and enriches its own consciousness and, through its records, the consciousness of mankind. 'Isn't that just like life? Haven't you known just that?' is but a brief and simple expression of the true character of the world process from which there arises not only esthetic pleasure, but ultimately tolerance and liberty and peace."

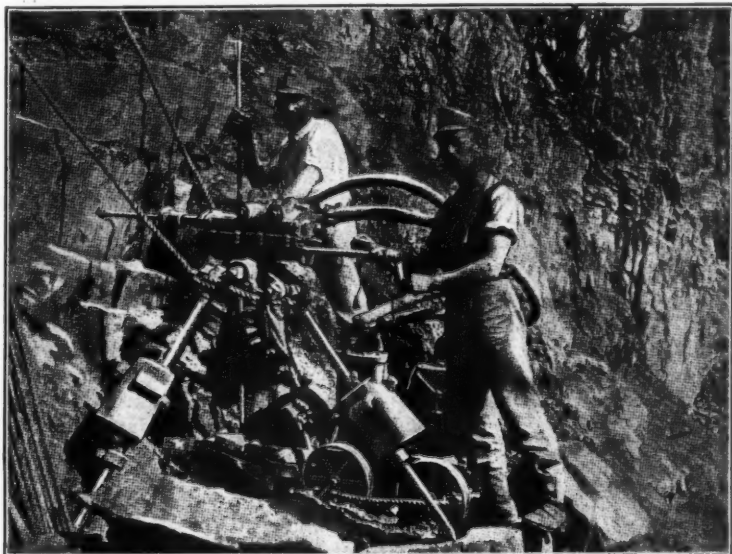
# COMPRESSED AIR MORE IMPORTANT THAN ARTILLERY

AT the height of a memorable campaign on the Austria-Italian front, a general of the Austrian High Command, conducting operations on the lofty fighting line in the Alps, telegraphed urgently to Vienna: "Send more pneumatic rock drills and compressors. More important than artillery." The records of the Great War contain nothing of equal interest to the compressed air machinery industry. Shelter for the opposing troops numbering a total of two million, communication with the rear, supplies, ammunition—everything that permitted the maintenance of positions on the Alpine heights, depended upon the abilities of the engineer corps to burrow into the sides of the mountain dolomite. And, writes Francis Judson Tietzort, in *Compressed Air Magazine*, it was there that took place the greatest rock-drilling contest in history. Roads, tunnels, billets and gun emplacements were drilled and blasted out by both Italians and Austrians with the energy of desperation. Hammer drills driven by portable air com-

pressors, hauled with great effort up the heights, clacked and puttered night and day ceaselessly for months and years. Steels were sharpened, drills and compressors were repaired and overhauled in temporary shops established in previously inaccessible spots, where only the wild goat had penetrated. To provide shelter for the troops of both armies from shellfire and meet other obvious military requirement, the use of pneumatic drills and compressors became of prime importance. A captain of engineers told the *Compressed Air Magazine* writer that this long phase of the war was really a "battle of the rock drill."

This is the first comprehensive account to be written of the engineering feats performed by the Italian and Austrian engineers. Millions of tons of rock were blown up over a line two hundred kilometers long. Roads and tunnels were constructed that will remain intact for centuries to come. As one engineer expressed it, the drilling of the Simplon

tunnel was child's play compared with these great armies drilling their way toward each other by means of compressed air. The rock-drilling campaign lasted from the middle of 1915 until the Armistice was signed. At the climax of the Isonzo Campaign, late in 1915, the telegram we quote was received at Vienna.



BLASTING AND DRILLING A TRENCH ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON THE AUSTRIA-ITALIAN FRONTIER

Austria alone made use of 1,600 compressors. These compressors furnished the air for a total of some three thousand hammer drills, but not more than one-half of these drills was in operation at any one time. This equipment meant an expenditure by Austria of about \$5,000,000. The

Italian Army having the United States to draw upon, was able to assemble approximately five times as much compressed air drilling equipment. During the fierce fighting in 1917, when the Austrians were reinforced by the Germans with large units from the western war front, the Italians were driven southward, it will be remembered, to the Piave River. The Austrians then captured some 400 Ingersoll-Rand compressors, of ER and NE and Imperial 12 types, all portable and driven by American gasoline engines. They also captured about two hundred machines built by an Italian factory at Milan of one type, and still another three hundred and fifty compressors built by a second Milan factory; also about a dozen Sullivan compressors from America. With this compressor equipment was captured 1,500 hammer drills of Ingersoll-Rand manufacture. Of the latter company's make, the Italians managed to save about four hundred to five hundred compressors which continued in the Italian service until the end of the war, in addition to hundreds of hammer drills. Each of the Austrian armies in the field in the Italian campaigns had its own technical corps, and in each technical corps was a special rock-drilling division. For instance,



A VIEW OF THE COMPLETED TRENCH PICTURED ON THE PRECEDING PAGE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION

the Fifth Army, on the Isonzo, using about 500 hammer drills, with as many more in reserve, had about 2,500 men engaged on rock drilling alone, including two drill operators to each hammer drill, besides mechanics, electricians, blacksmiths and their helpers. These men were in charge of about 100 engineer officers. The drills, once arrived in the mountains, were set at the work of boring into the rocky slopes, in order that roads, levels, housing accommodations, gun emplacements, supply houses, and last, but most important, trenches could be provided, and mining operations conducted under the enemy lines. Long tunnels, about six feet in diameter, were driven forward under enemy positions, from which mines were exploded in some of the battles. The Italians were, of course, prosecuting exactly the same kind of operations with their superior equipment. It is noteworthy that the Austrians used liquid air to a considerable extent as an explosive."

Frequently when one of the belligerents was tunneling toward the position of the enemy he would be able to hear hammer strokes of the other boring toward him. The Austrians and Italians both employed subterranean telephonic listening devices

of the geophone variety. A hole would be drilled some five to eight meters ahead of the tunnel heading, and through this hole would be thrust a long pole at the end of which was fastened the listening device connected by wires along the pole. As long as the enemy continued to drill, the miners are said to have felt safe and continued

their own work; but when the enemy stopped his drilling there was the imminent likelihood of an explosion. Sometimes tons of dynamite would be exploded at a time and almost mountains of rock were sent skyward. Visitors to-day can see remains that will be visible for centuries of the rock-drilling warfare in the Alps.

## PHOTOGRAPHY PLAYS A BIG PART IN INDUSTRY

THE camera saves American industry millions of dollars annually. A wink of its eye taken in one-millionth of a second from a single crack of electricity told engineers how to build turbine wheels that would stand terrific strain. The ordinary photograph preserves records, helps keep stock, is a bulwark of invention and research, aids materially in clinching sales, figures in establishing patent rights, teaches lessons of safety as they cannot be taught in any other way, puts punch and pull in advertising and helps make good citizens out of aliens in scores of plants that conduct Americanization classes for their workers.

In the headquarters plant of one industry, writes E. W. Davidson, in *The Nation's Business*, are turned out an average of ten thousand blue prints and two thousand finished pictures every week. In this mass of pictures is shown every new machine the company makes, including single parts. They are used not only for sales and record purposes but also to make replacements easy and accurate.

Frequently the experimenter in an electrical laboratory needs to see something no human eye can accurately record, so he resorts to the camera. By the photographic method he learns exactly what an electric arc looks like at various stages and in various atmospheres. In an

accompanying picture, said to be the fastest ever taken by a camera, are shown the steel discs in a turbine making three thousand revolutions a minute. The camera was exposed one-millionth of a second and the picture is of value in studying the strains on turbine wheels. Recently a strong point was made by the camera in the successful defense of a patent worth several hundred thousand dollars, when it was shown that a



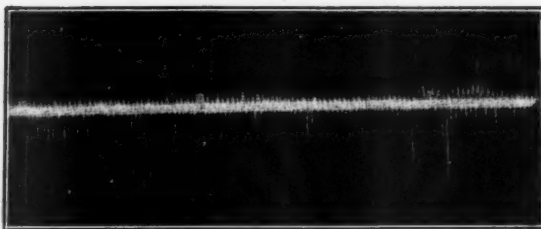
THE FASTEST PICTURE EVER TAKEN

The exposure was one-millionth of a second, the turbine revolving at the time at terrific speed.

certain typewriter had a broken staff K and the K on another was slightly smaller than average. Neither defect was noticeable to the naked eye, but the microscopic lens detected both and enlarged photographs substantiated an expert's testimony.

Pictures made by what is known as the oscillograph aid in studies of how to eliminate noise from automobile gears as, we are told, no other device or instrument can. A telephone mouthpiece is held close to the gear. The sounds set up a vibration in the diaphragm of the transmitter just as the voice does. These vibrations send tremors through a speck of a mirror in the oscillograph. A needle of reflected light from this delicately mounted mirror registers a jiggly white line on the black background of a swiftly passing strip of film and the photograph of the noise is made. A series of these pictures made of a gear on which various silencing schemes have been tried takes the guess work out of such experiments.

Perhaps a picture of the capitol at



PICTURE OF A NOISE MADE BY AN AUTOMOBILE GEAR

The oscillograph registered it through a lens onto a film with absolute accuracy.

Washington, or of a machine with its various parts labeled, or of a chart showing the course of a bill through a state legislature, doesn't look like a strong agency for better Americanism

among aliens in our industries, but, if we are to believe A. L. Hahn, an experienced Americanization director, there are few better ones. He has been intently watching the effects of pictures on the hundreds of aliens in his classes—classes taught by shop associates of the students.

Illustrating the value of the camera in salesmanship, the writer in *The Nation's Business* tells of an engineer-salesman who, with a million-dollar Japanese contract apparently slipping from his hands to a competitor, pulled out a new and complete set of photographs of the goods he was pushing and spread them on the table. "Those Japanese engineers had been politely attentive but apathetic to a marked degree before that," he recounted. "The pictures brought them to their feet with a new sparkle in their eyes and in half an hour they had decided my way."

## VAST SUMS RECOVERED FROM JUNK HEAPS

**F**INDING gold at the end of a rainbow is a thoroly practical way to get wealthy, provided the rainbow happens to end in a junk-heap. Manufacturers of metal products are finding gold valued at millions of dollars in such heaps. The *Mining Congress Journal* of Washington points out that more than \$200,000,000 was recovered from junk heaps and metal scraps in 1919. It quotes the U. S. Geological Survey to the effect that secondary metals were recovered from scrap, sweepings, skimmings and drosses to the value of \$181,841,500. The figure for 1918

was \$264,298,900. Gold, silver, platinum, iron, steel and ferro-alloys are not included.

Gold and silver valued at \$27,592,060 was remelted during the last year of record. Reports from mints and refineries indicated the recovery during the year of 6,463,002 fine ounces of silver and \$19,354,398 in gold. Estimates of the quantity of ferrous scrap remelted during 1919 range from 7,500,000 tons to 8,500,000 tons. Platinum, iridium and palladium worth \$8,053,265—or more than the value of platinum and allied metals imported for domestic



consumption during the year—were also recovered.

About 287,190 short tons of secondary copper were recovered. Exports of scrap brass and copper fit only for remanufacture amounted to 661 tons of the former and 225 tons of the latter, while imports of scrap copper totalled 2,109 tons and those of scrap brass aggregated 7,933 tons.

Secondary lead recovered aggregated 122,100 short tons, or 25,000 tons more than in 1918. Secondary zinc recoveries

aggregated 108,404 tons, or 23.3 per cent of the year's output of primary zinc; antimony, all of which except forty-eight tons was recovered from alloys, 4,399 tons, as compared with 5,226 short tons in 1918; tin, 24,033 tons, valued at \$29,868,200, as compared with 23,837 tons valued at \$41,381,000 in 1918; aluminum, 18,691 short tons valued at \$12,014,600, as compared with 15,050 tons in 1918 valued at \$10,113,600; nickel, 2,447 tons as compared with 1,393 tons in 1918.

## GLASS TO SUPPLANT WOODEN AND METAL CASKETS

**G**LASS caskets, or coffins, are something of a novelty at present, but a writer, John W. Logan, predicts, in the *Tech Engineering News*, that by the time most of us need such furnishings their use will be universal, if not compulsory. And why not? They are said to be no more expensive than wooden caskets and have other distinct advantages. Even lead caskets are not permanent in the moist earth, whereas "nothing short of an earthquake can affect a permanent glass container after burial." To a great many people the mere idea of preserving the body indefinitely has a powerful appeal, but there are features involved in interment of far greater importance. Consider the number of people who die of disease and are hurriedly buried in ordinary wooden caskets only to pollute the soil and tributary streams. The glass casket, we read, provides a hermetically sealed permanent container. It is made of clear glass and weighs about the same as an ordinary metal casket, while the cost is comparable to that of a moderately good wooden casket. But tho the casket be of clear glass, the tenant body is not ordinarily exposed to view after the casket is sealed. This is obviated by the lining. It is fitted with certain metal the corrosion of which does not affect the permanent seal, the hinges on the lid and the carrier arrangement being nickel-plated. The carrier is a kind of skeleton folding basket.

The main problem of manufacture is to be able to press and anneal a piece of glass

of the size required. The making of the glass itself presents no unusual difficulties, but we are told that pressing a casket without air bubbles and then annealing it so that it will not crack is a manufacturing problem.

A glass casket plant consists of two large gas producers, a glass furnace, mechanical "batch" mixer, pneumatic press with interchangeable forms so that both top and bottom are pressed on the same machine, annealing oven, and finishing and shipping room. Everything, from coal and "batch" to the casket being annealed, is handled by conveyors. The conveyor in the annealing furnace is geared down so as to take eight hours from one end to the other. All machinery is driven by purchased electric power, the boiler plant being used for heating and providing compressed air for the pneumatic press only. The big stack takes care of the gases from the furnace.

Caproni, the Italian aerial inventor, proposes now to construct a giant plane to carry three hundred persons across the Atlantic in about thirty-six hours.

There is one divorce for every seven marriages in Japan, one for every ten marriages in the United States, and one for every ten thousand in England.

The University of Wisconsin has just installed a machine in its geological department which can exert a pressure of 400,000 pounds on underground rocks.

France's population was reduced 4,000,000 by the war.

## THE NEXT STEPS IN COMMERCIAL AVIATION

THERE is no possibility that this country will maintain competition with the military aviation on which European Governments are now spending vast sums, but the air exploits of the past year show how nearly we have come to establishing the necessary foundation for complete commercial exploitation of aviation. Foremost is the work done by the Postoffice Department in establishing and extending its daily mail service. The regularity with which the mails have been carried over long distances, despite weather troubles and other handicaps, and the very few delays due to mechanical difficulties, prove conclusively that flying has become for all practical purposes both safe and trustworthy. The non-stop flight made by a navy type plane from Miami to New York and the flight of four army planes from Mineola (on Long Island) to Alaska are cases in point. In commercial work the successful service maintained between Miami and various West Indian islands has been notable. Also, writes Colonel J. G. Vincent, one of the creators of the Liberty motor, in the *New York Times Magazine*, the work done by the Laurentide Company of Canada, which has used two naval planes for timber cruising and exploration in its vast holdings south of Hudson Bay and which has found its machines so trustworthy that it has sent them hundreds of miles from civilization or any possible assistance, demonstrates strict commercial reliability. These feats were performed with engines of the twin-six Liberty type, built during the war for military purposes.

Colonel Vincent, forecasting the immediate future of commercial aviation, announces the development of machines capable of carrying large numbers of passengers and operating on railroad schedule between the larger cities. Also of smaller and faster planes, for mail service, for quick transportation and for private use somewhat as the automobile is now used. We read that the development of large airplanes is limited at present by our incomplete knowledge of plane structure. With any structure which has yet been devised, a

point comes where the increase in the weight of the plane must be out of all proportion to the increased carrying capacity, and until this handicap is overcome, airplanes cannot exceed a very limited size.

At present it appears that they cannot be constructed economically to carry more than forty to fifty passengers, but we may expect to see planes of this capacity operating within a very short time. Further experiments with plane structure, with new materials for wing covering and particularly with all-metal planes, may easily lead to a considerable increase in the limits of weight-carrying practicability.

The development of the smaller planes, which will follow somewhat the lines of use of the automobile, is a comparatively simple matter. We are already assured of the possibility of speeds around two hundred miles an hour, and of whatever carrying capacity may seem desirable in the light planes. Colonel Vincent is of the opinion that the airplanes for private use are likely to approach the capacity of the modern touring car and handle something like six passengers, in addition to the pilot. These ought very shortly to be making regular non-stop trips of a thousand miles.

The limitations which have been imposed upon the development of commercial aviation by the lack of landing fields are being dissipated more rapidly than is generally realized. No complete census of such fields has been made for the United States, but a recent investigation of the State of Michigan alone showed 117 such fields.

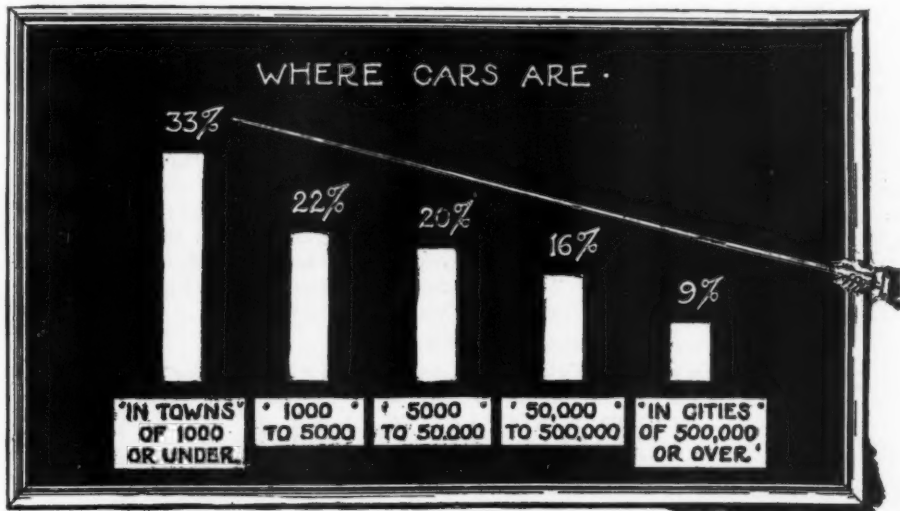
In the matter of costs, airplanes will in due time, says this writer, become a form of transportation almost, if not quite, as economical as the automobile. There are airplanes today which carry six passengers at the rate of one hundred miles an hour and make ten miles to the gallon of gasoline—a cost which is less than that of many automobiles of equal capacity. In fact, there is no automobile that at the same speed will show such fuel economy.

We are assured that the airplane will never supplant the automobile because "no

form of transportation ever invented has become entirely obsolete, while each new method increases the facility and economy of transporting people and merchandize." Summing up the immediate future of airplane construction, we are said to have reached a point where airplane engines can be constructed to give all that can reasonably be demanded in safety and reliability. With the disappearance of engines left over from war time, a distinct spurt in improved engine construction is foretold. There can be no doubt, concludes Colonel Vincent, that "a comparatively short period will see

some such sudden utilization of airplanes as took place with automobiles as soon as those vehicles had ceased to be toys and had become trustworthy servants of mankind."

Meanwhile Great Britain is spending approximately \$73,644,000 on aviation this year, of which \$3,525,000 is devoted to the encouragement of civil aviation and \$6,824,000 to research, and France is spending \$17,000,000 on purely commercial flying. The only parallel in the American budget to these outlays is the \$1,250,000 which has been voted for the air mail.



FARMERS ARE THE LARGEST BUYERS OF AUTOMOBILES

This graph is based upon state registration statistics which indicate the heaviest use of cars in agricultural regions, such as Iowa, where there is one car for every six persons.

## SPENDING \$250,000,000 ON HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION

**T**HE United States Bureau of Public Roads makes the interesting announcement that there were 9,211,295 registered motor cars and trucks in this country in 1920. This is an increase of twenty-two per cent, or 1,645,849 motor vehicles, over 1919, and this increase represents about ten per cent more cars than the total number registered in the entire United States seven years ago.

It is of interest to note that more automobiles are owned by farmers than by any other single buying class of people and that a third of all the cars in service are in towns having a thousand or less population and twenty-two per cent in communities numbering from one to five thousand inhabitants. On the other hand, it is surprising to read that the twelve largest cities of the country have but nine per cent of the car registration. In the farming

State of Iowa there is one car for every six inhabitants.

Such figures indicate that our highways are being used far more than in the past and in consequence, it is pointed out, more attention must be paid to the repair and building of roads. Commenting on the road problems of the country, Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the bureau, says that unless Federal action is taken during the current fiscal year the cause of the entire road-building program of the country will suffer a serious setback. The last apportionment of Federal funds to aid the States in road construction under the existing Federal Aid act is now available. It aggregates \$100,000,000, three-quarters of which is derived from the appropriation of 1919 and \$25,000,000 from the original appropriation of 1916. A deduction of \$3,000,000, or three per cent of the funds, will be made to provide for the expense of administering the Federal Aid act by the Department of Agriculture. The balance of \$97,000,000 will be divided among the States in proportion to their population, area and mileage of post roads.

Under the law the States are required to

enter into formal agreements with the Secretary of Agriculture for the construction upon which this money is to be used before July 1, 1922. Any money which is not taken up before that time will be re-apportioned among all the States in the same manner in which the original apportionments are made. All previous apportionments have been taken up in the time allotted, and it is not likely that the States will fail to absorb this last apportionment. To do so, however, will mean that the States must survey, plan and let contracts for at least \$200,000,000 worth of Federal aid road construction in the next two years.

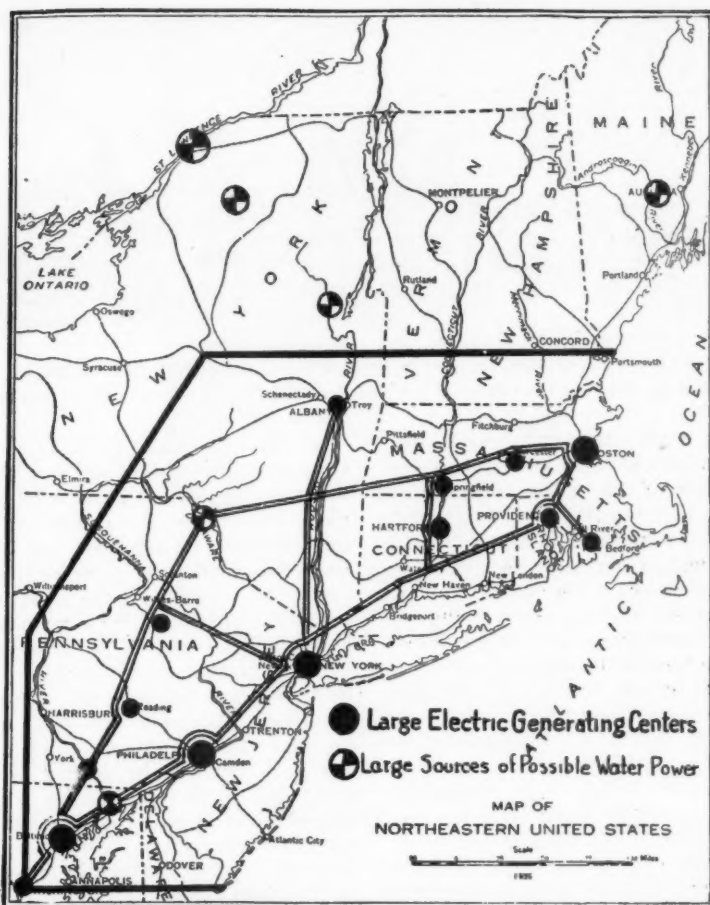
The head of the Bureau of Public Roads adds that if the States continue to pay more than half of the cost, as in the past, the outlay on road construction during the next two years may reach \$250,000,000. In other words, he says, it is necessary to plan for construction at the rate of at least \$100,000,000, and probably more, per year. Some appreciation of what that means may be gleaned from the fact that in 1915 the expenditure for all roads in the United States, constructed under State supervision, was only \$80,000,000.

## SHIPPING FUEL BY WIRE ON A GIGANTIC SCALE

IT is authoritatively declared that to mine ninety million tons of anthracite in the course of a year involves the consumption in isolated steam plants at the mines of quite nine million tons of coal, while if the needed power were generated for this service at a great central plant only a million tons of fuel would be required. That is to say, it would be possible by such a procedure to effect a saving of substantially eighty-nine per cent. In view of these facts, it is easy to appreciate the significance of what is known as the Springdale Station on the Allegheny River, some miles above Pittsburgh, which is intended to furnish electricity to a considerable number of mines, steel mills and blast furnaces lying within its zone of distribution. Robert G. Skerrett says, in the *Scientific American*, that the machine capacity of this station is about 300,000 kilowatts, and,

in a general way, it typifies the master central plants that are contemplated for a proposed superpower zone in the north-eastern Atlantic States.

The Springdale Power Station, we read, is the outcome of a contract entered into between the Government and the power company three years ago. The Federal authorities pledged the Government to advance forty per cent of the cost of the undertaking, such cooperation being essential to promote the enterprise. Its original purpose was to aid the Pittsburgh district in manufacturing the basic materials for munitions, ships, etc., and to stimulate the coal output for use elsewhere throughout the country. While the rearing and equipping of the plant were effected too late to serve a military purpose the station will, it is said, be a source of industrial strength for years to come. Among other particu-



*Courtesy of Compressed Air Magazine*

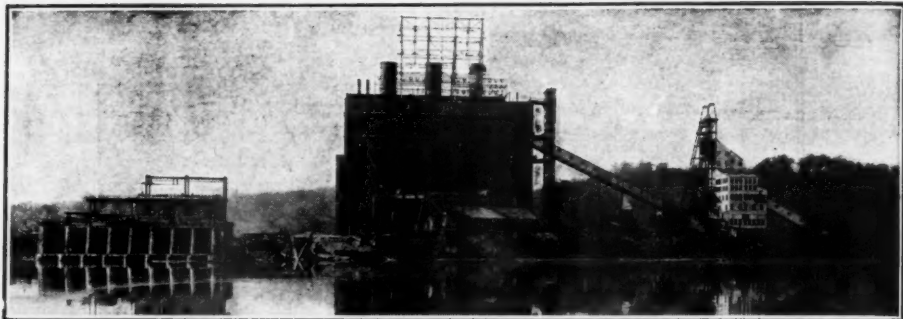
Showing the locations of possible superpower central stations and the manner in which they might be linked in a trunk-line circuit.

lars of the enterprize, we read that it is indispensable that there be immediately available an ample supply of water for condensing purposes, so that the hot water obtained by condensing exhaust steam can be led back to the boiler feed, thus lessening the amount of fuel to be burned to bring that water up again to the boiling point. The bigger the steam plant the greater the amount of water needed. Accordingly, the Springdale powerhouse was placed right on the Allegheny River, from which the filtering system draws a million gallons daily. Coal is delivered to the big steam generators by gravity from elevated bunkers, the

fuel descending through chutes to underfeed stokers. Soot blowers keep the boilers clean so that they can run continuously at maximum efficiency for a month. The automatic stokers are driven by electric motors. The ashes are handled mechanically and drop into a large tank or hopper containing water, where they are immediately quenched. From this pit the ashes are withdrawn by bucket dredges and dumped into cars for removal. Only a handful of operatives is necessary in the fireroom and to deal with the ashes.

An interesting feature of the Springdale Power Station is its source of fuel and the





*Courtesy of the Scientific American*

#### SPRINGDALE SUPERPOWER STATION ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER

It furnishes fuel by wire to a large number of mines, steel mills and blast furnaces in the region of Pittsburgh.

manner in which the coal travels from underground to the capacious bunkers situated high above the boilers. The bed of coal that is being worked lies close by and extends under the river, the operating tunnels passing from shore to shore at a depth of ninety feet. The delivery or hoist shaft is just north of the power house and over this shaft rises the tippie which crushes and assorts the coal preliminary to passing it on to belt conveyors which carry the fuel to the station bunkers or to the storage yard. All the machinery functions electrically.

Explaining why the central station has been built across the river from the coal field, the writer says that the site of the structure was one of the few remaining good-sized tracts of land on the Allegheny River suitable for manufacturing purposes.

It embraces an area of 80-odd acres overlying a rock formation and well above the sweep of the normal water level. In digging the tunnels, the power company is incidentally obtaining fuel; and geological conditions render the superposed stream a negligible menace. At the same time, the nearness of the coal field virtually eliminates freight costs. It has been estimated by the engineers interested that this factor alone will save annually, at present transportation rates, not less than \$420,000 for each 100,000 kilowatts of capacity. There is reason to believe that the other mines in the vicinity will cease to yield in the course of the next quarter of a century, and consumers not so favored as the Springdale Station will have to go farther for their coal and pay more for it.

## PAPER CLOTHES IN AMERICA

**P**APER clothes, which have been widely worn as a necessity in Germany, are among the sartorial novelties of the spring season in this country. An exhibition of paper clothing and other paper textile products, assembled by the Government, has been attracting attention in Washington and is now on its way through the larger American cities. It is not ordinary paper, writes W. F. Schapharst, in *Paper*, that people may be wearing this spring and summer, but cloth woven from paper yarn similar to the paper twine used in wrapping small parcels. This yarn

may be made from twisted ribbons of paper or spun directly from the pulp. The woven product resembles burlap and we are told that a whole suit may be had for from sixty cents to \$2.65 and a spring overcoat for less than a dollar, the American Chamber of Commerce in London reporting that one store on the Strand has in stock, forty thousand paper suits averaging sixty cents per suit, American money.

Clothing manufacturers who visited the exhibit held in Washington by the Department of Commerce were not greatly concerned about competition after they had

an opportunity to examine the material. In their opinion the quality of the clothing is not good enough to appeal to the average American. However, there is the prospect of a considerable export trade in American-made paper textile products if an approximate price of a dollar a suit can be profitably established. Fear of competition in foreign markets is what led the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce to assemble the exhibit and afford manufacturers an opportunity to examine the products. It will be on display in the offices of the Bureau in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other large cities.

Paper garments of American make, we read, are priced at fifteen to fifty-five cents each, with forty per cent paper clothing selling at \$2.65 a suit. All-paper overcoats at fifty-five cents. The buttonholes are hand-made and the suits are sewed and not pasted together.

In addition to Germany, where, in 1917, some 900,000 spindles are said to have turned out more than 3,000,000 pounds of paper textile a day, we are told that paper fabrics are being manufactured in Norway with such satisfactory results that new fabrics are to be made on a large scale. They consist of three parts paper to one part cotton. The goods are reported to be soft and warm: a little heavier and not quite so strong as cotton goods, but cheaper. They are suited for blouses, dresses, cur-



SPRING STYLES IN PAPER SUITS

This man and woman, wearing clothes made entirely of paper and costing \$2.65 a suit, were photographed on the street in Washington, D. C.

tains, and as a substitute for heavier cotton goods. A large sail-cloth factory in Norway is experimenting with paper as a substitute in marine stuffs and has obtained some promising results. It is also reported that the Hungarian state railways are to furnish their employees with garments of paper fabric.

The process of manufacturing paper textiles is described in a report received by the Bureau of Commerce from the American Commercial Attaché at Copenhagen.

The most common method is to cut the paper into narrow strips and twist these strips on spindles arranged for the purpose. The process is simple and does not require nearly as many preparation machines as for manufacture of cotton or other textiles. The cost of manufacture, therefore, is less than for any other textile materials because of the small equipment necessary and the production of a greater amount of yarn per unit spindle. The cost of raw material is considerably less than any other material known and the waste in spinning is extremely low. It is reported that the best paper was delivered from Sweden into Germany at 1.600 Swedish crowns (\$428) per metric ton. At normal exchange-rates this would figure at a little less than two cents a pound, whereas cotton, when available on the Continent at all, was worth thirty to forty cents. Binder twine from paper was quoted in 1916 as low as two marks per kilo; at normal rates, about twenty-two cents a pound.

Another method is to turn the original wood-pulp into yarn without first making it

into paper. This method should be cheaper and more susceptible to variations, says the report, such as impregnating the material with waterproofing and strengthening materials and colors. Still another process comprises the dissolving of the wood fibers by various solvents in a similar way to that for artificial silk, so that the threads emerge from the machine as a homogeneous substance not twisted. These threads may afterward be twisted if desired. Paper yarn has been spun from a mixture of paper with some raw textile substances, such as tow and various shoddies to give additional strength and to give the product a good appearance and more like ordinary cloth.

Paper yarn is woven into cloth in a great variety of ways, the report continues, including the use of cotton, woolen, or other kinds of looms, including dobbies and jacquards, and thus all the usual figures and variations of colors may be made. The cloth is often finished to have the same general appearance as wool or cotton and may be printed if desired.

## BLACK COTTON BEING GROWN BY A SOUTHERN BURBANK

NOT much longer may the salesperson at the dry goods counter be a target for such questions as "Will the color run?" or "Is it fast?" for he or she may reply, "Why, this material is woven with black cotton." And the dye industry, at least in so far as it concerns black cotton goods, may find itself in a class with the swinging doors and brass foot rails of olden days. Word comes from Savannah, Georgia, that A. W. Brabham, of Olar, South Carolina, has succeeded after several years of effort in producing cotton of a color other than white.

On the Savannah Cotton Exchange he has exhibited four samples of cottons in natural colors which sustain his claim that he has successfully planted and raised non-white cotton of extremely fine fiber. The four samples shade from light brown to dark brown and from light green to dark green. He says there has never been a softer or finer fiber than the dark brown

sample and that cloth woven from such cotton makes a fabric that rivals in softness any textile material yet developed.

This planter sent his first specimens of cottons in color to the Savannah Exchange four years ago, but not until the last crop matured was he convinced of his ability to raise black cotton. He is quoted, in the *New York Evening Sun*, as saying that he would have been able to exhibit absolutely black cotton at this time had not a package of blue tinted or lined cotton imported from India gone astray. He has a Hindu botanist of Delhi gathering specimens of cottons in color and thus far has received from India cottons of blue, gray and light pink shades. Another consignment of seeds is en route from India and Brabham is also expecting to get the colors found growing in Peru.

Not content with his experiments with cotton, this Burbank of South Carolina is said to have developed specimens of corn in

three colors, a glance at which, he says, should prove that black corn is a 1921 possibility. By crossing, red and blue corn will, in the course of two years, give black corn, we are told. This being so, Mr.

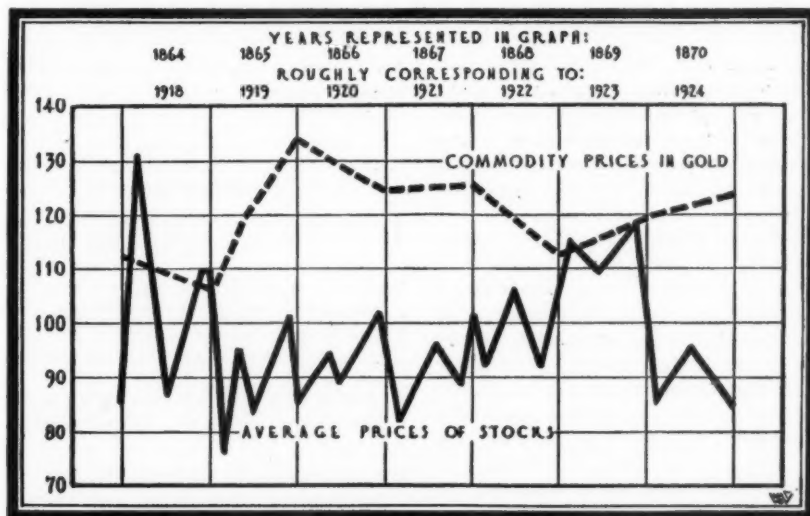
Brabham argues that by crossing the blue India cotton with the darker shades he has developed from white cotton he is bound to obtain the coveted black cotton.

## THE TREND OF PRICES IF CIVIL WAR PRECEDENT IS FOLLOWED

CAN stocks rise while commodities decline? This question is being argued by bankers and brokers and is in the minds of many potential investors. An attempt to answer it is made by W. H. Fleming, an expert statistician, in the *Magazine of Wall Street*, where we find the accompanying chart comparing and prophesying the price fluctuations of twenty standard railroad stocks between the years 1864 to 1870 and 1918 to 1924. This latter period corresponds very nearly to the period following the Civil War, tho the Civil War ended in the spring of 1865 while the recent war ended in the fall of 1918. It also must be borne in mind that the Civil War was local. In spite of this

fact, however, the writer regards the comparison as sound and valuable. As it is pointed out, "the Civil War was a greater upheaval to the United States than was the World War, and history seems more likely to repeat itself than not."

It will be noted that commodity prices and stock prices crossed each other in 1864 and again in 1869, about four years later. The graph indicates that after the first shock average stock prices will rise as commodity prices decline. It would be trite to point out that this comes about by a very simple reason, that reason being the release of funds which become available for investment.



SHOWING HOW HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF IN THE TREND OF PRICES

If post Civil War times are any criterion, the price of stocks will go on rising as commodity prices decline.



# VOICES OF LIVING POETS

COMPARED with the small volume of good, not to say great, poetry that is being written today there is by way of curious contrast an immense and growing amount of literature about poetry coming from the presses. It is rare that any issue of a magazine of essay or criticism does not devote a respectable area of space to discussing poetry in one form or another. Vers libre, or free verse, remains a sort of battleground. In *The Yale Review*, for instance, Professor Stuart P. Sherman of the University of Illinois, scrutinizing some thirty books of recent verse, reports that "dissolute free verse is manifestly disappearing." He declares that "now that this great and refreshing saturation of literature with life has been accomplished, there are many cheering signs that the poets . . . are returning to the more exacting and vital poetical forms." Complementary to which a critic, Louis Golding, asserts in *Today* (London) that there is no reason in the world why great poetry should not be written in vers libre. But, he adds, its accomplishment is unlikely, especially where a young writer is making the attempt. We are reminded that "the poetasters of earlier generations made their unbridled experiments with blank verse, the poetasters of this with vers libre" and "the latter is more difficult of accomplishment than the former." On the principle that a top spins most evenly when it spins most rapidly, it is only when the passion of the poetic top slackens that it begins to gyrate unequally and unhappily, to gyrate, in fact, in vers libre.

Maxwell Anderson, in a foreword to *The Measure*, a new and promising journal of poetry edited by a group of poets headed temporarily by himself, is of the opinion that uninspired verse in form is likely to be better than uninspired verse

without form because "the mature artist will write only when he has something to say and he will say it well whether as a sonnet or in blocks of words. But if he is a stumbling craftsman he has some chance of building, by careful touches, a passable sonnet; whereas in free verse, with no outer discipline to restrain him, he blows up with a greater splatter of language." Most free verse writers, complains the editor of *The Measure*, set down their emotions and intellectual processes in the rough and expect instant sympathy and understanding, whereas "the poet who seeks the success that lies beyond journalistic acclamation will develop an aristocratic, artistic conscience, will write only when the urge is authentic, will set his own standards and be his own censor instead of thanking heaven when he can get hurried tag-ends into print." Not many such tag-ends are to be found in *The Measure*, by the way, the first number of which contains this admirable sonnet:

## DISCOVERY

BY DAVID MORTON

I SHALL discover, after all and all,  
From what alembic issues forth the  
Spring,  
What cryptic finger, moving by a wall,  
Leaves tulip writs in tulip coloring.  
I shall have knowledge of the tug and grip  
Of tender roots where they are thrust and  
curled,  
And what frail, opening doors at last let slip  
The hidden spear into a lighted world.  
  
So I shall know the mint of daffodils,  
In darkened rooms where color comes to  
birth,  
The moldy chamber where the rose distils  
A sweetness that is summer for the earth . . .  
And all the strange, alchemic secret spell  
I shall discover . . . but I shall not tell.



*The Measure* is published by Frank Shay (New York), who is also publishing a series of attractive brochures entitled *Salvos*. From the first of the series, designated as "A Few Figs From Thistles," we quote:

## FIRST FIG

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

MY candle burns at both ends;  
It will not last the night;  
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—  
It gives a lovely light!

## THE UNEXPLORER

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THERE was a road ran past our house  
Too lovely to explore.  
I asked my mother once—she said  
That if you followed where it led  
It brought you to the milk-man's door.  
(That's why I have not traveled more.)

## THE PENITENT

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I HAD a little Sorrow,  
Born of a little Sin,  
I found a room all damp with gloom  
And shut us all within;  
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,  
"And, Little Sin, pray God to die,  
And I upon the floor will lie  
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas for pious planning—  
It mattered not a whit!  
As far as gloom went in that room,  
The lamp might have been lit!  
My Little Sorrow would not weep,  
My little Sin would go to sleep—  
To save my soul I could not keep  
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,  
And took a book I had,  
And put a ribbon on my hair  
To please a passing lad.  
And, "One thing there's no getting by—  
I've been a wicked girl," said I;  
"But if I can't be sorry, why,  
I might as well be glad!"

We do not know what loss this poet may have sustained, but in the first of the following poems, taken from "The Phantom Caravan" (Bookfellows, Chicago), Mr. Banning has written not only a sonnet but an elegy to be saluted:

## THE PHANTOM DRUMS

BY KENDALL BANNING

MINE eyes look up, exalted, to the height  
Whereto thy spirit, thou my love, has  
led,  
To find the endless rapture of the dead  
Beyond my realm of touch and sound and sight.  
Thy love glows radiant as a guiding light  
Unto the shrine where godhead waits—and  
thou!  
I have not failed, nor will I fail thee now,  
But I shall follow, as the day the night.

So, when my little sunless hour is past,  
And death shall summon, I shall rise arrayed  
In joy, as to the thrill of phantom drums,  
In high fulfilment, soul to soul at last,  
I unto thee, in smiles and unafraid,  
Shall come, triumphant, as the victor  
comes!

## ONCE ON A TIME

BY KENDALL BANNING

ONCE on a time, once on a time,  
Before the Dawn began,  
There was a nymph of Dian's train  
Who was beloved of Pan;  
Once on a time a peasant lad  
Who loved a lass at home;  
Once on a time a Saxon king  
Who loved a queen of Rome.

The world has but one song to sing,  
And it is ever new;  
The first and last of all the songs,  
For it is ever true;  
A little song, a tender song,  
The only song it hath:  
"There was a youth of Ascalon  
Who loved a girl of Gath."

A thousand thousand years have gone,  
And aeons still shall pass,  
Yet shall the world forever sing  
Of him who loved a lass—  
An olden song, a golden song,  
And sing it unafraid;  
"There was a youth, once on a time,  
Who dearly loved a maid."

## BY LANTERN LIGHT

BY KENDALL BANNING

A WHISPER in the shadows,  
A glance by lantern light;  
A pressure of the fingers  
Beneath the stars of night.  
Ah, memories of Pierrot

Will linger long . . . and yet,  
Perchance *he* will remember  
And Columbine forget!

A dance, a strain of music,  
A laugh, a roundelay,  
A dream amid the roses,  
A kiss,—and then away!  
Ah, Columbine, the picture  
Will linger long . . . And yet,  
Perchance *she* will remember,  
And Pierrot will forget!

In these verses is intrinsic evidence that the poet had a novel experience in witnessing a prize-fight, but he has made a word-picture that is full of glamor and atmosphere, a riot of color. It appears in the *New York Evening Post*:

#### THE FIGHT

*Wilson vs. O'Dowd*  
*Lightweight Championship of the World,*  
*Madison Square Garden—St. Patrick's Night.*

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

EMBAYED blue shadow. . . . Gray vapor  
lowers  
In layers that waver, wander, and rise;  
A dim blue meadow of smoke, with flowers  
Of smoke, with smouldering ember eyes.  
Across in the light the hemming faces  
Rosily glimmer; shadows rear  
To skylight gloom, to vaulted spaces  
High over gallery, pit, and tier.

The stage is set, the gong encoring  
With sudden clang, in the glaring light  
(*A sea of voices rumbling, roaring!*)  
Puppets that swiftly shift in fight.  
Under the jet-black-shaded cluster  
Of fierce electrics misting the ring,  
Sleeking the ropes with glassy luster,  
They feint and follow, counter and swing.

The Celt bores in, the champion backing  
(Blows like sparks snap out of the fight).  
Tawny-headed, forever attacking,  
O'Dowd is crowding to land his right,  
But borne to the ropes the champion hammers  
Low with his left, tho' hotly pressed.  
The ocean murmurs, acclaims, and clamors.  
Many are giving O'Dowd the best.

Round follows round, the red bulbs smoulder  
Newer numbers that fade again;  
Round after round, with back and shoulder  
Rippling, surging, the fighters strain.

White-clad ghost of their battle-trances—  
Suddenly in to break them free—  
Ever moving, loiters or dances.  
Round and round them, the referee.

Whistles shrill for the seconds climbing  
Up through the ropes with stool and fan.  
Ever the gong, to strike like chiming  
Bells in the ears of the losing man;  
Ever the gong, that, goading, gave him  
Breath and the sorest bones made strong,  
Ever the gong to foil or save him—  
And up again, at the restless gong.

Now the Italian shows resistance,  
Strengthens against the blooded Celt.  
Close in-fighting his hard left pistons  
Blows to the body, close to the belt.  
Both are slowed—and the crowd, a-wallow,  
Hoping, fearing, as fortune hangs,  
Bark for one or the other to follow  
In—and end it. . . . The last gong clangs.

Sluggishly streaming like poured molasses  
Under the lights and the smoky haze  
Down through the aisles the dense crowd passes  
Mumbling, grumbling, going its ways.  
Out in the night, the air one thirsted  
For, and the Square with its lamps a-flower.  
*A champion saved—a challenger worsted—*  
*Eleven o'clock by the ticking Tower!*

This is the first and best of two good lyrics by the English dramatic poet whose plays "Abraham Lincoln" and "Mary Stuart" have achieved notable popular successes. It is from *The Yale Review*:

#### ABSENCE

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

THIS was a fair land  
For the young soul to find,  
Whose orchards are renewed  
And blossom in the mind.  
Far wave, far heaven, far hill,  
I dream of England still.

And now this year's primrose  
Shines under last year's leaves.  
The swallow searches out  
Accustomed eaves;  
Far wave, far heaven, far hill,  
I dream of England still.

Tho' fresh devices come,  
Yet is my custom true;  
There my vocation is,  
That was my cradle too.  
Far wave, far heaven, far hill,  
I dream of England still.

Whether or not Ireland is disposed to heed this lyric appeal, it has a ringing quality that would seem to merit a hearing by those of Irish sympathy. It finds expression in the *London Times*:

IRELAND THE UNKNOWN

BY WILLIAM WATSON

**T**HOU whom ten thousand search-lights leave obscure;  
The white foam's sister, as the white foam pure;  
The dark storm's daughter, guarding long and late  
That far-descended heirloom, ancient hate;  
I can not say: "In all things that concerned  
Thee and thy hopes I never swerved or turned,  
Or held with stumbling mind a wavering creed."  
But this at least I can declare indeed:  
Through days with tempest packed, with thunder piled,  
My dream is of an Ireland Reconciled;  
Not mocked and thwarted, conquering some vain goal  
That only balks the hunger of the soul;  
Not still uncheered, and in fierce mood unchanged,  
The spouse whom wedlock hath the more estranged,  
Whom bonds have the more direly wrenched apart;  
But after that long solitude of heart,  
And all the dissonance of the loveless Past,  
An Ireland willing to be loved at last;  
An Ireland healed with a more sovereign balm  
Than the old deep hurts have known, and in blest calm  
Risen from a hundred shatterings, great and new.  
Oh, that the dream might even now come true!

The cheerful philosophy condensed in these six lines, from *The Independent*, may be regarded as evidence that it is better even for a poet to be born lucky than rich:

WHY?

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

**T**HE storm that washed his field away,  
Watered my field for the harvest day:  
Lightnings that burned his proud abode,  
Lighted my feet on a dangerous road:  
Gales that hurled his ship to the deep,  
Drove mine home to the harbor sleep.

To *The Pagan* we are indebted for these two lyrics which are not too packed with thought to fly and sing:

TOKENS

BY PHILIP GRAY

**I**F I wear a golden gyve,  
You may know I'm not alive.  
If I wear a scarlet thread,  
You may know I am not dead.  
If the scarlet thread be whole,  
Know I'm searching for my soul.  
If the scarlet thread be broken,  
You may know by such a token  
That I do not mean to die  
Till I am God and God is I.  
But if I wear both chain and thread  
Wound on my feet and 'round my head,  
Then like a million more am I:  
Pass me by.

MISER

BY HAROLD VINAL

**I** HAVE seen many things,  
Too beautiful for words;  
Twilights tremulous with mist—  
Birds.

I have heard music  
That was to me—  
Soft as the clinging fingers  
Of the Sea.

I have known many things;  
Now I am old—  
I am a miser  
Counting my gold.

These verses, from the *Grinnell Review* and the *Bookman* respectively, are interesting as being poetic conceptions which may not entirely succeed in being poetry:

THE BLIND

BY HILDA LAURA NORMAN

**T**O blind folk  
Surely  
Voices must have the color  
Of eyes and hair,  
The curves  
Of lips that are smiling,  
And a gait  
Each of its own.

I could never draw  
Such voices,  
But blind folk  
Draw and color them )  
And watch them  
As they talk.

## A FABLE

BY MARX G. SABLE

THE peacock spread his fan  
Proudfully,  
Conscious of the two sparrows  
Behind him.  
The sparrows  
Took advantage of the shade.

Here is a child poem, translated from the Bohemian, which manages to say a good deal in a few lines, the last of which has an amusing accent of felicitous satisfaction. It appears appropriately in *The Liberator*:

## THERE WAS ONCE

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

THERE was once a little cottage,  
In the cottage a little table,  
On the table a little bowl,  
In the bowl some good water,  
In the water a little fish.  
Where is that fish?  
A cat ate her!  
Where is the cat?  
To the forests it has run!  
Where are the forests?  
Burned to ashes in the stove!  
Where are the ashes?  
The water carried them away!  
Where is the water?  
The oxen drank it!  
Where are the oxen?  
The lords have eaten them!  
Where are the lords?  
Dead in the churchyard!

Here is one in a group of little poems submitted anonymously and recently awarded a prize by the *Touchstone Magazine*. The writer is the nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, author of the lyric (from *Everybody's*) that follows it:

## WILD TULIP

BY HILDA CONKLING

MOTTLED like the tiger-lily leaf,  
With black necklace clinging,  
(Of course it has a green cloak!)  
God has made a tulip,  
He made the glacier like a moving jewel,  
He made the tulip,  
Like a red cloud lighted by the sun.  
I wonder how it feels to make a flower?  
Or a glacier like a great dream?

## NOCTURNE

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

YOUR love has made me still.  
The souls of the trees stir. . . .  
Dusk-held roses thrill. . . .  
I am quieter.

To-morrow we shall meet.  
I have dreamed of it all day. . . .  
The hours on velvet feet  
Stole away.

A little changing mood  
Fluttered round your name,  
Sometimes the green-lit wood,  
Sometimes the sudden flame

Of the scarlet tanager,  
Sometimes a word you said,  
Or just the boy you were,  
Or how you turned your head.

Better to look at me,  
These drifting dreams I had  
Made a dear mystery  
That kept me still and glad.

And now the evening glows  
With wide unfolded wings  
Brooding above the rose  
That the wind lifts and swings.

I am remote, apart  
From wind and rose and all,  
Hearing you in my heart  
Call me . . . and call . . .

The concluding lines of this poem contain a haunting picture to which the preceding lines may be said to serve as a frame. It is given prominence in the *Pictorial Review*:

## THE CORN

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I HAVE seen a field full of bowed corn,  
The somber congregation of the corn  
Pondering the question  
Of the food of the world;  
But a wind with feet of shadow  
Came and shouted something,  
And the bowed congregation of the corn arose—  
An uproar ran through the field—  
Innumerable hands were waving—  
And I know that somewhere far away  
Sunken faces and hungry eyes  
Were looking out beyond a hill.



## BOOKS IN BRIEF



**The Memoirs of Count Witte** (Doubleday, Page) are published simultaneously in this country and in England, France, Spain, Germany and Russia. They tell of the triple record of their author as a builder of Russian railroads, as a stabilizer of Russian finance, and as a negotiator of the Peace of Portsmouth after the Russo-Japanese War. Incidentally, they throw a flood of light on that disintegration of Russia which has led to Bolshevism. Not Lenin nor Trotzky has attacked more bitterly the old Russian nobility than Count Witte attacks it in this book. The majority of the ruling caste, to quote his exact words, was "politically a mass of degenerate humanity which recognizes nothing but the gratification of its selfish interests and lusts and which seeks to obtain all manner of privileges and gratifications at the expense of the tax-payers generally—that is, chiefly the peasantry." According to Witte, the Czar Nicholas II was cruel, deceitful, vain and so incompetent that his tactics usually landed him "in a mud puddle or in a pool of blood." It is fair to deduct from these revelations, as the *N. Y. Tribune* does, that the government of Nicholas and his courtiers could have survived only in an utterly backward Oriental or African country. The Russo-Japanese War shook the Czaristic régime to its foundations; the Great War destroyed it entirely; and there was nothing to take its place. Madame Witte contributes a preface to the "Memoirs," which are edited and translated by Abraham Yarmolinsky, of the New York Public Library.

**The Uses of Diversity**, by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead), contains thirty-five essays, of which we append a few of the titles: On Seriousness; Lamp-Posts; The Spirits; The Domesticity of Detectives; George Meredith; Ireland and the Domestic Drama; The Japanese; On Pigs as Pets; The Futurists; Mormonism; Tennyson. The opening sentences of the book are these: "I do not like seriousness. I think it is irreligious. . . . The man who takes everything seriously is the man who makes an idol of everything." These essays reveal, in fullest measure, the contradictory elements in Chesterton. We see him both as a Catholic and as a revolutionary.

**Mayfair to Moscow**, by Clare Sheridan (Boni and Liveright), might even more appropriately have been called "Mayfaring in Moscow." So Mrs. N. P. Dawson writes in the *N. Y. Globe*. This vivid record of a flying visit to Bolshevik Russia is further characterized by the same writer as not the least amazing feature of the whole amazing Russian business. Mrs. Sheridan is as good a writer as she is a sculptress. She invests Russia and the revolutionary leaders with romantic glamor, and emerges as the heroine of a stirring adventure. The book is illustrated by a portrait of Mrs. Sheridan and by reproductions of her busts of Krassin, Zinoviev, Dsirjinsky, Lenin and Trotzky, and adds considerable matter to the diary originally published in the newspapers. In the light of this record it is easy to understand why, as G. K. Chesterton says, "London is talking about two books—Margot Asquith's and Clare Sheridan's."

**The Brimming Cup**, by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace), sets the problem of the eternal triangle in a Vermont village. Neale and Marise are the husband and wife of the story, with three children. Vincent Marsh, a rich man, is the intruder. At the time when this tale approaches its climax, Marise is somewhat tired of her duties as "cook, nurse, teacher, housekeeper, welfare worker, seamstress, gardener," and feels the lure of a life of musical development toward which Marsh seems to beckon her. She resists the temptation to turn her back on her duties and to "live over again the fierce, concentrated intensity of newly born passion," because she feels that to do so would mean to "cramp herself and simplify her complex interests and affections back to the narrow limits of passion." Not the least significant fact in regard to the story is that convention, morals and religion barely enter into it. Marise comes to her decision after anguished consideration of what might be called the purely human merits of the case. This novel, whether one likes it or not, is intense and penetrating. "Not a page," says Prof. William Lyon Phelps in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "can safely be skipped. Events that may seem commonplace are of elemental importance, and the quietest scenes are alive with passion."



**The Lost Girl**, by D. H. Lawrence (Seltzer) is the story of an infatuation. Its heroine, Alvina, is of the type which counts the world well lost for love's sake. When the tale opens, in an English industrial town, we get a picture of Alvina stifled and bored because she cannot find a mate. She glimpses sex adventures while living in a hospital, but the possible suitors she finds unsatisfactory. Then, when her father's fortunes have sunk to their lowest ebb and she is playing the piano in a vaudeville house, there comes an Italian actor whose eyes are "yellow," whose face "possesses a sort of *finesse*," whose skin is "delicately tawny and slightly lustrous." For this man of alien race Alvina flings aside her previous moralities and associations. She goes with him to Italy, and we leave her there as the man who has now become her husband goes to war. There is undeniable power in "The Lost Girl," and while one critic, in the N. Y. *Tribune*, regrets its "cheap licentiousness," another, in the

*Times*, says: "It is very beautifully written, there are moments when its beauty is actually repellent."

A life-size portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, bearing his last message to the American people, is being distributed to the public schools of the country by the American Defense Society. The only conditions which the Society makes in giving the picture are that it be framed by general contributions of the pupils or of patriotic citizens and hung with appropriate ceremonies. Pennsylvania has placed a portrait in practically every school in the State. Minnesota and Kentucky have done the same. Ohio has ordered 14,000, Wyoming 2000, Idaho 1600, Michigan 8000 and South Dakota 3000. Any public or high school willing to fulfil the conditions specified can obtain a portrait by writing to the American Defense Society, 116 East Twenty-fourth Street, New York.

## APROPOS OF MAX BEERBOHM

EDITOR OF CURRENT OPINION:

I write to congratulate you on the splendid article on Max Beerbohm, which appeared in the March number of your magazine. In 1897 the London *Academy* thus expressed their fears as to his future:

"At the present moment he enjoys the felicity of playing juvenile lead among English critics; or, if you prefer it, he is the spoilt child in the critical family. The world lies like a ball at his feet—and he kicks it. What the future has in store for him, we cannot even conjecture. It may be that he will make more literature; it may be that he has already done his best work, that his career is over—a *succès de jeunesse*. With all our heart we trust not, because life is the gayer, the more frolicsome, for him; and writers are for the most part dull and one-ideaed; but on Mr. Beerbohm's present form we cannot hope too confidently."

It is gratifying, therefore, to note that in "Seven Men" he is "a mature and rounded figure, a writer as important in his particular sphere as George Bernard Shaw, for instance, is in his."

And yet the label "incomparable" has stuck to him at the hands of all his commentators from Holbrook Jackson to Herbert Gorman. This is unfortunate as it has made the laity consider him in the light of a protégé of Mr. Shaw's. The truth is quite the reverse. Whenever G. B. S. wishes to pat himself on the back he quotes something that Max has said of him. Evidence of this is to be found in the Second Series of Frank Harris' "Contemporary Por-

traits" in which Shaw has written a chapter about himself. Again, Archibald Henderson in his book, "George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works," has quoted from Mr. Beerbohm no less than seven times. But let Max speak:

"I well remember that the first article I wrote was in reference to the first number of the *Star*, which had just been published. Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his editorial pronouncement had been hotly philanthropic. 'If,' he had written, 'we enable the charwoman to put two lumps of sugar in her tea instead of one, we shall not have worked in vain.' My comment on this was that if Mr. O'Connor were to find that charwomen did not take sugar in their tea his paper would, presumably, cease to be issued. I quote it merely to show that I who am still regarded as a young writer am exactly connate with Mr. Shaw. For it was in this very number of the *Star* that Mr. Shaw as 'Corno di Bassetto' made his first bow to the public."

Surely then Mr. Beerbohm does not need to steady his position by frantically clutching a handful of red whiskers.

Let me call your attention to the fact that in quoting from *Diminuendo* your printer has written "outmodeled" for "outmoded." "Seven Men" is so full of autobiographical data that it seems a pity no one has taken advantage of it, and written the life of this always entertaining genius. "I who crave no knighthood shall write no more."

D. C. MEARNS.

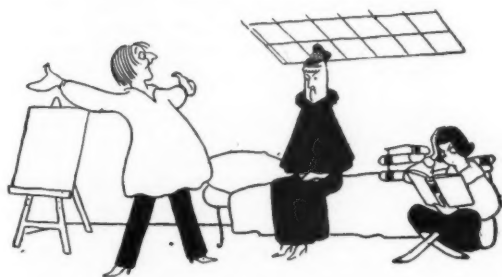
Washington, D. C.,  
April 6, 1921.



### Another South Sea Bubble

The drawings by Gluyas Williams on this and the following page tell a story of disillusionment. Joshua and Phoebe went from Greenwich Village to the South Sea

Islands in search of a new world. They found, as many have found before, that the more the world changes the more it is the same thing. The drawings are reproduced from *Asia*.



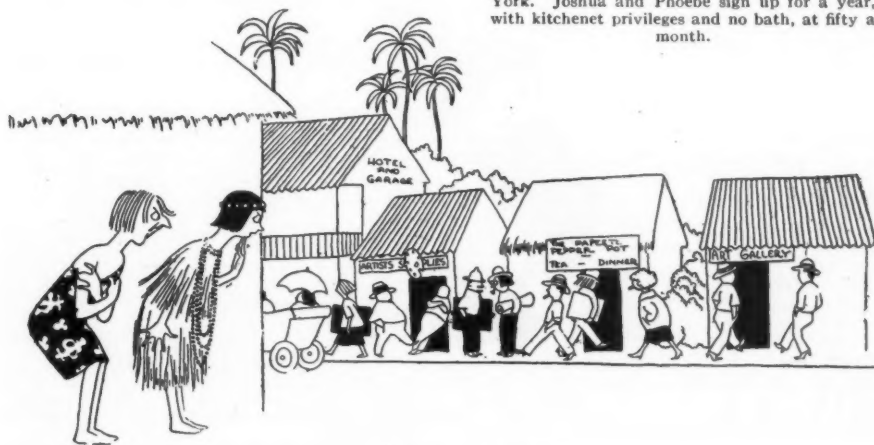
### IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Joshua Reynolds Smith is shown here divulging an inspiration to Aunt Sophronisba. He wants to go with Phoebe to the South Sea Islands, but he cannot go unless Aunt Sophronisba supplies the cash. She finally consents.



### ARRIVING IN TAHITI

The heartless landlord reigns in Tahiti as in New York. Joshua and Phoebe sign up for a year, with kitchen privileges and no bath, at fifty a month.



### MAIN STREET IN TAHITI

Joshua and Phoebe believe in the idea, "When in Tahiti do as the Tahitians do." They decide to clothe themselves in a "pareu" and in a hula-hula gown. But they find to their chagrin that, sartorially speaking, Papeete, Tahiti, resembles Provincetown, Massachusetts.



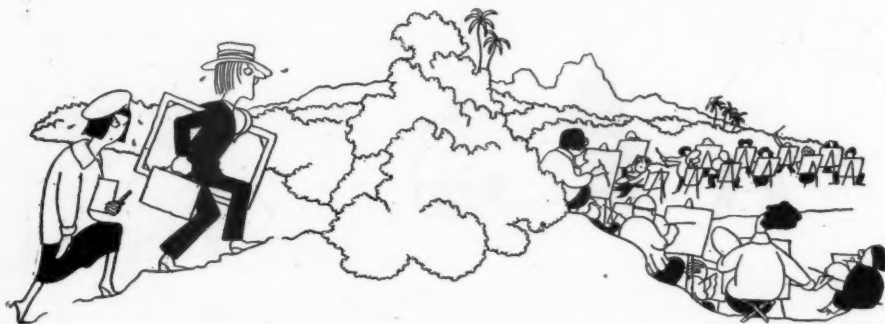
## SOUTH SEA ISLAND MOVIES

Joshua and Phoebe are disappointed again when they find that the Island princesses, instead of dancing barefooted in the moonlight, are going to moving pictures.



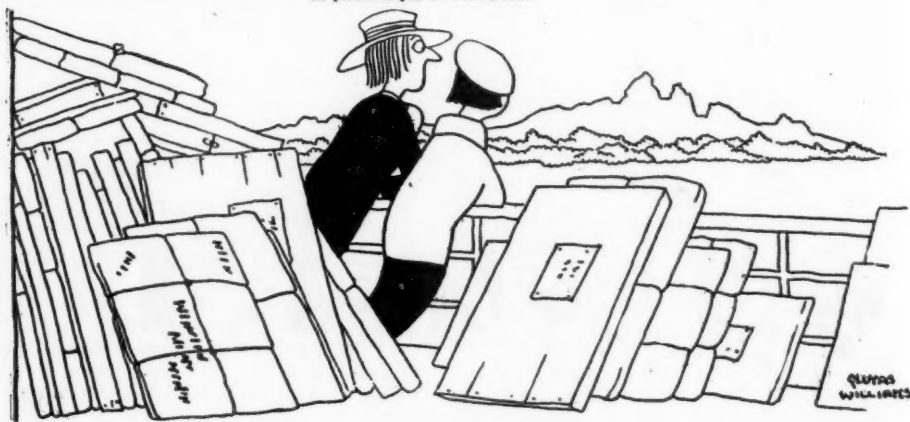
## TABLE D'HOTE

Even the food in Papeete is commonplace, and a table d'hôte card offers soup, salad and roast-beef medium, instead of the fabled papayas and kava.



## SEEKING ARTISTIC SECLUSION

"I must not neglect my art," pants Phoebe. "I want to paint something big," soars Joshua. They tramp six miles to Haikotonga Beach, which has been recommended as picturesque and isolated.



## HOMEWARD BOUND

The atolls are rapidly receding, and the more they recede the more enchanting they seem—to Joshua and Phoebe. The steamer is full of pictures that are not their own. They decide that the next time they have an inspiration they will try Long Island.

## FISH STORIES IN HEAVEN

By Don Marquis

*(Reprinted, by permission, from the N. Y. Sun)*

**N**OAH an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
Mariners, travellers, magazines of  
myth,  
Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and a-chawin',  
Eatin' their terbaccy, talkin' and a-jawin';  
Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the worter,  
Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints hadn't orter,  
Lollin' in the shade, baitin' hooks and anglin',  
Occasionally friendly, occasionally wranglin'.

**N**OAH took his halo from his old bald head  
An' swatted of a hoppergrass an' knocked  
it dead,

An' he baited of his hook an' he spoke an' said:  
"When I was the Skipper of the tight leetle Ark  
I useter fish fer porpus, useter fish for shark.  
Often I have ketched in a single hour on Mon-  
day

Sharks enough to feed the fambly till Sunday—  
To feed all the sarpiants, the tigers an' donkeys,  
To feed all the zebras, the insects an' monkeys,  
To feed all the varmint, bears an' gorillars,  
To feed all the camels, cats an' armadillers,  
To give all the pelicans stews for their gizzards,  
To feed all the owls an' catamounts an' lizards,  
To feed all the humans, their babies an' their  
nusses,

To feed all the houn' dawgs an' hippopota-  
musses,

To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,  
Feed all the bison an' leetle hoppergrasses—  
Always I ketched, in half an hour on Monday  
All that the fambly could gormandize till  
Sunday!"

**J**ONAH took his harp, to strum and to string  
her,  
An' Cap'n John Smith teched his nose with his  
finger.

Cap'n John Smith, he hemmed some an'  
hawed some,  
An' he bit off a chaw, an' he chewed some and  
chawed some:—

"When I was to China, when I was to Guinea,  
When I was to Java, an' also in Verginney.  
I teachd all the natives how to be ambitious,  
I learned 'em my trick of ketchin' devilfishes.  
I've fitten' tigers, I've fitten' bears,  
I have fitten' sarpiants an' wolves in their lairs.  
I have fit with wild men an' hippopotamusses,  
But the perilousest varmint is the bloody  
octopusses!

I'd rub my forehead with phosphorescent light  
An' plunge into the ocean an' seek 'em out at  
night!

I ketched 'em in grottoes, I ketched 'em in  
caves,

I used fer to strangle 'em underneath the waves!  
When they seen the bright light blazin' on my  
forehead

They used ter rush at me, screamin' something  
horrid!

Tentacles wavin', teeth white an' gnashin',  
Hollerin' and bellerin', wallerin' an' splashin'!  
I useter grab em as they rushed from their  
grots,

Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into knots!"

**N**OAH looked at Jonah, an' said not a word,  
But if winks made noises, a wink had  
been heard.

Jonah took the hook from a mudcat's middle  
An' strummed on the strings of his hallalujah  
fiddle;

Jonah give his whiskers a backhand wipe  
An' cut some plug terbaccer an' crammed it in  
his pipe!

(Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
Fishermen an' travellers, narreratin' myth,  
Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,  
Fishin' in the shade, contented as could be!  
Spittin' their terbaccer in the little shaded  
creek,

Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hear the ripples  
speak!

I hope fer Heaven, when I think of this—  
You folks bound hellward, a lot of fun you'll  
miss!)

**J**ONAH, he decapitates that mudcat's head,  
An' gets his pipe ter drawin'; an' this is  
what he said:

"Excuse me ef your stories don't excite me  
much!

Excuse me ef I seldom agitate fer such!  
You think yer fishermen! I won't argue none!  
I won't even tell yer the half o' what I done!  
You has careers dangerous an' checkered!  
All as I will say is: Go and read my record!  
You think yer fishermen! You think yer  
great!

All I asks is this: Has one of ye been bait?  
Cap'n Noah, Cap'n John, I heered when ye  
hollered;

What I asks is this: Has one of ye been  
swallowed?

It's mighty purty fishin' with little hooks an'  
reels.

It's mighty easy fishin' with little rods an'  
creels.

It's mighty pleasant ketchin' mudcats fer yer dinners.  
 But this here is my challenge fer saints an' fer sinners,  
 Which one of ye has v'yaged in a varmint's inners?  
 When I seen a big fish tough as Methoos-lum,  
 I used for to dive into his oozlygoozlum!  
 When I seen the strong fish, wallopin' like a lummicks,  
 I useter foller 'em, dive into their stummicks!

#### Disraeli's Wit

The "Disraeli Calendar" (Oxford University Press), lately compiled by Mrs. Henry Head, offers the following squibs:

Lord and Lady Mountjoy, . . . unfortunate people, who, with a large fortune, lived in a wrong square, and asked to their house everybody who was nobody.

Time has brought us substitutes, but how inferior! Man has deified corn and wine! but not even the Chinese or the Irish have raised temples to tea and potatoes.

Her features were like those conceptions of Grecian sculpture which, in moments of despondency, we sometimes believe to be ideal.

I hate a straightforward fellow. As Pinto says, if every man were straightforward in his opinion, there would be no conversation.

A coquet is a being who wishes to please. Alas! coquets are too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. . . . A charming character at all times; in a country-house an invaluable one.

I declare when I was eating that truffle, I felt a glow about my heart that, if it were not indigestion, I think must have been gratitude.

#### Josh Billings' Advice to Matthew Arnold

Andrew Carnegie tells a good story at the expense of Matthew Arnold in his "Autobiography." It seems that the English critic was not successful in his lectures in the United States, but he was anxious to learn, and he asked how Josh Billings held his audience. The American humorist replied: "Well, you mustn't keep them laughing too long, or they will think you are laughing at them. After giving the audience amusement you must become earnest and play the serious rôle. For instance, 'There are two things in this life for which no man is ever prepared. Who will tell me what these are?' Finally someone cries out, 'Death.' 'Well, who gives me the other?' Many respond—wealth, happiness, strength, marriage, taxes. At last Josh begins solemnly:

I could v'yage an' steer 'em, I could understand 'em,  
 I useter navigate 'em, I useter land 'em!  
 Don't you pester me with any more narration!  
 Go git famous! Git a reputation!"

**C**AP'N John he grinned his hat brim beneath,  
 Clicked his tongue of silver on his golden teeth:

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
 Strummin' golden harps, narreratin' myth!  
 Settin' by the shadows forever an' forever,  
 Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little river!

'None of you has given the second. There are two things on earth for which no man is ever prepared, and them's twins,' and the house shakes." Mr. Arnold did also.

#### JOURNALISTIC JINGLES

The following verses by Max Lief are clipped from F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" in the N. Y. Tribune:

##### The Cub's Lament

**I** WROTE him a page!  
 And he printed a line.  
 I flew in a rage. . . .  
 I wrote him a page,  
 It took me an age  
 And I thought it was fine.  
 I wrote him a page,  
 And he printed a line.

##### The Monday Papers

**"T**HE cabaret's a tool of Satan!"  
 Thunders the Reverend John Roach Straton.

"Let's keep our hands off Russia," foams  
 The Reverend Doctor John Haynes Holmes.

"Ford's charges are a pack of lies!"  
 Declares the Reverend Stephen Wise.

"Away with hypocrites and cant!"  
 —The Reverend Percy Stickney Grant.

If preachers did not preach on Sunday,  
 How could they fill the sheet on Monday?

##### The Headline Writer

**H**E "scores," he "raps," he "hits" and "flays,"  
 He "lauds," he "seethes," and "flaunts and flouts."  
 He "probes" and "urges," "balks" and "slays,"  
 He "seeks," "locates," "denies" and "scouts."  
 He "bolts," he "wars," "declares" and "aids,"  
 He "passes lie," "indorses pledge,"  
 Oh, I can stand "appeals" and "raids"—  
 But spare me from that word "allege."



## AN INDUSTRY THAT NEEDS MORE ELEPHANTS

ANY one who cares to go into the business of raising elephants can rest assured of finding a ready market for the tusks. Pool and billiards are having more devotees every year and the more popular these games become the greater the scarcity of the ivory balls which are necessary to them. It costs twice as

much to-day as it did a few years ago to buy a good set of ivory balls, and the demand has grown to such proportions during the past two years that in many instances the mistake has been made of using ivory that has not been properly seasoned. So susceptible is elephant tusk product to temperature changes that a set of balls seasoned fully a year in one place and then put to service under different atmospheric conditions might crack immediately.

So delicate is ivory, says the *Boston Transcript*, and so great the risk of losing entire blocks of it through temperature variations, sun-rays or currents of air, not to mention defects which occasionally appear after the cutting and shaping process, that there are comparatively few ball manufacturing plants. Among them is one in Paris, France, which employs fifty operatives, two of whom are shown in the accompanying picture in the act of "mold-



*International Photo*

### BILLIARD BALLS IN THE MAKING

Of the many uses to which ivory is put, the manufacture of billiard and pool balls is one of the most intricate and interesting.

ing" the balls by machinery. A factor which often adds to the troubles of the manufacturer is the appearance of small yellow spots in the ivory after it has been cut and shaped. They are known as "flass" and are somewhat similar to knots in a block of wood. This defect renders a section of tusk useless as billiard ball material.

Quite large elephant tusks are a requisite in this industry. They are first cut into the required length, forming blocks from which the balls are to be carved. These blocks are placed in the hands of expert tracers who mark the standard measurements of circumference, after which the block goes to the cutter and is gradually cut by machine into spherical form. The process of polishing is done after six months, during which period the balls are kept in special dark drying chambers. It goes without saying that in time a substitute for ivory will have to be found.

## CHICAGO EXCELS IN MAKING BAND INSTRUMENTS

CHICAGO is described, in the *Fort Dearborn Magazine*, as producing more than a third of the pianos used in the United States and as leading in the production of band instruments and orchestral instruments in general—which is another reason why the term “the Windy City” is appropriate to Chicago. Harps of Chicago origin are said to be growing in favor with the foremost orchestras in Europe and are known in every part of the civilized world. Ranging in price from \$700 to \$10,000, this romantic instrument is said to have been perfected by Illinois manufacturers to a degree never before attained by harp-makers. Wood and metal are the raw materials that figure most prominently, not only in harps but in the majority of orchestral instruments. Gut strings, glue, varnish, leather, ivory and celluloid are only secondary. Spruce for sounding boards in the harp must be loft-dried for many months before being given final shape, the policy of the makers being to keep a ten-year supply ahead. Even the celluloid rods for eyelets are cured a year or more before working, to insure against shrinking. When so cured they are said to be tougher and more satisfactory than ivory, which is apt to crack.

The intricacies of this important but comparatively obscure industry are suggested by the fact that in the harp there are over two thousand pieces. So minute are many of them that as great nicety of shaping and fitting and as much deftness and delicacy of handling are required as in the work of a jeweler or a watchmaker. The lathes on which the spindles for harps are made are as fine as those used in watch-making. For accuracy these parts are tested by micrometer from stage to stage of their formation. The mechanism of the pedals shortens the vibrating length of the strings, somewhat as violin strings are shortened by fingering, but in groups corresponding to the different musical keys. This mechanism or “action” is extremely intricate in its fashioning, but durable in use and simple in management. The necessary strength to sustain the tension of the

strings, which has to be considered very carefully in the piano, is pronounced to be a much more difficult problem with the harp, because of the lightness and grace of form that must be preserved. The thin neck of the harp, which bears the strain on the upper part, is built up of a number of thicknesses of hard maple, matched together studiously to secure the utmost strength from the fiber of the wood, in all directions of strain, so that there may be no warping, splitting, or bending. One thickness of vulcanized fiber substituted for one of the wood layers has been found to add enormously to the strength and is a patented improvement. It goes without saying that this wood must be perfectly seasoned, that the best glues must be used, and that the most careful expert work must be done to exclude all imperfections, all air bubbles, and all excess glue. Such a piece must in fact be made as perfect as human ingenuity can devise.

The links or connecting rods of a harp action, eighty-six in number, are made from high carbon steel. There is a different pattern for each link. Ingenious mechanical appliances and modern scientific processes abound in these factories. The grenadilla wood of clarinets is shaped on turning lathes under superskilled hands. The bells of the horn are “spun” from sheets of brass in much the same way as aluminum ware and the gold and silver electroplating amounts to a fine art. In fact, one of the strongest impressions gathered by the *Fort Dearborn Magazine* writer during a visit to these factories is the amount of very highly skilled labor and artizanship necessary to produce fine musical instruments that must “not only give forth the desired tones, command the required qualities and ranges of tone and withstand the strain of use and the disintegrating forces of time, but must also fill the imagination and claim the affection of those who play upon them.”

Not only, we are told, are the foremost harp factories located in or near Chicago, but it also has the distinction of making the most, if not the best, pianos that are being assembled in America.

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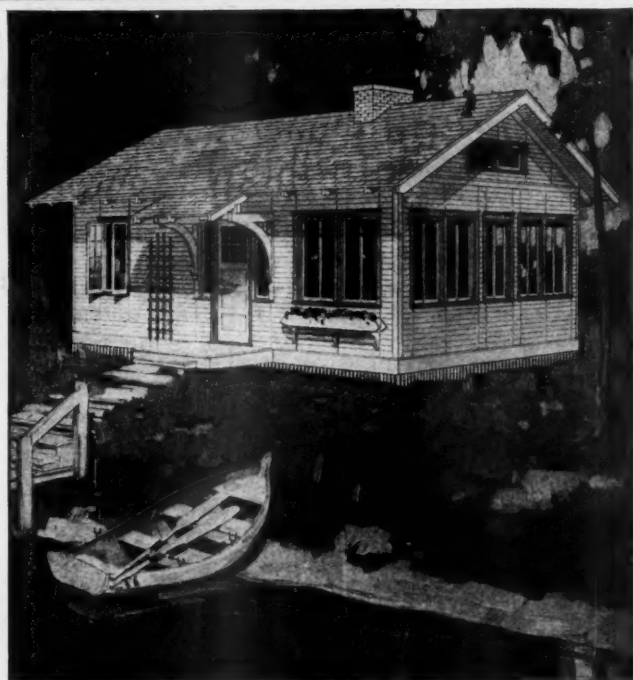
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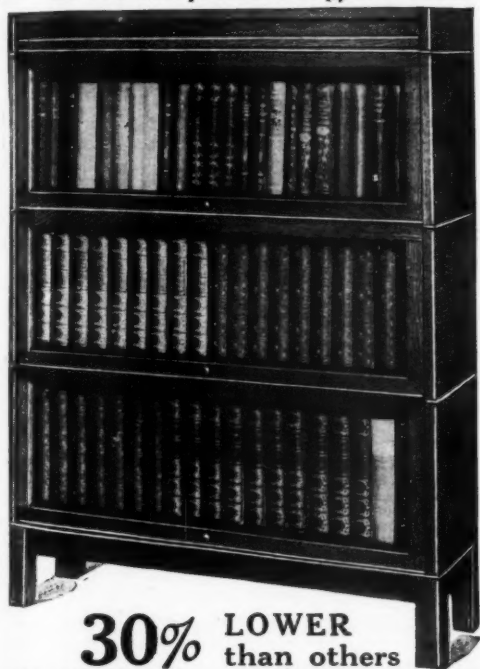
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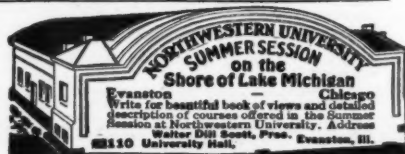
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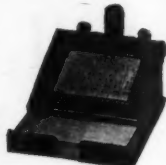
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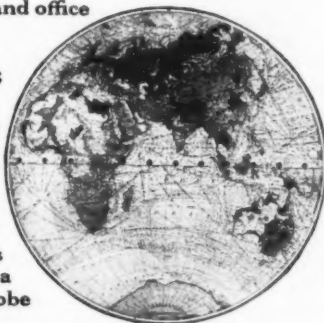
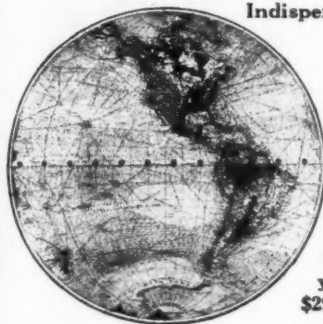
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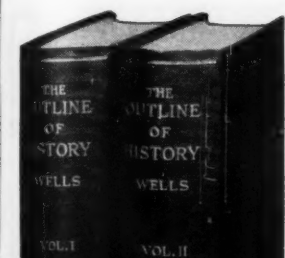
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